DELPHIAN TEXT

PART ELEVEN

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DELPHIAN TEXT

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PART ELEVEN

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THE SWISS REPUBLIC

OF all the republics which are scattered over the earth's surface today, oldest is that of the Swiss. In the year 1891, citizens of the Republic of Switzerland celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of the "eternal bond," made by mountaineers of the three Forest Cantons, this having proved to be the initial step leading to liberty and self-government.

There are many reasons why this tiny country, located in the very heart of Europe, should be of interest to members of our great commonwealth, not least of which is that it has been chosen as the home of the League of Nations, an institution having world-wide scope and promise for the future of mankind.

Switzerland lacks but twenty-four square miles of a total area of sixteen thousand, approximately one-half that of Scotland or the state of Maine. About one-fourth of its surface is covered by rivers, lakes and glaciers or rises in precipitous peaks above the zone of productivity. In population, the entire country contains scarcely more than does the city of Chicago, although its sturdy peasants present a marked contrast to the inhabitants of any great commercial center.

Taking its small area, meagre population and limited resources into account, prudence alone would counsel that this nation should maintain a strict neutrality; however, so strategic is the situation of Switzerland that its neutrality is guaranteed by the powers for the very safety of Europe.

Instead of one official language, the Swiss constitution has established three; German, French, and Italian. In the twenty-two cantons, or states, German is spoken in thirteen, French in four, Italian one, while elsewhere, with one exception, where the old Romansch is heard, a mixture of tongues prevails.

The late world war brought the Swiss face to face with the stern realities of life. Not a coal mine is to be found

within their borders; neither can their country produce sufficient food for the support of the people. Having proclaimed her intention of preserving her neutrality at all cost, Switzerland was obliged to obtain concessions from the Allies for the importation of raw materials and food stuffs, these being granted only upon her agreement not to share them with the Entente. Coal from Germany being as imperative as other supplies and available only in exchange for food, the situation was one to strike terror to the hearts of the federal council.

The exigencies of war are transient and too familiar to require mention. It is more instructive to consider the interesting study in democracy that the Swiss cantons afford. At one period in our development, our original thirteen states were joined in a loose confederation similar to that which held the different parts of Switzerland together until the last century. The progress of a people from the government of absolute kings to democracy has been exemplified by several European countries, notably in England, France and Germany. In Switzerland alone do we find groups of people organizing themselves into little democracies in mediæval times and repulsing all tyrants' efforts to reduce them to servitude.

When in 1291 the men of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden took a solemn oath to support one another against injustice and violence, they were a long way from the attainment of freedom. Before that boon was secured, the fires of Morgarten, Granson and Nancy had to be endured. However, time proved that this act was to have profound significance and so the Swiss, in grateful recognition of the rôle played by their heroic forebears, held their national celebration a few years ago.

The staid city of Geneva, famed for its association with Calvin and the Reformation, is being transformed by the numerous visitors brought thither each year by a desire to study world problems under the shadow of the world league. Several movements, looking toward perpetual peace, have adopted the city as their headquarters, for only in a land of avowed and guaranteed neutrality can such activities appropriately be centered.

The Early Confederacy

Switzerland is composed of fragments of the Holy Roman Empire, taken from what once belonged to Germany, to Italy and to Burgundy. In approaching its early history we are brought back again to the division of Charlemagne's vast empire among his three grandsons. Lothair's portion gradually fell into three parts: Burgundy, Italy and Lorraine, the last not being here concerned.

It was Charlemagne's custom to grant immunity (*immunitas*) to churches and ecclesiastical institutions, making them independent of the counts, who otherwise would have been their immediate administrators, and placing them directly under the imperial government. In 853, Lewis the German founded a convent in the district of Uri, on the banks of Lake Lucerne, his daughter Hildegarde being its first abbess. An immunity was granted it by the king, as follows: "Finally, we command and decree that no public judge or count or any one with judicial powers presume in the foresaid places, and in the affairs which pertain to them, to exercise jurisdiction over the men who dwell there, both free and bond, either by demanding pledges or exacting payments, whether in services or fines, or to use unjustified violence on any man, at any time. But that these things remain in perpetuity under our protection and guardianship with the bailiffs who are there established."

At first only a portion of Uri was under the management of the royal bailiff; later, the entire district came to be under his care.

It was a tremendous advantage to be directly under the administration of the empire and free from the demands of the barons, who were often oppressive. Consequently, from one age to another, not only those lands which had been originally under the control of the convent continued so to be but all who dwelt in the neighborhood enrolled themselves under its protection for the sake of the immunity thus secured. There were times when the immunity was threatened, times even when it was withdrawn but, as good fortune provided, with the exigencies of the times, emperors arose who were willing to check the growing power of the

barons by concessions made to cities and communities. As a result, the men of Uri were proud of maintaining their position directly under the empire.

Schwyz was likewise able to secure immunity in accordance with a charter given by Frederick II in the early thirteenth century. Underwalden was last to obtain the coveted right.

Beyond question the position of these three Forest Cantons was advantageous for the perpetuation of liberties once acquired. In this region "the existence of man is one of ceaseless toil, his wants are few and his pleasures simple. The continual conflict which he is forced to wage against the elements makes him hardy in mind and body, and teaches him to rely upon himself, as well as to value the co-operation of his neighbor. The uniformity of his life develops his sense of equality, and strengthens his conservatism. In regions thus remote from the great centers, where the din of a restless world arrives far-spent and loses itself amid the hush that rests upon the mountains, where life runs on placidly and unchanged, there only can we conceive of a state enduring from century to century in such archaic simplicity."[1]

Rudolf of Hapsburg died on July 15, 1291. A few days later, on August 1, the men of the three Forest Cantons met and took oath to keep covenant with one another. The original agreement is still preserved. In its first and explanatory paragraph, the reason for the pact is covertly given: "Know all men that the people of the valley of Uri, the democracy of the valley of Schwyz, and the community of the mountaineers of the lower valley, *seeing the malice of the age,* in order that they may better defend themselves and their own, and better preserve them in proper condition, have promised in good faith to assist each other with aid, with every good counsel and every favor, with person and with goods, within the valleys and without, with might and main, against one and all, who may inflict upon them any violence, molestation or injury or may plot any evil against their persons or goods."[2]

With Rudolf the emperor, dead, it was impossible to know what might be done by the Hapsburg heirs. The men

of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden did not intend to become a part of the Hapsburg estates.

Henry VII confirmed the liberties of Uri and Schwyz and, if Unterwalden had not been granted previous immunities, as is sometimes contended, he now conceded them. Moreover, he appointed an imperial officer to look after the Forest Cantons, making plain their dependence upon the emperor alone.

The fourteenth century was marked by attempts made by the Hapsburgs to reduce the men of Uri and other Forest Cantons to the status of their own peasants. In 1315 Duke Leopold led an army of knights to put these cow-herders who were "surrounded with mountains as with walls" in their proper places of subjection. A battle occurred on the fifteenth of November, the knights regarding it as fine sport to make war on presumptious peasants; they rode forth with ropes on their saddles to bring home the cattle after their expected victory.

The battle of Morgarten was the crucible in which the mountaineers were fused into cohesiveness. Their strength was made known not only to the defeated knights but to themselves as well. They hastened to renew their oath on the ninth of December. The emperor, bound to stand with the victors, whoever they were, annulled any and all Hapsburg rights in the cantons and reestablished them as direct subjects of the imperial crown.

Morgarten might easily be cited as typical of the encounters between men of the plains with men of the heights. The Austrians did not take necessary precaution, so sure were they of their superior strength against mere foot soldiers. It is impossible to preserve formal battle array where cavalrymen file along mountain roads. The peasants hurled rocks down upon them and then took advantage of their confusion to overwhelm them. The Hapsburgs afterwards made peace with them. They held castles and estates adjacent to these cantons and it was imperative that freedom of the roads be guaranteed them.

The Forest Cantons having proved their efficiency against the traditional foe, other groups manifested a desire to join with them. Lucerne was received as a fourth mem-

ber, adding a city to the pastoral league. The position of Lucerne relative to St. Gotthard Pass made its entry highly desirable. It was received on November 7, 1332. Lucerne belonged to Austria and the pact respected her rights; it was merely a measure of defense against unjust treatment.

Zürich, a free city of the empire, entered the league in 1351. Glarus and Zug came next. Bern, a military stronghold, brought a new spirit into the league. Zürich was a commercial center between Italy and Germany and trade interests were always closely identified with democracy. Bern, on the other hand, had grown up around a fort and was aristocratic in tendency. As time went on, a clash was bound to come between the democratic and aristrocratic elements in the Swiss League.

One hundred and twenty-eight years elapsed before any other additions were made to the Swiss federation. As it stood, Glarus had been allowed no voice upon admission, and constituted the first of various graduations which came to exist among the league members. In the Forest Cantons the people continued to hold their open-air assemblies, as their Teutonic forefathers had done from time immemorial. In the cities, on the other hand, it was necessary to have magistrates and councils. Each autonomous canton was sufficient unto itself, coined its money, had its system of weights and measures and carried on its own local affairs. The confederacy that existed was one for protection only. There was no centralized power and no means of enforcing obedience to measures common to all; such measures did not exist.

Ecclesiastical interference was provided against by the so-called Priest's Charter, which required all clerics sent into the cantons to take oath of fealty to the confederation. Seldom in its history has Switzerland permitted the church to meddle with political matters.*

The fifteenth century found the confederation launched upon schemes of conquest. The federated cantons were sparated by districts held by the Hapsburgs and subject to their authority. In part, these new conquests were justified by the precariousness of the situation. However, the portions annexed in this way became subservient to older can-

A View of Montreux on Lake Geneva, Switzerland

A Monument to Protestant Martyrs, Geneva, Switzerland

tons, not members of the league. Thus Valais was ruled by Uri; Graubünder by Glarus, Appenzell by Schwyz. It is impossible here to go into detail regarding these mediæval expansions. One illustration will suffice. Uri and Unterwalden wanted to keep control of St. Gotthard Pass. They invaded Val Leventina, now Ticino. This belonged to the Duke of Milan. The people of the invaded district were forced to swear fealty to Uri. The Duke of Milan tried in vain to recover the regions, which was thereafter ruled by Uri and only in modern times admitted on equality as a canton.

Civil war finally developed, due to the differences that existed within the league. Zürich, in a quarrel with Schwyz, made an alliance with Austria. This was sufficient cause for trouble. After severe strife, this alliance between a member of the confederation and the traditional foe, was declared null and void. Those who care to enter into it minutely will find here a question of federal and states' rights which is important for any discussion of that subject.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, Charles the Bold essayed to revive the old kingdom of Lothair by exalting Burgundy to a position of importance between France and Germany. This immediately brought him into conflict with the Swiss Confederacy, since it was insupportable that there cantons be left in independence instead of augmenting his projected kingdom. Three battles were fought. Charles the Bold underestimated the strength of the mountaineers, who fought ferociously for their freedom. In the battle of Nancy, in 1477, Charles fought against the Duke of Lorraine and the Swiss. He was killed on the battle field and his scheme dissolved into thin air, to the complete satisfaction of the French king.

"The effect of the Burgundian war upon the Swiss people has been aptly likened to that of the Persian wars upon the Greeks or the Punic wars upon the Romans. It widened their horizon; it opened up new fields of enterprise, and led to the point of highest military renown in the history of Switzerland; but, at the same time, it admitted fresh dangers and hitherto unknown temptations. . . . The generation which grew up after the Burgundian period was cor-

rupted by booty or the lust for it, by the uncertain pay and flattering annuities of Sovereigns who cared nothing for the real welfare of the Swiss but only sought to procure them as mercenaries."[3]

At the very end of the century, in 1495, Maximilian I determined to reorganize the Holy Roman Empire. To revive its importance, he realized that it must have ample revenues and an Imperial Chamber. At the Diet of Worms provision was made for these much needed reforms. However, when the confederacy was called upon to acquiesce in these changes, the Cantons flatly refused. Although still nominally a part of the empire, they had long ago eradicated the evils which Germany was experiencing: lack of order, prompt judicial action, and a strong army. The Cantons already had order; offenses were dealt with in each state. As to their army, the people had sacrificed not a little to secure its proficiency. Every able-bodied man was ready to shoulder his weapons and start when the call of danger sounded. Otherwise he was occupied in winning a livelihood from his mountain soil. The demands now made upon the Swiss by the empire did not promise any compensations to them in return. Indeed these were heard with dismay, since they meant that litigation must be taken away to imperial courts, among strangers.

As a result, the Swiss met this crisis in their usual way; they refused to have these new regulations placed upon them and made an alliance with France. The emperor proved powerless against them and the Peace of Basel terminated the conflict. As a matter of fact, although their independence was not publicly acknowledged until the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, they were practically free from the Holy Roman Empire thenceforth.

The dawn of the sixteenth century found the little confederacy actually holding balance of power in Europe and the nations of the continent contending for alliance with these doughty Swiss. Their unyielding attitude in war, their refusal to be defeated and their disregard for danger, even for death itself, made them most desirable of all mercenaries. France offered trade advantages to them in exchange for a stipulated number of soldiers yearly, sub-

sidizing the Cantons as well as paying the soldiers. Due to the limited means of earning money at home, it came about that many young men were eager for place in the mercenary armies that were in demand by warring states, especially in Italy. There were many evils to cope with so long as this system obtained. One company of Swiss would be set to fight against an army containing many of their own countrymen: Swiss against Swiss, for the settlement of some dispute in southern Italy of whose justice they knew nothing. Again, dissolute habits were contracted by these youths, set down in a licentious land with but their simple pastoral experiences to guide them.

It required a reformation and the combined efforts of a Zwingli and a Calvin to bring about a revival of the early ideals and turn the people of the Forest Cantons and their allies, away from the lure of the coin offered by greedy rulers, back once more to the purity of their mountain heights and the austerity which their natural life engendered.

[1] McCrackan: *Rise of the Swiss Republic*, p. 70.
[2] Quoted in McCracken, p. 87.
[3] *Ibid*, p. 232.
*During the Reformation, Church and State were sometimes identical.

ZWINGLI AND THE REFORMATION

THE generality of readers are familiar with the career of Martin Luther and the dramatic incidents of the religious reformation which he unwittingly began in Germany. Comparatively few possess equal acquaintance with his Swiss contemporary, Ulrich Zwingli, although his work, if not so far-reaching, demanded quite as much courage and resolute conviction.

It is safe to say that neither of these men whose names are so inseparably connected with the Protestant Reformation would have elected to become revolutionists had this been merely a matter of choice. The times were ripe for moral changes and the fact that Luther in Wittenberg, Zwingli in an Alpine Canton and Calvin in France all arrived at similar conclusions during the first half of the sixteenth century proves that the need of reforms was widely realized.

Zwingli was born in 1484—nine years before the perseverance of Columbus resulted in the discovery of the new world; Calvin in 1509 and Luther a few months before Zwingli, in 1483. Because it was expected that Zwingli would become a priest, he was not only given such educational advantages as Bern and Basel afforded but studied two years at the University of Vienna. When twenty-two he became parish priest at St. Gallen.

Political reforms lay closest to his heart in his early life. He realized that the system whereby Swiss troops were sent to France and Italy or wherever the highest bidder was found, to fight in quarrels concerning which they had neither knowledge nor interest, was pernicious in the extreme. The situation of the Cantons made it best for them to hold to themselves and avoid foreign entanglements so far as possible. These facts had been forced upon his consciousness during his sojourn abroad and in the leisure of study. Those at home were not equally able to see the dangers of the course they were pursuing. Especially in the Forest Cantons, where money was scarce and

living at best precarious, the pensions that found their way into these remote districts were depended upon almost as much as the harvests and the restless young men found an opening for their activities in service with the mercenary troops.

Presently Zwingli became convinced that it would be impossible for him to achieve his purpose without beginning with the Church. From the parish priest to the bishop, every cleric was obliged to pay a sum to the Holy See for his post, the "first fruits," as the offering was called. It is unnecessary here to enter at length upon a discussion of the corruption that existed throughout the entire ecclesiastical system in the sixteenth century. The surest proof of the abuses is found in the reforms instituted by the hierarchy itself in the years that followed, during the so-called Counter-Reformation.

The scriptures were scarcely known to the people as a whole and when Zwingli began to take up the Gospels, one by one, and preach directly from them, his congregations listened with the keenest interest. He now filled a position in Zürich. Due to the agitation aroused when he declared that nowhere in the Bible are lental fasts ordained and in other ways pointed out the wide differences that existed between primitive Christianity and the tenets of the Church, the Council of Zürich summoned a conference and, convinced by Zwingli's fervor and learning, decreed that thenceforth only what was based on biblical teaching should be required of its citizens. This precipitated trouble with the bishop and the gulf rapidly broadened when the people of Zürich began to tear down images and remove the traditional appurtenances of worship.

In the Forest Cantons, remote as they were from the abuses of the world, need for reform was not understood. In no way had they become conversant with the evils that existed in the Church. To them it seemed as though the faith of their fathers was in jeopardy and in rage they tried to lay hands on the image-breakers and especially on those who would abolish the mass.

The confederacy soon came to comprise three distinct types of states: those favorable to the reformation, such as

Zürich, St. Gallen, and Glarus; those hostile to it, such as the three Forest Cantons, Fribourg and Solothurn; and, finally, those where sentiment was so divided that strife between factions often became serious. To this last division the cities of Bern and Basel belonged. The location of the university and busy printing offices in Basel complicated the problem there. A league was formed of the Protestant towns, Zürich and Basel, while the Cantons in the mountains formed the Catholic League, making an alliance with Austria. It was due to the pressure put upon Emperor Charles V in other directions that little harm came of it. Even as it was, the very existence of the confederacy was endangered and the wonder is that it survived at all.

It would be wearisome to thread the intricacies of the religious contentions that followed. At one time Zürich threw a food blockade around the Forest Cantons, which served only to make feeling more bitter and relentless. In the end, Zwingli was killed on the battle field, where the Catholic League proved victorious.

The sixty-seven articles drawn up by Zwingli to summarize his teachings corresponded in a measure to the ninety-five theses posted by Luther on the church door at Wittenberg. There was considerable agreement between the doctrine of the two reformers and on one occasion they were brought together with the hope that they might co-operate in their work. It must be said that it was Luther who finally made this impossible, whereupon each went his way alone.

There can be no question that Zwingli became autocratic and arbitrary and that in the end it was not freedom that he substituted in the place of the Church but rather, a system formulated by himself. For some time not only were the Church and state identical in Zürich but Zwingli was spokesman for both. McCracken well says: "It seems to be the common fate of reformers to overbalance themselves as soon as they have reached the climax of their activity. Like Savonarola, like many another religious enthusiast, Zwingli had started with a noble aspiration after freedom, and a holy abhorrence of the

existing order. He ended by erecting a theocratic system no whit less tyrannical than the hierarchy he had overturned.'"[1]

Geneva, in the western part of modern Switzerland and beyond the jurisdiction of the confederation of the sixteenth century, became the center of the Calvinist movement, which was destined to leave its imprint upon civilization. Jean Calvin was a Frenchman by birth. Compelled to flee from France because of his "heretical" views, he took refuge in Geneva, where he completed his *Institutes of Christianity.*

Like Luther and Zwingli, he felt that Christianity should be based on the Gospels, not on the rulings of the Church. Geneva proved to be a fruitful field for his endeavors and in course of time he was invited by the town authorities to organize the citizens according to his convictions. Calvin was a born organizer and worked out a very arbitrary manner of worship to which all were bound to subscribe. The sternest penalties were meted out to those who had the temerity to oppose him. Like the Puritans, he attempted to crush out all the amusements and joys of life, replacing them by strict religious observances.

"This new system Calvin erected with a remorseless logic that is still the wonder of theologians. The mastery of the Church over the souls of men was replaced by the mastery of God over the souls of men—of God, that is, as interpreted by John Calvin. The destiny of each being was unalterably fixed by God's decree, and life on earth was but a phase in the fulfilment of his will. Hence it followed that the life must be ruled by the authorized exponents of God's will with resolute suppression of all human weaknesses that conflicted with the larger divine purpose. The state was simply to be the pliant instrument of the Church in punishing fleshly trespasses by fleshly means. . . . Of all tyrants the doctrinaire tyrant is the most terrible. And Calvin was the world's arch-doctrinaire."[2]

The fact that the majority of the people in several of the Swiss Cantons accepted the rigid rules set upon them by the teachings of Zwingli and particularly by those of Calvin, which rapidly spread, merely testifies to the gen-

eral need which had long been felt for a moral and religious awakening.

The reforms that presently were made within the Catholic Church, in the so-called Counter Reformation, were directed along three chief lines: first, the flagrant abuses were eliminated, for there was no possible defense of them. They had continued only because public opinion had not been directed against them in any organized way. Secondly, in such countries as remained true to the old faith, careful watch was set to root out heresy. Thirdly, the resolution to recover lost territories led Ignatius Loyola to found the Society of Jesus in 1540. Its members took the usual monastic vows but they regarded themselves as soldiers of the Cross, employing military methods, since they conceived of their work as conquest.

The story of the reformation is one of the great stories of modern history. To understand its many ramifications and enter upon its progress in even the little land of the confederation would require much time and attention. Suffice it to note that it left the Cantons torn by dissensions and bitterness and sometimes precipitated civil war. When the first enthusiasm of the movement had spent itself, the mountain states settled back more firmly in the old faith while these affected by the quickening influences of the cities became more and more united in the new teachings. As a result, they became havens of refuge for Protestants from many lands where persecutions raged. During the reign of Queen Mary in England and the bloody wars with the Huguenots in France, the fine old Swiss towns offered friendly asylum.

In contrast to the heroic drama of the fourteenth and early fifteenth century, in the seventeenth and early eighteenth century the Swiss states appeared to be passive. The confederation survived in spite of all influences which tended to destroy it; yet the people seemed to be spent and decadent. As the intense patriotism of the peasants abated, the aristocratic tendencies gained the upper hand.

In the seventeenth century the gold of Louis XIV enabled him to command as many Swiss mercenaries as he wished. It seemed as if the impassioned words of Zwingli

THE JUNGFRAU

A typical Swiss scene, showing the Wengern Alpine Railway, a part of Europe's highest railroad, which conveys passengers through a five-mile tunnel, in the very heart of the highest Alpine Region, to within a few hundred meters of the Jungfrau's summit (13,668 ft.)

had perished with his mortal body in the second Kappel war. Zwingli had reproached his countrymen with these words: "Our forefathers did not slay fellow Christians for pay, but fought for liberty only, that their bodies and lives, their wives and children, might not be in miserable subjection to a wanton nobility. . . . Therefore God gave them ever the victory and increased their honors and possessions. . . . In our own wars we have always been victorious, in foreign ones often defeated."

As a matter of fact, the Swiss soldiers met conditions wholly unlike their own when they fought in mercenary armies. Whereas they had been accustomed to choosing their own ground and always preferred the heights, they were now frequently forced to fight on the plains. They were valued for their courage and willingness to face danger, consequently they were usually set to bear the brunt of the battle. Their methods of warfare did not progress as fast as those of certain other countries and it was their indomitable spirit and physical superiority that won them such victories as they gained; even in defeat, it was said of them, that they were only less glorious than in victory.

The day was coming when the words of the courageous Zwingli would be comprehended more fully; when the youth of the Cantons would be no longer wasted in foreign wars for a little glittering gold. When twitted by a soldier: "We Frenchmen fight for honor—you Swiss fight for gold," the Swiss private replied with some spirit: "Yes, we both fight for what we haven't got."

[1] McCracken: *Rise of the Swiss Republic*, p. 263.
[2] Cameron: *Switzerland*, p. 187.
[3] Quoted by McCracken.

SWITZERLAND AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

DUE to the proximity of the countries, contact between France and Switzerland has always been close. It was inevitable that the ideas advanced by the Encyclopædists should gain wide publicity among the Swiss, the more since both Rousseau and Voltaire resided in Switzerland for some time. Because of its natural beauty, the Alpine country has ever attracted distinguished visitors from all parts of the world. Gibbon completed his great history of Rome in Switzerland and Madame de Staël attracted a large circle of friends around her when exiled to the estate of her father, Necker, as a penalty for having incurred the anger of Napoleon. Besides these visitors of outstanding importance, there was a continual progress back and forth across the boundaries and ideas that were engaging the attention of the French were bound to exert an influence among the Swiss.

Conquered territories that had not been received on a footing of equality in the confederation heard with satisfaction the slogan of the French Revolution regarding liberty, equality and fraternity. It was in these regions that Napoleon found excuse for intervention after he had determined that he must gain control of the Alpine Passes for his troops and secure, in addition, the wealth conserved in the thrifty Cantons. Berne in particular was famed for its well-filled treasury.

The Swiss as a rule received the great Corsican with enthusiasm at first. He was hailed as the harbinger of glad tidings and, on the occasion of his first journey through the country, was met with ovations and cordiality. Berne alone stood out against him, attempting to hold Vaud against his army. For this offense French soldiers were sent against Berne. Time had been when a foreign invader, regardless of who he might be, would have found the sturdy Swiss united against him, but to such weakness had the confederacy fallen that Berne was left to get on as best she might. The capitulation of the city was consequently inevitable.

Switzerland was now proclaimed the Helvetian Republic, harking back to the name of the once great Celtic tribe that had inhabited the region during the Roman Empire. "The ancient Cantons, cradled in independence and grown old in isolation, were suddenly transformed into departments of a single government and called the Helvetian Republic."[1]

A new constitution was now in order. As might have been expected, it was loud in its enunciations of the "rights of man." "The natural liberty of man is unalienable; it has no other limits than the liberty of every other man." Having thus said, it gave explicit direction as to the type of government to be set over the Swiss. They were to have a bi-cameral legislative body, composed of a Senate and Grand Council. To the Senate, four delegates were to be chosen by general election. A directory of five members constituted the executive body.

Since this artificial arrangement was short-lived, its few advantages need alone detain us. It swept away the gradations that had previously existed in the Cantons, all being placed now on an equality. While in some cases the old distinctions were temporarily restored after the conclusion of peace, good seed had been sown and ultimately equality prevailed.

Speaking by and large, the Swiss were only clay for the potter during these years of revolution and the new constitution was obediently accepted by one state after another until it was presented to the Forest Cantons. The men of Schwyz refused to sign it and ten thousand mountaineers opposed a French army of thirty thousand. They were able to hold their own in the first battle but realized the futility of the struggle. Their acceptance of the government persuaded all the Forest Cantons to follow suit save only Nidwalden. The battle of Stans was fought between the men of this part of Unterwalden and the French with frightful carnage. So many children were left orphans that asylums were opened for them and the noted educator, Pestalozzi, was given charge of their instruction; under such conditions did he work out many of the progressive methods of education for which he is still remembered.

The period that followed was most disheartening for the Swiss. French soldiers were billeted on them and their conduct was beyond excuse. Moreover, the country was despoiled to feed the soldiers. More than one-half of all the cows of the entire country were slaughtered for food. The little land, renowned for its sturdy prosperity, was reduced to a pitiable condition. It seemed for awhile as if it was destined to be the battle field for all Europe, Austrians and French surging back and forth as the fortunes of war arose and fell.

When the soldiers were finally withdrawn, even yet the people did not profit by their misfortunes sufficiently to band themselves closely together for mutual protection. Instead, strife waxed strong between those who favored a strong centralized government, such as the Helvetian Republic supplied, and others, bound by tradition, who wanted to return to their former localized government, with a loose confederacy. Within a year, four different constitutions were framed, none of them to be put into operation.

It was now that Napoleon, posing as an enthusiast for the welfare of Switzerland, announced that he himself would be their mediator and provide for them the kind of government best suited to them. Strange words to address to a people who had been schooled in self-government since the thirteenth century! Nevertheless, so helpless were the Swiss that one Canton after another conceded to the "Act of Mediation."

Words like these were addressed to Swiss delegates summoned to France at the bidding of the emperor: "You have quarreled amongst yourselves for three years without arriving at an understanding. If you are left any longer to your own devices, you will slay yourselves for another three years and then be no better off. . . .

"It is true, I had resolved not to interfere again in your affairs. . . . But I cannot, I must not remain impassive under the misfortune to which you are a prey. I withdraw my resolution; I will be the mediator in your quarrel, and my mediation shall be efficacious, as is worthy of the great nation in whose name I speak.

"Inhabitants of Helvetia! Hope again! Your native

country is on the edge of precipice; it shall be instantly withdrawn from it."[2]

As in many another case, the administration devised by Napoleon proved to be a marked improvement over what the people had previously known. He was astute enough to appease both Federalist and Centralist. Preserving the traditional local government, at the same time he set up a well centralized management for the Cantons as a whole. This remained in force until the restitutions of 1815.

The Congress of Vienna guaranteed the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland "in the true interests of the policies of all Europe." Richelieu, Wellington, Metternich and Humboldt all signed this compact for their respective states. The war which had been waged for eighteen years was over at last and statesmen hoped again to be free from those nightmares which had so long disturbed even their hours of rest and leisure.

The Cantons now numbered twenty-two instead of thirteen, for there were no more "ruled" districts. Valias, Geneva and Neufchatel were among the new members of the "Federal Pact" which was accepted in lieu of a constitution. Gradually the old independence of the people began to reassert itself and ere a decade had sped away, the one-time vigor began to manifest in place of the lassitude which had held the country in its spell for over a century.

[1] Vincent: *Study in Swiss History.*
[2] Quoted by McCracken.

HOW THE SWISS ARE GOVERNED

THE revolutionary spirit that swept over Europe in 1830 roused the Diet of the Confederation to some reforms. Strong feeling against the Jesuits was manifested in the Protestant Cantons and a corresponding resentment of this attitude in the seven Catholic Cantons. This led to the outbreak of civil war in 1847, the so-called "Sonderbund" war.

In certain respects the situation in Switzerland at this time paralleled that in the United States on the eve of our Civil War. In the latter case, the issue upon which the north and south divided was slavery; in Switzerland it was religion. The Diet passed a measure requiring the withdrawal of the Jesuits and the seven Catholic Cantons, joined in the Sonderbund—or Special League—protested. This was not the only matter regarding which there was difference of opinion and policy but it was the rock upon which the Confederation split. The seven Catholic Cantons seceded, whereupon the other Cantons went to war, as did the North in 1861, to preserve the Union. The words that were spoken by the Commander-in-Chief to his troops as they set out to end the attempted secession, might have been spoken by Lincoln. To quote them is to explain how it was possible for the tiny country to come together again, after the brief struggle, with the old patriotism and fidelity.

"You will advance into the Canton of Lucerne," he said. "As you cross the boundary leave your anger behind and think only of fulfilling the duties your native country imposes upon you. Attack the enemy boldly, fight bravely, and stand by your flag to the last drop of blood! But as soon as victory is decided in our favor, forget every feeling of revenge; act like generous soldiers, for you will thus prove your real courage. Under all circumstances do what I have already often commanded you; respect the churches and all buildings consecrated to divine service! Nothing will disgrace your flag more than insults to religion. Take all the defenseless under your protection; do not allow them to be insulted or maltreated. Do not destroy anything

unnecessarily; waste nothing; in a word, conduct yourselves in such a manner as to win respect and to show yourselves worthy of the name you bear.'"[1]

The subdued Cantons were asked to pay the costs of the war but when half the sum had been turned over, the balance was wiped out. Thus goodwill was again engendered. A new Federal Union replaced the loose Confederacy and a new constitution removed all the doubt which had previously clouded the relationship of Canton to Federation.

In many respects the Swiss Constitution of 1848, amended in 1874 and several times subsequently, was modeled after that of the United States.* In other ways it presents points of difference.

The legislative body is known as the Federal Assembly and consists of a National Council and Council of States. There are today about one hundred and fifty members in the National Council, or one to 20,000 people. The Council of States is made up of forty-four members, two representing each Canton. Two regular sessions are held yearly, one opening the first Monday in June, the other in December.

The two houses often convene in general assembly. Members of the Federal Tribunal or Supreme Court—are elected at a joint meeting. Also the Federal Council, composed of seven members and serving as the executive body, is so elected from the general body of voters. The Federal Council serves for three consecutive years and selects a president and vice-president from its membership. The president bears the relationship of chairman of a ministerial cabinet rather than that of our president to the commonwealth.

The Swiss, having been nurtured in liberty, are jealous of their rights and guard them well. The referendum, initiative and recall are all granted to them by their Constitution. By the *referendum* is meant the submission to popular vote of an act by the Federal Assembly upon request of eight Cantons or a stipulated number of citizens. The *initiative* enables the people to bring forward a particular matter for legislation provided the required number of voters so petition. These provisions enable the

people to keep close touch with the law-making business of their country.

Article thirteen of the General Provisions of the Constitution says: "The Confederation has no right to keep up a standing army." This is explained by Article 18 that rules: "Every Swiss is bound to perform military service!" In other words, Switzerland maintains an efficient army at lowest cost, since the entire manhood of the Republic is trained at arms.

Public ownership of utilities is to be found in Switzerland. Article 36 provides: "The posts and telegraphs in all Switzerland are controlled by the Confederation. The proceeds of the posts and telegraphs belong to the federal treasury." It has long been taught by educators in our land that the telegraph might be handled by the government as efficiently as the post and the rate cut to less than one-third of the prevailing fees. In this direction the Swiss, ever thrifty and economical, are in advance of us. They have lately undertaken to operate the railroads and are making no such mess of it as was made here during the late World War. It is needless to say that their mileage is insignificant in comparison with ours.

One-third of all the people of Switzerland are engaged in agriculture and cattle raising. The manufacture of silks, cotton goods and watches is extensively carried on. Good schools are everywhere found and a progressive spirit pervades the country. Only lately has the vast water power of the mountain regions been turned to practical account.

The Swiss are sober, law-abiding people who are more disposed to hold to their own traditional ways, conservative and safe, than to launch out into experiments. Especially are they on their guard against religious discord, which had caused them so much travail in the past.

Right of asylum which Switzerland offers has brought her into diplomatic difficulties in the past but she has sturdily refused to permit foreign powers to dictate what she shall do and what course she may pursue. While offering a haven to those exiled from their own lands, she systematically discourages conspiracies, which might jeopardize the peace of Europe, could they thrive on her neutral soil.

Aside from the public ownership of her railroads, and certain other experiments of a socialistic nature, there has been little to awaken outside interest in Switzerland since the conclusion of the War save the momentous doing of the League of Nations, at Geneva. It is safe to say that the more people visit this city of Calvinistic fame and listen to the deliberations of the World League, the faster will this movement, looking toward perpetual peace, be accepted by men the world over.

*The Swiss constitution is printed in English translation in McCracken's *Rise of the Swiss Republic.*

[1] Quoted by McCracken.

GERMANY

AS in Italy, so in Germany, the growth of nationality was long delayed. Like Italy, too, Germany owes a debt of gratitude to Napoleon for sweeping changes wrought by his campaigns, despite the deep humiliations which were suffered at his hands. Not until the second half of the nineteenth century did modern Germany, led by Prussia and piloted by Bismarck, the stern Iron Chancellor, take her place among the powerful states of Europe. Speaking merely from a political standpoint, it may well be doubted whether this comparatively young nation has yet attained to maturity.

Although German nationality appeared but recently, not so the German people. Of them Tacitus wrote in the first century of our era, when they were already causing anxiety to Roman emperors along the northern frontier. In his *Germania,* this Latin historian commended the valour of the German tribes, and described their habits in peace and war.

During the Middle Ages, kingdoms were ordinarily composed of feudal states, governed by barons who ruled in virtual independence, notwithstanding their fealty to overlords or kings. England was a conspicuous exception to this rule, for William the Conqueror profited by what he had learned in France, where the king was frequently less powerful than were several of his vassals. The spirit of nationality being gradually awakened, by the seventeenth century monarchs in various parts of Europe succeeded in curbing the influence of the nobles and subordinated them to a central government. This was particularly true in France. In the German provinces, however, feudalism survived and, until the wars which followed the French Revolution, Germany continued to be only a geographical expression.

The great literature of the Germans, their art and other cultural expressions, antedate the attainment of nationality. That brilliant gallaxy of writers who made splendid

the eighteenth and early nineteenth century had completed their work long before the cry of 1870—"On to Paris!" kindled a sense of patriotism in men who had been but recently subjects of loosely federated states. The writings of Goethe, one of the greatest geniuses that Germany has produced; the plays of Lessing and Schiller; the sweet lyrics of Heine; the critical essays of Schlegel; the philosophy of Kant—all these contributions had been given to the world before the advent of the present German state.

Dreams of personal aggrandizement entertained by the late German Kaiser, resulting as they did in the most destructive war known to humanity, awakened hatreds and prejudices that are only now beginning to abate. In hours of darkness, when the incomparable boon of freedom seemed to be in jeopardy and a self-appointed conqueror stalked the earth, it was difficult to discriminate between a ruling military caste and a nation that supported it. Only when an arrogant dynasty had brought an entire people near to ruin was the actual situation brought conclusively home to them.

The oft-reiterated adage, that history repeats itself, needs no demonstration to the student of European affairs. In modern times, first Spain, then France and latterly Germany, each in turn, has attempted aggrandizement, little mindful of the rights of others. Despite all arguments heard today for the perpetuation of peace, none can be sure that the future may not witness another attempt to reduce the earth to one vast estate—so prone is humanity to repeat its errors!

In the year 1843 the Germans celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of their birthday. To understand the significance of such commemoration, it is necessary to look back over the ten centuries which had intervened since the Treaty of Verdun was negotiated by the grandsons of Charlemagne. In them is to be found not only the explanation for belated centralization of government but the whole background of modern German development. The division of Charlemagne's empire paved the way for the thousand years of struggle for possession of the Rhine valley—a contest not ended yet. Indeed, the boundary between France

and Germany has seemed to be as shifting as the dividing line between Europe and Asia.

As we are primarily concerned with the development of Germany since unity was acquired, it is possible only to take a cursory view of the Empire, founded by Charlemagne, revived by Otto the Great and feebly perpetuated until its shadowy existence was terminated by Napoleon in 1806. For centuries the imperial title marked the supremacy of attainment for earthly potentates and, on the occasion of one hotly contested election, Francis I of France and Henry VIII of England bid for the honor—which was denied them both. Sometimes the crown went a-begging, and excepting in the rare cases where strong German kings were chosen to fill the post of doubtful authority, many a duke or count wielded greater power than was exercised by the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

MEDIÆVAL GERMANY

NONE of the Germanic tribes impressed themselves more indelibly upon the face of Europe than the Franks. Little is authentically known of them before the time of their illustrious chieftain, Clovis. Upon the foundation laid by him and his son Pippin, Charlemagne, third of the line, was able to bring a vast territory under his control, which extended on the west to the Atlantic ocean, on the east to the Danube; it included Saxony along the North Sea and reached south to Rome. The conquest of the Saxons, the Avars and the Lombards was accomplished by the indefatigable Charles, who went to succor the Papacy when the invading Lombards threatened its safety. Having made himself supreme throughout the length and breadth of so wide a dominion, it seemed fitting to hail Charlemagne as imperator, successor of the Cæsars. Accordingly, on Christmas day, in the year 800, he was crowned by Pope Leo III, at whose request he had marched into Italy.

The Western Empire came to an end in 476; in the Eastern Empire, on the throne at Constantinople, the usurping Irene now ruled. The eastern emperors had proved themselves unfriendly to the Papacy in Rome and Leo III sought to revive the one-time prestige of the Eternal City by making it once again the capital of a secular government. A chronicler of the period explained it thus: "Because the name of emperor had now ceased among the Greeks and their empire was possessed by a woman, it then seemed both to Leo the Pope and to all the holy fathers who were present in the self-same council, as well as to the rest of the Christian people, that they ought to take to be Emperor, Charles, king of the Franks, who held Rome itself, where the Cæsars had always been wont to sit, and all the regions which he ruled through Italy and Gaul and Germany; and inasmuch as God had given all these lands into his hands, it seemed right that with the help of God and at the prayer of the whole Christian people he should have the name of emperor also."[1]

Only the strong arm of Charles could hold together so far-flung an empire. It was the German custom to treat a kingdom as an estate and share it among the legitimate sons. Charlemagne apportioned his territories but it so happened that two sons died before him, leaving only Lewis, nicknamed "the Pious" to rule in his stead. Confusion followed upon the death of the great emperor in 814 and although Lewis the Pious nominally reigned until his death in 840, only the good work which had been done by his illustrious father enabled him to maintain himself at all. Lewis would have been better adapted for the sequestered life of a student and cleric than for important administrative tasks.

Although he had followed the usual habit of dividing his domains among his sons, these were quarrelsome men, each desiring the lion's share. Consequently a battle was fought at Fontenoy on which occasion it is recorded that forty thousand Franks were slain. The strife terminated by the Treaty of Verdun, 843, wherein it was agreed that the youngest son, Charles the Bald, should rule over what is now approximately France and Belgium; Lewis the German received lands east of the Rhine, while Lothair, eldest of the three, inherited the imperial title and a narrow intermediate territory reaching from the North Sea to the city of Rome, perhaps a thousand miles long. It was bordered in part on the east by the Rhine and on the west, by the Rhone and Somme.

It was the anniversary of this treaty which the Germans celebrated in 1843, since it divided, once and forever, Latinized Gaul from the land of the Germans. The first afterwards became modern France, retaining the name of the Teutonic invaders but impressing its ancient culture upon them. One of the so-called "romance languages" developed here, based, like Spanish and Italian, upon Latin, the speech of Rome. On the east side of the Rhine, Teutonic civilization predominated and the German language was gradually evolved from various crude dialects.

It was not strange that Charles the Bald of the western Frankish kingdom and Lewis the German, of the eastern Frankish kingdom, both looked with covetous eyes upon the

fertile strip of land which divided them and which, for the time, belonged to Lothair. When his son, Lothair II died without heirs, once more they were precipitated into open war over the region known first as Lotharingia, then as Lothringen and finally shortened to Lorraine. The new struggle was ended in 870 by the Treaty of Mersen, which left the Rhine a German possession, together with a portion of Burgundy, for Lothair's original grant was now known by its component parts as Italy, Burgundy and Lorraine.

It is important to note what a momentous part the Rhine has played in continental affairs. Stegemann, the latest historian of the region, says of it "No river in the world stands out more prominently in history than the Rhine. From the moment of its entry on the stage of history, its bed has been the scene of incessant struggles—although the Rhine, far from separating its banks from one another, forms a natural connecting link between them. And the fight for possession of the river is so essential a part of the struggle for supremacy in Europe, that this fight has, right up to our own times, constituted a decisive developmental factor of European politics. As a matter of fact, the possession of no other river-basin in the world has been so hotly and persistently contested as that of the Rhine. Nor has the outcome of any epoch-making struggle ever been less clear than in this case. The struggle has hitherto remained undecided and we may predict with some degree of certainty that it will remain undecided until the Rhine has ceased to constitute the central problem of west European politics—a problem, the solution of which has been vainly sought during the last two thousand years."[2]

The Carolingian line produced no other ruler as capable as he whose name it preserved. Finally it became extinct. The imperial title was claimed by obscure princes and later fell into desuetude. In the eastern Frankish kingdom several duchies became important, their dukes growing to have well-nigh independent sovereignty. Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Saxony and often Lorraine so asserted themselves. Finally, in 919, Henry the Fowler of Saxony established a dynasty that lasted nearly a hundred years. His son, Otto the Great, reigned from 936 to 973.

Otto gained control of the great duchies, one by one, through favorable marriages. One of his daughters was given to Conrad the Red, of Lorraine; another to the noble who received Franconia. When several powerful provinces had become the property of his family, Otto sought to revive the empire of Charlemagne and was crowned emperor in 962.

The modern reader is likely to feel some perplexity as he follows the fortunes of the Holy Roman Empire, "so-called," said the whimsical Voltaire, "because it was neither Holy, Roman, nor an Empire." Yet it is apparent that contemporaries of Otto the Great experienced no such sense of inconsistency. Bryce, who has written at length of this political institution, so much greater in theory than in fact, points to the numerous inconsistencies of the Middle Ages. It must always be remembered that the old Roman Empire once embraced the civilized world and its name conveyed the idea of universality. The Christian church was known as the Holy Roman Church and the Pope regarded as God's vicar on earth. It was accepted without question that, just as there was a single head to the church universal, so there must be a single head of secular affairs and, in hailing Charlemagne as Augustus, he was conceived as a successor of the Cæsars. It seemed to those of the age that the Western Empire, which had ceased to function in 476, had been once more revived.

After the Treaty of Mersen, in 870, France was no longer a part of the empire, which thereafter theoretically embraced Germany and Italy. It was the vain endeavor to hold Italy with Germany that wasted the soldiery and resources of the northern country and threw the Italians into two hostile camps for three hundred years, one espousing, one opposing, the emperor.

This is not the place to enter into detail upon the history of the Holy Roman Empire, whose progress belongs properly to mediæval history. Our concern with it is merely to find in it the background of modern Germany. Suffice it to say that the Hohenstaufen dynasty brought forth its ablest rulers. Of this line, Frederic Barbarossa and Frederick II were greatest. The Ghibellines supported imperial

claims in Italy while the Guelfs stood by the Popes, who bitterly renounced the Hohenstaufens in the end and caused the downfall of the dynasty. The struggle to hold Italy was hopeless from the beginning. At first the Papacy had looked to the emperors for protection and support. Afterwards there arose the idle contest as to which of these two heads, the spiritual and the temporal, was greater: which should bestow upon the higher clergy his symbols of investiture: pope or emperor? Popes hurled anathemas against emperors and the latter marched troops to despoil the fair plains of Italy. It was an unseemly conflict, ending finally in a compromise. Beyond doubt it did much to lessen the prestige of the Holy See.

Henry VII was the last emperor to lead his armies into Italy to restore order in that chaotic land. It will be remembered that Dante expected great results from his coming. Although a penetrating thinker, the poet still clung to the mediæval conception of one church, one emperor. Henry's untimely death terminated this late attempt to give reality to a theory. Under the most favorable conditions it could not have succeeded, for, as quickly as an imperial army approached the gates of an Italian city, it hailed him as imperator. Entertainment was provided, a contribution presented and fair promises made for the future. As soon as he withdrew to his northern possessions, these promises were at once repudiated and his envoys treated with insult. When Milan refused to abide by her promises, the city was razed to the ground but such harsh treatment was rarely accorded for the reason that, face to face with force, submission was generally forthcoming.[a]

Repeated attempts to make good the claims of the empire brought about many evil results. First of all, the manhood of both countries was sacrificed again and again in battles for no permanent issue, and even when no battles were fought, the German soldiers melted away in the warmer country where they were often stricken with disease. In Italy for centuries the animosities were so bitter between adherents of the two political parties that blood often flowed in the streets. When victorious, the Guelfs would exile the defeated Ghibellines, who in turn employed

the same tactics. It would be impossible to tell how dire was the suffering endured by the populace in the peninsula during these years of confusion. Lovers of Dante well know the bitterness with which he often alluded in his immortal poem to party strife.

Again, while the emperors were absent in Italy, their German subjects were allowed to pursue their way without check. This made it possible for dukes and counts, margraves and barons, to aggrandize themselves at the expense of their neighbors. Petty warfare was the order of the day when there was no strong hand to put down disturbances.

To offset the arrogance of nobles, the emperors favored the trades-classes in the cities. These burghers were glad to purchase exemption from taxation by the payment of a stipulated sum. Since the emperors were always handicapped by lack of money, such an arrangement was mutually agreeable and in this way the "free cities" came into being. In these commercial centers the people conducted their own government and gained experience in managing the affairs of their municipalities. In the country districts there was no middle class. Serfs tilled the soil of the estates of feudal lords, who administered justice (improperly so-called) and reigned as petty kinglets. The knights acknowledged only the over-lordship of the emperor. They were a turbulent class and contributed more to the general chaos than to the constructive influences of the age.

So it becomes plain, when we give even the slightest attention to the condition of German states during the Middle Ages, that the growth of nationality was impossible so long as feudalism survived. A well-organized nation implies a strong centralized government; feudalism implies numerous local governments. The two cannot, in the very nature of things, flourish side by side.

The terse sentences of Seignobos make clear the situation. He says: "In the Middle Ages every large proprietor lived like a sovereign on his domains, every constituted city governed itself like a republic. Each country was divided into several thousand petty, independent powers, lords or town corporations, who negotiated with each other as if they were foreign nations. The inhabitant of a town or

seigniory was considered a foreigner in the neighboring town or seigniory; to have the right of even taking there his merchandise he was obliged to have a special permission. The towns and the lords of France and Germany concluded among themselves treaties of peace or commerce as the great powers of Europe do today. Each seigniory, each town, had its tribunal, its treasury, its army, its customs, its complete government; but this government was not exercised except within the seigniory or the town. Consequently there was no common government for the whole country (except England, united under one king), no nation, not even a state.

"This system pleased neither the churchmen, who always desired unity, nor the lawyers, who had studied Roman law; it seemed to them impious and unreasonable. On the contrary, the knights and the bourgeoisie, who knew little of any regulation but that of custom, were determined to preserve the organization to which they were accustomed. . . . Centralization began in the fourteenth century; it then consisted of the union of the provinces into a single state, where the prince became the sole sovereign. In Germany and in Italy the concentration went no farther; these two countries remained divided into principalities; they did not form a nation."[3]

*Henry of Luxemburg.
xBryce, *The Holy Roman Empire.*
1Quoted by Munro, *The Middle Ages,* 53.
2Stegemann, *The Struggle for the Rhine,* 11.
3Seignobos, *Hist. of Mediæval Civilization,* 211.

DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE

AFTER the fall of the Hohenstaufen line there came the Great Interregnum. Might made right and "fist-rule" prevailed. A mournful song pictures graphically the unhappy conditions that prevailed: "To Thee, O Lord, poor folk make moan; the devil has sown seeds in the land! Thy hand created law for thy children's protection. But alas! where is law? Widows and orphans wail since the princes no longer unite under an emperor." The prestige of the empire was gone and not until the rise of Prussia was Germany again important among the powers.

Near the middle of the fourteenth century Charles, son of the blind king John of Bohemia, was chosen emperor, as Charles IV. In 1355 he went to Rome to be crowned. Heretofore the Papacy had contended that imperial powers were conferred upon rulers by the Pope. At this time the Papacy was in exile at Avignon and helpless to make or unmake an emperor. Thenceforward the empire held itself free from papal interference.

Just as Dante, in the preceding century, had looked forward with great hopes to the coming of Henry of Luxemberg, so now Petrarch, grieved at the sad state of Italy, gazed anxiously to the north for the appearance of Charles IV. However, this grandson of Henry VII tarried only long enough to be crowned and to barter with candidates, eager to buy imperial posts of doubtful value, for large sums; then he retraced his steps to Germany, to the keen disappointment of those in Italy who still looked for help from the empire.

Heretofore it had been a matter of doubt as to who were authorized to elect the emperor. To settle this question once and for all, Charles IV issued what is known as the Golden Bull, so-called from the case that contained the document and its seal. It provided that seven electors should meet to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the emperor. A majority vote should prevail. This precluded two or more emperors being chosen simultaneously by factions,

as had not infrequently occurred in the past. Three archbishops, theoretically representative of the three political divisions of the empire—Germany, Burgundy and Italy—were made electors. In truth, they represented their own sees—Mayence, Cologne and Trèves. Four secular princes—the king of Bohemia, the dukes of Brandenburg and Saxony and the Count Palatine—completed the number. Their dominions could no longer be divided, but must remain intact, unless, to be sure, they were expanded. The elections were to take place in Frankfort and the coronation in Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). Heretofore the place of coronation as well as election had often been chosen to suit the convenience of those concerned. The king of Bohemia was made arch-cupbearer of the empire; the duke of Saxony, its arch-marshal; the Count Palatine, the arch-steward.

Beyond doubt this edict settled disturbing questions, since it established the college of electors. However, it recognized disunity and perpetuated it. Bryce has said of it that it "legalized anarchy and called it a constitution." The four princes who were thus raised to highest rank in the land reigned thenceforth as sovereigns. From their courts there could be no appeal. They minted their own coin and, although theoretically subservient to the emperor, they were not always so in practice.

For many years it was the policy of the electors to choose one whom they felt to be too weak to interfere with them. In selecting Rudolf of Hapsburg they erred in judgment. He immediately set himself to the task of augmenting the power of his family and as time went on the Hapsburg dynasty was able to make the imperial office hereditary.

The election of Charles V as emperor, in 1520, led to the accumulation of the widest territorial possessions under one ruler. Charles belonged to the Hapsburg line. It will be remembered that Maximilian married Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold. Their son was Philip the Handsome, who wedded Joanne the Mad—daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Their son, Charles I of Spain and Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire, inherited such vast dominions that the safety of lesser monarchs was

felt to be in jeopardy. When to these European lands were added colonial possessions beyond the seas, the extent of his empire is difficult to realize. However, in its vast size did its weakness lie. It was impossible, with sixteenth century means of transit and communication, for one ruler, however forceful, to control such immense possessions.

It was during the first year of Charles V's rule that a momentous religious dispute arose in Germany. Luther challenged debaters to discuss his ninety-five theses. Emperor Charles later gave him safe conduct to Worms, where the Diet was in session, that he might state his position.

The story is too familiar to need repetition here. Luther took his stand upon Gospel teachings rather than upon the teachings of the church. There was much in the practice of the priesthood at the time to offend the pious, and little consistency was to be found between the examples set by ecclesiastics and their precepts. Germany was ripe for a religious reformation and the people took up the cause of Luther. Charles V knew the strength that lay in unity and desired to have the orthodox Catholics and the Protestants, as they soon came to be called, get together and work out some compromise. This proved to be impossible. Thereupon the Lutherans were given six months to return to the true faith voluntarily or be compelled by force to do so.

Because of numerous demands upon him, Charles V was unable to deal with the religious dissensions of the Germans and meanwhile the reformed faith spread apace. After the Turks had been repulsed on the east and Francis I had been checked in the west, the emperor at length returned to crush out heresy; but meanwhile it had become too wide-spread to admit of extermination. By the peace of Augsburg it was settled that the faith of each province should be determined by its prince. At best the decision was but a makeshift. It was an acknowledgement of the inability of the emperor to enforce his will and, since it recognized only two forms of worship, Catholicism and Lutheranism, it paved the way for the deplorable war that ravaged central Europe sixty years later.

The sixteenth century was marred by bitter religious strife. Brother was often set against brother, citizen

against citizen and community against community. We have but to recall the frightful wars waged in France between Catholic and Huguenot to appreciate the deplorable condition that prevailed in Europe. In Germany the struggle lasted throughout the first half of the seventeenth century and history records no more desperate a conflict than the one which beset the German states from 1618 to 1648, generally known as the Thirty Years War.

Charles V was never popular among the German princes. By temperament he was more akin to the Spaniards than the Teutons. As a consequence, this war, which was begun in behalf of freedom of worship, received the support of nobles who were little concerned over matters spiritual. They combined with the Protestants solely because this set them against the emperor. Moreover, strife which originated in differences of Christian faith came to involve property questions which struck at the foundation of wealth and possessions. When princes or the higher clergy turned from Catholicism to Protestantism, they carried along with them the territories they had previously held. The peace of Augsburg permitted the retention of such property but did not definitely rule concerning many questions involved. Later, when a Catholic reaction brought a reversal of opinion, there was an attempt to confiscate lands which had been held by Protestants for generations. Princes banding together tried to expel those of the reformed faith, persecuting those who remained. War became inevitable. Before it ended, Swedish armies under Gustavus Adolphus and troops provided by France invaded central Europe and of necessity were obliged to support themselves by pillage and plunder. In the end, the religious aspect of the war was forgotten and there ensued an unseemly scramble for territory.

The terrible losses which this wretched war inflicted upon Germany almost defy enumeration. It is claimed that one-half the entire population died from starvation or on the battlefield. Trade was hopelessly destroyed and civilization retarded. The peace of Westphalia, signed in 1648, was condemned by the Papacy because it placed Protestant faiths on a par with Catholicism and allowed the ruler of

each state to determine the religion of the people. In other words, it returned to the concessions of the peace of Augsburg. Although Calvinism was not specifically mentioned, it was in fact placed on an equality with Lutheranism.

The important aspect of this unhappy period for us is that the religious reformation in Germany precipitated such prolonged wars that the country was left too exhausted to protect itself against the aggressions of France during the second half of the seventeenth century. Louis XIV took repeated advantage of the decrepit state of the empire to broaden his boundaries. A century passed before the people recovered their vigor and brought their desolated regions once more into productivity, populated districts having been left completely devastated.

Speaking of the dreadful results of the Thirty Years War, Henderson observes: "Even the most sober statistics show that men and women were reduced to the state of the lowest animals. . . . Recruiting for the army had become the merest mercenary speculation; robbers and criminals of all kinds had flocked to the camps, where alone in the whole length and breadth of the wretched land a semblance of plenty could be found. . . . The demoralization of the people at large is shown in various ways, in the decline of art, of literature, and of learning, but above all in the senseless aping of the foreigner. Each little court tried to copy Versailles, and spent the money that should have gone to healing the wounds of war, in senseless luxury. Questions of etiquette now play a prominent part. . . . At a great festival held in Nuremberg in 1650, to celebrate the progress of the measures for carrying out the different agreements, it was five hours after dinner was announced before the unfortunate guests could be seated in the proper order."[1]

[1] Henderson, *Short Hist. of Germany*, I, 496.

THE RISE OF PRUSSIA

IT is plain that help was no longer to be expected from the Holy Roman Empire, which, after the peace of Westphalia, became little more than a shadow. Its title was borne by the House of Hapsburg until the death of Charles VI in 1740, at which time the male line of the Austrian Hapsburgs ended. In 1745 it passed to Joseph of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa of Austria, and remained with the Lorraine-Hapsburg line until the little more than phantom empire was dissolved by Napoleon in 1806.

To understand the ascendancy of modern Germany it is needful to turn back to early Prussia, from whose feeble origins was to develop the great kingdom of Frederick II and the later Hohenzollerns. It was Prussia which eventually eclipsed Austria, won the leadership of the German states, united them in the nineteenth century, and, fifty years later, produced a ruler who emulated the great military conquerors of the world.

In the tenth century, Henry the Fowler made war upon the Wends, a Slavic people who still clung to pagan gods. He stormed their fortress, *Brannibor,* which became the German fortress of *Brandenburg.* The surrounding region was converted into a march or buffer state against the Slavs and over it was set a *mark graf* or a margrave.

In the thirteenth century, Teutonic Knights carried German rule and Christianity to the *Borussi* or *Prussi,* along the Baltic Sea. Königsberg was built as a fortress in this uncivilized country.

By the Golden Bull, Brandenburg was recognized as one of the imperial electorates. Frederick of Nuremberg rendered aid and loaned money to the Emperor Sigismund, who in turn gave him Brandenburg and its tributaries. So did the electorate of Brandenburg pass to the Zollerns of the Hill—or the Hohenzollerns. Much detail would be necessary to make clear how it came about that Prussia on the Baltic Sea also became one of the five possessions of the Hohenzollerns. At first these districts were entirely sepa-

rated from one another. Finally, Frederick III requested that he should receive the title of king. The emperor, Leopold I, demurred but, since Prussia lay outside his dominions and his own possessions would be in no whit modified thereby, he conferred upon Frederick in 1688 the title of King of Prussia, which was borne by his descendants.

His son, Frederick William I (1713-1740) spent his life in creating an army. He is remembered for his eccentricities, one of which was devotion to a body guard of giants. Nothing so well appeased his almost habitual anger as the acquisition of a new soldier who towered six and one half feet high or higher. By dint of tireless drill, he developed the most formidable army in Europe.

Whether or not Frederick William I was entirely sane might easily be questioned. At least his ungovernable rages often set him beyond the domain of reason. His son, known to history as Frederick the Great, experienced a most unhappy youth. Macaulay calls the story of his boyhood "painfully interesting. Oliver Twist in the parish work-house, Smike at Dotheboys Hall, were petted children when compared with this wretched heir-apparent of a crown." Indeed, crowned heads of Europe were forced to intercede for the youth on one occasion when his savage father threatened to have him executed. Frederick's offense was that, when the cruelties of his father became unbearable, he had tried to escape from the Court. He was apprehended and his royal parent claimed that, since he held a commission in the army, he was guilty of desertion. After a year's imprisonment he was released, only to be subjected to the most rigorous discipline under the relentless king, who begrudged all moments wherein soldiers could not be drilled.

The faults of Frederick the Great are all to be explained in light of his early training—if such it may be called. He was temperamentally the opposite of his father. He loved learning, was devoted to music and was attracted to the refinements of life. All this seemed to Frederick William I as effeminate and he did everything in his power to crush such tastes out of the boy. When Frederick came to the throne in his twenty-eighth year, bitterness had replaced

his early spontaneity, skepticism rendered all religions fit subjects for jests, and his finer instincts had been brutally perverted.

In connection with the life of Voltaire, his friendship with Frederick the Great has been mentioned.[z] It testified to the king's admiration for literary genius, to his longing for companionship and to an unsatisfied feeling which his father's inhuman treatment and the stern requirements of court had not wholly repressed. That such a curious friendship was doomed from the first, few can doubt; that the last effort of the cold king to win a disinterested friend terminated so unpleasantly was nevertheless unfortunate.

Frederick the Great (1740-1786) came to the throne of Prussia in the same year that Maria Theresa was called to rule in Austria, upon the death of her father. When Charles VI found that male heirs were to be denied him, he tried by the Pragmatic Sanction to pledge the powers to recognize the succession of his daughter. Notwithstanding, the accession of a woman, who could not place herself at the head of troops, was the signal for neighboring rulers to try to profit by her misfortune. Frederick II of Prussia immediately appropriated Silesia, which considerably swelled his territory to the south. In order to lessen the number of her assailants, Maria Theresa was obliged to cede this province to him. As it was, the War of Austrian succession embroiled most of Europe before it was ended.

It became more and more apparent that a struggle would be eventually fought out between Austria and Prussia for leadership of the German states. Austria formed a great alliance against Prussia; France, Russia, Saxony, Sweden and Poland joined with her to disrupt the aggressive new kingdom and share it among themselves. Austria desired to win back Silesia; Russia expected to gain Courland, then a possession of Poland; Poland wanted to recover West Prussia; Sweden aspired to Pomerania; France wanted Belgium, which Austria was willing to release for other considerations. Against so powerful a combination, Prussia had only the alliance of Great Britain.

Thus began the Seven Years War, which was destined to have far-reaching results. It opened in 1756 and terminated

in 1763. Not only was it a war waged to determine German leadership—whether Austrian or Prussian, but at the same time it became a fight to decide whether France or Great Britain would hold supremacy on the seas and maintain wide colonial possessions. Battles were waged in India and in North America at the same time that desperate struggles went on in Europe.

Frederick II had learned of the scheme long before his opponents were ready to strike the first blow. He at once invaded Saxony and gained possession of its army and treasury. Then he invaded Bohemia. Sometimes his armies suffered defeat. Once the Russians reached Berlin. On one occasion his army was almost annihilated. It was due rather to the exhaustion of his enemies than to his own prowess that he was left secure when peace was finally negotiated. He had lost 900,000 men during the war and the country was in a pitiable condition. Nevertheless, Prussia emerged intact. Thenceforward Frederick spent his life building up the industrial and economic interests of Prussia. He succeeded in binding together his divided territories in 1772 by the acquisition of West Prussia on the occasion of the first partition of Poland.

In the year 1786 Frederick II closed his eyes to earthly affairs, leaving a well-organized kingdom to his son, Frederick William II.

Considerable time would be required to do justice to the work of Frederick the Great. Carlyle wrote a long history of the king and his age. His voluminous work is available for all who would follow in detail the events of so remarkable a career. In this connection we are interested merely in the growth of Prussia, from the time it was won by the Teutonic knights as an outpost of Christianity until, under Frederick II, it became united, widened throughout its length and breadth and bound together under one central government.

YEARS OF WEAKNESS

FREDERICK the Great had found Prussia a state of secondary importance. He left it one of the great European powers. From a population of 4,500,000 it had grown to contain 7,500,000 people. The army had been his special pride, as it had been the delight of his father before him. Despite wars that had made heavy drains upon soldiers and resources and, in case of the Seven Years War, had all but proved too much of an ordeal for the country, when he died the treasury contained money approximating the value of fifty million dollars. By assistance which the government had rendered to the agriculturalist and the steadfast policy of fostering of industries, Prussia had been placed upon a sound economic basis.

Unhappily, Frederick's successors lacked his enlightenment. He had no son to succeed him and was obliged to make his nephew his heir. Frederick William II (1786-1797) was too weak to bring to the state the energy required. This fact had been plain to his aging uncle, who had no love for his heir and had accepted him only because forced to do so by circumstance. Nine years found the savings of half a life-time dissipated; the army was given in charge of a commission. The religious toleration which had characterized the reign of Frederick the Great was replaced by strict supervision of worship and special tests were made of the clergy. Frederick William II was prone to consult the soothsayers and spirit-mongers. In almost every direction, he failed to meet the needs of the young state he was called to rule.

The Holy Roman Empire still lingered, although slight heed was given to its existence. Bryce says of it at this juncture that it "stood like a corpse brought from some Egyptian sepulchre, ready to crumble at a touch and there seemed no reason why it should not stand so for centuries more. Fate was kind and slew it in the light."[1]

Its legislative powers were vested in the three colleges of the Diet—the electors, princes and free cities. In such

rare instances as all three were agreed, their decisions were presented to the emperor for his approval. As a matter of fact, the imperial diet contributed to the merriment of nations rather than to the constructive work of the period. Particularly its laborious formality and the exaggerated ceremony, which was never set aside however urgent the circumstances, made it the butt of many a witticism. None the less, the ruler of Austria was its emperor and the resources and prestige of the Hapsburgs placed him among the most important personages of Europe.

Three years after the death of Frederick the Great, the French Revolution broke out in Europe. At first the principles for which it contended, having already spread wherever French literature was read, won sympathy for the revolutionists, even in despotic countries. However, as soon as the anarchy, which was inevitable in such a social upheaval, began to assert itself, there came an immediate revulsion of feeling. Leopold of Austria was the brother of Marie Antoinette. To him and to Frederick William II of Prussia it seemed insupportable that the people should take an arbitrary attitude toward their rulers.

It is instructive to take a survey of the Germanic states on the eve of the Revolution, which was to bring to them the most humiliating experiences, yet accomplish for them no slight amount of good, since the old order received so severe a blow that it could never be wholly revived.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Germany was merely a geographical expression. It contained more than three hundred independent states and free cities, to say nothing of fifteen hundred knights, owing obedience to the emperor alone. Although bound together in the Holy Roman Empire, this shadowy political institution had practically no treasury, no army and no system for executive administration. The emperor was dependent upon the resources of his own hereditary possessions and at the mercy of his princes, well-nigh independent cities, and ecclesiastical governments. These might or might not support him in an emergency. As a matter of fact, there was no machinery for the enforcement of the edicts of the diet.

Some of the states which made up the empire were but a

few miles square. Some consisted of little more than a castle and a village of peasants, lying at its foot. Each political division had its own system of duties and customs. A story survives of a merchant who had passed border after border, paying the duties demanded at each. Finally, when asked what he considered to be an unjust payment at the boundary of a tiny principality, he declared in his wrath that he would not cross the state but would go around it, which involved only a few additional hours travel.

"Never in all history have pretensions so vast been coupled with territories so small. Dozens of states were able to boast of not more than seven or eight miles apiece, yet their rulers invariably spoke of themselves as 'we, so and so, by the grace of God'; and the number of 'excellencies,' of ministers, of marshals, of privy councillors, or real privy councillors, and of chamberlains, would seem almost to outnumber the male population, did we not know that many of these pompous offices could be held by one and the same man. To hide the paucity of subjects, heroic efforts were often made: in one principality we find a law reducing the salary of any chancery official who does not appear at the carnival with his wife and grown-up daughters; in another, we learn that the prince provided three uniforms for his guards, so that at different times of day they might appear as cuirassiers, as grenadiers or as Uhlans."[2]

The brilliancy of the French court during the reign of "The Sun King" and Louis XV exceeded all others. Consequently the ceremony obtaining in Versailles was imitated in so far as possible by many a petty sovereign. The expense involved in maintaining such pretension bore heavily on the peasants, who were always overtaxed and bowed down by the burden of supporting, not only the government but these ridiculous courts.

Having established a republic in France, it will be remembered that the French armies started forth to free all oppressed peoples and spread the glad tidings of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" throughout Europe.

Frederick William III (1797-1840) of Prussia soon became more interested in the possibility of a new partition of Poland than in the progress of French arms. Conse-

quently he ignominiously withdrew from the First Coalition, formed against Napoleon and made a separate peace—the peace of Basel, in 1795. This bound him to a course of neutrality. For eleven years he adhered to this policy with a fidelity which would have been more commendable in a better cause. Napoleon had held out to him the possibility of his annexing Hanover. It was only when, after the flight of several years, he learned that the emperor was holding out the same bait to England that he began to realize his predicament.

Those who find a thrill in rapid movement of armies, in military prowess such as was displayed by Napoleon Bonaparte, are bound to derive much interest from the German campaigns that followed. In 1806 the king of Prussia finally declared war against Napoleon, who flung his troops upon the less disciplined Germans with irresistible force. The Prussian army was practically wiped out at Jena. The humiliation of Austerlitz followed and the German states lay helpless at the feet of the conqueror, who made his way to Berlin and received the homage of any number of German princes and erstwhile potentates.

The Russian campaign was the beginning of the end. As soon as the nations that had been stunned into torpor by the ever-weening genius of the Corsican began to realize that he was nearing the end of his victories, they roused to a man with the common purpose of repelling him. The favorite slogan of the Revolution of 1789 had long been forgotten. Once more a world conqueror, drunk with success, dreamed only of more nations to enslave.

The study of each modern nation of importance in Europe leads sooner or later to the field of Waterloo, where all combined to put down the man whose military genius had defied them for well-nigh twenty years. The story is an oft-told tale. As quickly as the common danger was passed, monarchs and their ministers sat them down to the task of obliterating, in so far as in them lay, the changes which two decades had wrought.

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[1] Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire*, 407.
[2] Henderson, *Short Hist. of Germany*, II, 220.

In the Tyrol About Ten Miles Above Innsbruck

The Kärntnerring Section of the Ringrund, Vienna, Present Capital of Austria

As its name indicates this boulevard encircles Vienna's business section

THE GERMAN CONFEDERACY

THE treaty of Tilsit, following the catastrophe of Jena, had deprived Prussia of about half her territory and population. Indeed, there is reason to believe that Napoleon would have dismembered the kingdom altogether had not the Russian czar interfered. This is reason enough for Prussians to fail to view Napoleon in the light of a benefactor. None the less, it was in the direction of progress when he "retired" some seventy principalities, more than forty free cities and the imperial knights—numbering about fifteen thousand. "It was his mission," says Bryce—"a mission more beneficent in its result than in its intention or its means—to break up in Germany and Italy the pernicious system of petty principalities, to reawaken the spirit of the people, to sweep away the relics of an outworn feudalism, and leave the ground free for the growth of newer and better forms of political life."[1]

Some of the states whose sovereignty was thus set aside were incorporated into France; others went to augment principalities which were fortunate enough to hold the emperor's favor. A considerable number were merged into the new state of Westphalia, over which Jerome Bonaparte was placed. The Rhenish states were bound together into a confederation, Napoleon posing as "protector."

One of the chief concerns of the Congress of Vienna was to arrange the map of Europe so that France might not be able in the future to project herself beyond her boundaries, as she had recently done. For this reason, Belgium was taken from Austria and united with Holland—at best a makeshift considering the different races, languages, religions and histories that the two countries exemplified. So was a buffer state created, though doomed to last only until 1830.

No more baffling problem confronted the congress than that of "the Germanies." Prussia had been restored to her status of 1806. Austria had the prestige of long and important participation in the affairs of Europe. Besides

these two large states, which were rivals for leadership, thirty-seven other political divisions had survived the Napoleonic fires. The emperor had encouraged the rulers of some of them to grant more equitable taxation and constitutions had in some instances been granted—notably in Westphalia. All the Rhenish principalities had been more or less affected by the principles which the French Revolution promulgated. However reactionary statesmen might be, it was plain that it was impossible to restore conditions to an *ante bellum* status.

The German people had learned how grave a danger lay in disunion; they were now eager for a strong centralized government which would insure them safety against future aggressions. However, it was idle for the congress to try to cope with the long standing rivalry between Austria and Prussia. Neither would consent to see the other empowered to rule over the German states. It was plain that the Holy Roman Empire had been too thoroughly interred to permit of resurrection; even Metternich granted this. Finally it was agreed that the thirty-nine sovereignties should be bound together in a loose confederation, with the Austrian emperor as president and the Prussian king as vice-president. A diet composed of representatives from the various states was to hold meetings at Frankfort-on-Main; and with this adjustment, more apparent than real, "the Germanies" were left. It was understood that the states were to receive constitutions.

Our own government under the articles of confederation was not more ineffectual than that of the new confederacy. It had no army nor any means of enforcing its edicts. Indeed, a two-thirds vote was needed to pass a measure; if this well-nigh impossible requirement were met, even then the measure must be referred to thirty-nine sovereignties for ratification. Ten years were required to determine which border cities on the side of France should be fortified. Under the articles of confederation, delegates at least represented the people. Not so in the German diet; rather, they were appointed by the various kings and princes and acted as their ambassadors, carrying out instructions previously received. The voice of the people was inarticulate.

The policy of Metternich had been previously discussed. As spokesman for Austria, he dictated the policy that controlled, not only the transactions at the congress of Vienna but, also, the policy that obtained in the continent for a generation. To understand his inflexible attitude, it is necessary to take into account the character of the Austrian empire.

Austria was a name employed for convenience to designate the dominions of the Hapsburgs. These contained men of many nationalities. Germans predominated in Austria proper; Magyars peopled Hungary; Czechs were in majority in Bohemia; Poles, Rumanians, Croatians, Slovaks and men of several other divisions of humanity occupied portions of this conglomerate empire, whose sole bond of union was a common ruler. It is at once apparent that, were the question of nationality to arise, the first question would be: which nationality? It did not require the astuteness of a Metternich to divine that the invasion of new ideas into this aggregation of peoples must spell disruption. So it was to the interest of the dynasty he served that he should steel himself against any thought of conceding rights to the people, and make it his business to win other governments to a like policy.

In our consideration of democracy in England and elsewhere we have had occasion to note the reactionary attitude which followed the Napoleonic wars. Men were tired of confusion and change. The government in each country was vested in conservative hands, whether of monarchs or aristocracies, and all attempts of the people to gain some degree of freedom were put down ruthlessly.

As a matter of fact, the German liberals aspired to no momentous changes; they wanted to see the Germanic states of central Europe welded into a nation and to have the protection of constitutional government. Yet they had a sorry time of it. Within a few years after the confederacy was formed, Metternich was able to secure the passage of the Carlsbad decrees—so-called because he brought representatives of ten principalities together at Carlsbad to sanction the restrictive measures, thus insuring their passage at the Frankfort diet. These provided that the press should be

strictly censored; that informants should be placed in all higher schools and universities to report dangerous teach ings on the part of professors. Librarians were required to testify as to the kind of reading indulged in by liberalists and, in short, the lid was pressed down tightly upon all liberal thought and expression and a spy system established to give the alarm should it show sign of being lifted ever so little.

"Everywhere the press was subjected to rigorous control; books and pamphlets were placed under an intolerable censorship; political agitation by association, assembly and public speech was relentlessly suppressed; the *Burschenschaften* (students' unions) were dissolved; and a tribunal was set up for the trial and punishment of treason, only to make itself ridiculous because it proved impossible to find traitors. . . . In a word, despotism set its iron heel upon every manifestation of liberalism, whether in act or utterance. Furthermore, the provisions of the final act of the Vienna congress relating to the introduction of constitutional assemblies were now, in effect, cancelled. . . . For a long time there were few safe places in Germany for either liberalism or liberty. The intellectual atmosphere of the country was poisoned by the miasma of political intolerance, bigotry and dishonesty. . . . Prussia in particular was overrun with spies, whose business it was to hunt out political disaffection or to incite it. . . . The whole political development of Germany was demoralized and retarded not only by the clumsy and repressive measures to which the decrees gave rise, but even more, by the secret political struggle to which the members of the federation were incited amongst and against themselves, owing to the operation of these vicious edicts."[2]

Meanwhile Prussia set to work to regain the place she had held before her humiliating defeats of the Napoleonic years. Baron von Stein had long pointed out that it was impossible to make patriots out of serfs. The peasants had been liberated and many wholesome reforms instituted in the army. Compulsory elementary education had gone far to remove the former illiteracy.

To her lasting credit, Prussia was the leader in bringing

about economic changes. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, more than fifty different trade regulations obtained in as many parts of Prussia; moreover, every one of the thirty-seven principalities coined its own money, maintained its own custom houses on its borders, with its own peculiar duties; each had its own postal system and none would accept the coin of the others. Prussia made a clean sweep within her own borders and established a uniform system throughout. Then she invited all the German states save Austria to join the Zollverein, or trade-union. The suggestion aroused much antagonism but one by one the states came into the union to experience the advantages it gave. At once trade responded to the impetus. Unhampered at last, it went forward by leaps and bounds. Moreover, so apparent were its advantages that the truth was again brought home to the people that Germany needed unity and nationality.

In the year 1840 Frederick William IV succeeded his irresolute father. The new ruler was popular at first; it was felt that he would sympathize with the course of progress. However, he soon gave indication of the lack of decision which had characterized the line since the time of Frederick the Great. He made promises only to break them. When it seemed imperative to relieve the feeling, which was becoming more and more determined to rectify matters, he granted weak and ineffectual measures. At last it became plain that without revolution it would be impossible to obtain reforms.

[1] Bryce, *Holy Roman Empire,* 413.
[2] Dawson, *The German Empire,* I, 27.

THE FRANKFORT FIASCO

THE February revolution in France, which, in 1848, sent Louis Philippe into exile, spread through Europe like wild fire. In Austria it led to the downfall of Metternich, now above seventy years of age. The difference between revolutionary Teutons and Latins was plainly shown when the spokesman for those bent upon Metternich's retirement, said to him: "Your Highness, we have nothing whatever against your person but we have everything against your system." It is scarcely probable that in revolutionary Paris the incarnation of repression would have escaped with his life.

Report that a republic had again been proclaimed in France threw all despots into a panic. The Diet at Frankfort hastened to repeal the Carlsbad Decrees; it proclaimed freedom of speech, liberty of the press and voted the forbidden flag of the university societies to be the German emblem. King Frederick William IV at first refused to yield to the demands made of him but when he saw that the people were in earnest he hastened to promise a constitution for Prussia and a united Germany.

It came about, therefore, that in May, 1848, two conventions assembled about the same time; one met at Berlin to frame a constitution for Prussia; the other assembled at Frankfort-on-Main, to provide for a centralized Germany. The National Assembly was regarded as the more important of the two meetings and since attention was focused on that, it proved that many of the representatives elected to the Prussian convention were radicals.

To speak first of the Prussian Constitutional Convention, it proposed to leave the king merely a figurehead. Ministerial government, such as England enjoys, was provided by the new constitution; all titles of nobility were to be abolished and both legislative houses to be chosen by the people. Trial by jury, freedom of speech, and of the press, and liberty to the degree obtaining in England—all these were guaranteed by the new Prussian convention. It is

needless to say that the king and his advisors looked upon this instrument created by representatives of the people as something abhorrent. Its framers had overshot the mark. The king dissolved the meeting and announced that he himself would prepare the promised constitution. It was forthcoming in January, 1850, and proved to be highly disappointing to Liberals. The ministers were made responsible to the king alone; a parliament was provided, its upper house to be composed of hereditary nobles and members appointed by the king, upon recommendation of cities and universities. The lower house was to be elective but was made aristocratic rather than democratic, since all voters were divided into three classes, according to their rating on the tax roll. A few rich citizens made up the first class; those of moderate means the second and the rest of the male population constituted the third. When members were to be chosen for the Chamber of Deputies, in each electoral district, voters of the three classes went to separate polls where a given number of representatives were chosen. These composed a special electoral college for the selection of deputies. The result was that the moneyed and substantial middle classes outweighed the masses at all times.

Although the constitution was a grave disappointment to those who had hoped for the immediate attainment of freedom, it was unquestionably an advance over the unlimited monarchy that preceded it. It remained in force until the downfall of the German monarchy in 1918.

As reaction replaced the revolutionary spirit, the radicals who had held the upper hand in the Prussian Constitutional Convention were arrested. Some fled from Germany; others were imprisoned. It was at this time that the fine type of citizen, of whom the name of Carl Schurz affords an illustrious example, came to the United States to take a prominent part in public life.

As to the National Assembly, which had convened under seemingly auspicious circumstances to provide for a firmly united German nation, it must be conceded that the majority of its delegates were actuated by the highest motives. Its president said: "We are here to create a constitution for

Germany, for the entire empire, and our mandate and authority for this note lie in the sovereignty of the nation."

It must be remembered that the German people had no experience whatever in political affairs which could qualify them for an emergency such as this. The most intellectual men in many instances, had been chosen to participate in so momentous a movement. Perhaps it might have been better had more delegates been selected from practical walks of life. In derision, the meeting has often been called the "Professors' Parliament."

It was found at the start that rivalry between Prussia and Austria constituted an almost insurmountable barrier to German unity. This caused a division of the delegates into two sections: the Little and the Big Germans—those who wanted to exclude Austria and those who favored the incorporation of all German states.

It was imperative that a constitution for the empire be framed and while a portion of the members labored with this, others set themselves to determine precisely what were the rights of the German man. The theoretical rights of man had proved a limitless field for debate at the Constitutional Assembly in France, and now again they came in for an undue share of attention. Those who argued them so eloquently in Frankfort seemed to be wholly oblivious of the fact that, whatever the theory, in practice the rights of Germans hung on a slender thread at the moment and each day wasted in idle confabulation lessened the probability of ultimate success.

It was voted that only German states might join the empire and that if other nations were governed by Germans, then the German population alone could be received. This was aimed directly at Austria, whose total population was less than half German. It meant a divided Austria, which was insupportable to the Hapsburgs.

Month by month fear, which had overwhelmed all princes at the first signs of revolution, abated. The Constitutional Convention had made the irrevocable error of giving them scant attention. It was said that in 1815 the princes had determined the fate of the Germans without consulting the people; now the people would determine their

future destinies without consulting the princes. However, they reckoned without their host. The armies were still in the command of hereditary rulers who had no intention of relinquishing their hold upon them. Moreover, these armies were not like those of the French—inclined to go over to the cause of the people. They were accustomed to the stern discipline of officers who were usually Junkers* and they accepted their orders as a matter of course.

Despite Austria's threats, the delegates finally voted her out of the union and offered to the king of Prussia the hereditary crown of the new empire. Had Frederick the Great been king it is safe to assume that he would have accepted this invitation from the National Assembly. Frederick William IV was moulded of far different clay. He replied almost disdainfully to the committee sent from Frankfort to proffer him the crown that he had no desire to wear a crown snatched from the gutter, like the one which Louis Philippe had accepted; that only the German princes could confer such an honor and he could receive it only from their hands.

His refusal spelled the ruin of the convention. Austria, in a huff, withdrew her delegates. Some of the other states followed suit. Many of the members voluntarily left a meeting from which they no longer expected anything. At last only a few more than a hundred remained of the 580 delegates that assembled in May, 1848; to terminate the "Rump Parliament," the prince of Württemberg sent his troops to disperse those remaining in June, 1849.

It has often been said that this defeat, however tragic, helped in the final cause of German unity. Truer is the observation that it threw ridicule upon efforts of the people and persuaded the discerning to expect success only from the government and the nobles. The utter fiasco of the popular assembly indicated the unfitness of the people to direct public affairs. It was deemed wiser to look to those who were to be conceived guardians of the people, who by inheritance and training knew how to deal with weighty questions.

This point should not be lost, for it explains the ease with which Baron von Bismarck was able to handle the

Prussian nation and ultimately, the German people. His doctrine of winning by the sword whatever he desired was supported by his signal success. However, the impotency of the people remained. They continued in their traditional way of looking to others to conduct matters of state without much concern on their part. The day was postponed, not rendered unnecessary, wherein they must needs come to the helm and master the art of self-government.

Since it delayed this ultimate result for seventy years, Davis well says: "The failure of the German Revolution of 1848-49 was one of the greatest disasters of modern times. A liberal and united Germany could have come into being without class warfare, without a malignant quarrel with France, without, if things had been hastened at the outset, probably any very serious bloodshed. National unity was now to come only after wars, deliberately provoked, which put an evil sanction upon militarism. National Liberalism was to prevail only after the awful calamity to Germany in 1918. The one modest gain was that Prussia had obtained a strait and undemocratic constitution. For a while, after 1850, a German patriot might pardonably have despaired of his country."[1]

*Corresponding to the country squires of England.

ᵛThe black, red and gold flag, revived by the Liberalists because it was erroneously supposed to have been the emblem of the Holy Roman Empire.

[1] Davis: *Europe since Waterloo*, p. 147.

LEADERSHIP OF BISMARCK

THE German Confederacy began once more to function, with Austria in the lead, her prestige undiminished. When Prussia sought to win over some of the lesser states for a new league, Austria notified her peremptorily to cease all such endeavor.

The mental disease that long had been lessening the power of King Frederick William IV resulted finally in insanity and his brother served first as regent, then in 1861, succeeded as king, as William I. He was far less brilliant than his predecessor but more decisive. A man of few words, he relied chiefly upon a strong army. 'Whoever wishes to rule Germany must conquer it,' he had written in 1849. "Deeply religious, he believed in the divine right of kings, and thought that a benevolent despotism was the best form of government for Prussia. He was honest, industrious, level-headed, kind and wise in choosing able advisers."[1]

Albert von Roon was made war minister and Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of the Prussian General Staff. The numerical strength of the army was materially raised and the discipline imposed soon made of it the strongest military machine in Europe.

In 1862 Otto von Bismarck was made chancellor. He came of an ancient family, of the aristocratic, or Junker, class. The Junkers were the large property owners, conservative, like the English gentry and in favor of a well-centralized government. Bismarck hated liberalism and had no faith in democracy. The failure of the Prussian Constitution Convention and of the Frankfort Assembly had gratified him deeply. He afterwards served as member of the Confederacy Diet for eight years. During this period he became convinced that Austria must be crowded out before Germany could become united. Originally he had been well disposed toward her but he observed that she dominated the Frankfort meetings for her own purposes solely.

Later, Bismarck was sent as ambassador to Russia and early in 1862 went to France. It was during his term here that he was recalled by King William I, who was facing a crisis. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies did not favor the maintenance of so large an army and refused to vote the budget asked by the king. William I was on the point of abdicating when he bethought him of Bismarck.

Asked if he could handle the situation without an appropriation, Bismarck replied that he could. For four years he continued to collect the usual taxes and expend funds, despite the indignation of the Chamber of Deputies. The king stood by him and the stern chancellor proved himself to be impervious to criticism. In a public speech he said: "Germany does not look to Prussian liberalism but to the military power. The great questions of the day are not to be decided by speeches and majority resolutions—there lay the weakness of 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron."

He aimed to create a powerful military machine that would be invincible; this would make it possible for Prussia to extend her boundaries. Unity would be a simple matter when prestige came as a result of victories. Austria must be ousted and Germany made the dominant power in the continent.

Bismarck planned his moves like an expert chess player and he usually surprised his adversaries. There were no wiles of diplomacy unknown to him. His years in the seething atmosphere of Frankfort had opened his eyes to the policy of Austria; sojourn at the Russian court, wherein he had won the friendship of the czar, had been enlightening. The few months spent in Paris had enabled him to judge "the man of destiny," as Napoleon III was called, and he deemed him an "unrealized incapacity."

The first of the three wars which he deliberately planned for the advantage of Prussia was the one concerning the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Many involved questions came to be associated with their disposition but the vital point is not difficult to grasp. Regardless of the tangle of dynasties involved, the situation was that the population of Holstein consisted of about 500,000 Germans; the population of Schleswig, of approximately 250,000 Ger-

mans and as many Danes. For years the two duchies had been united. Their duke had finally inherited the throne of Denmark. However, this did not mean that his personal possessions became an integral part of Denmark.

There was much reason for the Danes to set up a claim to Schleswig, since so large a portion of the people were Danish; Holstein, on the other hand, was a member of the German Confederacy. Pressure was brought to bring both duchies under German control and, at the same time, a strong attempt was made to incorporate Schleswig with Denmark. At the accession of Christian IX the time seemed ripe for disposing of the matter and Prussian troops were sent into the duchies. The Diet, directed by Austria, demanded that they be withdrawn. Bismarck invited Austria to join with Prussia to acquire them and for once the two belligerents acted in concert. Little Denmark was ill-suited to contend with the central powers of Europe and a short war terminated in the Treaty of Vienna, 1864, by which the duchies were ceded to Austria and Prussia jointly. The Treaty of Gastein was negotiated between the two German states, according to which Prussia was to rule Schleswig and Austria to rule Holstein.

In 1866, Bismarck made a dispute arising over the duchies the occasion for the war he had long wanted to wage with Austria. He pledged Russia to neutrality and pulled the wool over the eyes of Napoleon III by some indefinite talk about Rhine valley territory, which "the man of destiny" inferred would be his, provided he observed neutrality. A five weeks' war was fought between the two German states. Prussia was fully equipped for war and Austria badly prepared. One heavy battle was fought at Sadowa wherein the Austrian losses were deplorable. The short war ended by the Treaty of Prague by which Austria left the confederacy and Schleswig-Holstein was left to Prussia.

It was now that Bismarck's sure sense of diplomacy stood him in good stead, although at the time the king could not view the matter as he did. Bismarck now wanted to win the friendship of Austria and realized that this meant humiliating her as little as possible by the infliction of difficult terms. King William I claimed that it was a bitter

apple his chancellor forced him to eat when he would not allow him to require territory from the southern state; time proved that Bismarck acted wisely on this occasion.

Even as it was, the long leadership of Austria had been ended and Prussia elevated to the most powerful of German states. The following year the result of this change became apparent when twenty-one lesser states north of the river Main joined the North German Federation, of which the king of Prussia was made the hereditary president. A bi-chambered parliament was established composed of the Bundesrat and the Reichstag; members of the lower house were chosen by universal male suffrage; members of the upper house were representatives of the princes and kings of the component states.

Much had now been accomplished. Bismarck longed for one thing more: a popular war which would bind together the federated states and bring to the Fatherland those still outside the fold. Nothing, in his opinion, was so likely to make a wide appeal to the Germans as a successful foreign war. Presently the opportunity for declaring it came to his hand.

Rivalry was already manifest between France and Prussia, who had become close neighbors. In France, Napoleon III was not very secure upon his throne. He also cast about for opportunity to win some of the laurels which had been the portion of his illustrious uncle, the Great Napoleon. Unhappily he did not bethink him of his own meagre military skill.

Queen Isabel so outraged the Spanish people that after long suffering they finally ousted her from the throne. Who should her successor be? Leopold of Hohenzollern was suggested. Now France had a real grievance and Europe resounded to the cries that the balance of power was threatened. Other countries that did not view with approval the Hohenzollerns on the thrones of both Germany and Spain, and William I objected to the candidacy of Leopold, whose name was withdrawn. This would have seemed sufficient; but Napoleon III pressed his envoy Benedetti, to interview the German king and secure from him an expres-

sion that at no time and under no circumstances would he approve of his nephew as a possible ruler for Spain.

King William I was out of health and had gone to drink the waters at Ems. Meeting on the promenade, the French minister and the king exchanged civilities and Benedetti, nothing daunted, immediately broached the subject of Leopold and Spain. William I replied that he understood the prince had withdrawn his name and that the matter was closed. Later in the day Benedetti again sought an interview with the king, who now sent word that he had nothing more to say on this subject.

Bismarck, Roon and Moltke were at dinner in Berlin. Bismarck was talking of resigning, for, to his chagrin, this matter which once promised to end in a quarrel, had been settled amicably. Still his glorious war was lacking to make *Das Vaterland* a single unit. A telegram was handed to him which quickly revived his spirits. It was a simple narration of the Ems interview but he saw that by carefully "editing" it, the affair might yet serve his end.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 is a familiar story. When the papers published their version of the incident, to the Germans it appeared that their beloved king had been harrassed by a French minister when away seeking restoration of health. To the French it was made to seem as though their representative had been insulted by the German ruler. At the time cries were resounding in Berlin: "On to Paris," in the French capital they were being sounded quite as vociferously: "On to Berlin." The Prussians were so completely prepared that it has been said, all Moltke did was to issue this command: "Go to my desk; telegraph the orders in file No. —"; then he turned away and went to sleep. Far otherwise was it in France, who began at that late hour to cast about for allies. Within an incredibly short time the French emperor and 80,000 troops were prisoners at Sedan. Metz and Strassburg presently surrounded the French armies and the Prussians stood before the walls of Paris. The Parisians bravely underwent a siege but famine and cold forced them to open to the conqueror.

In the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, the proud capital

of the "Sun King," William I was proclaimed German emperor and the unity of Germany was assured.

An indemnity of about $1,000,000,000 was imposed upon France and German troops were to be quartered in the country until this was paid. Alsace and Lorraine went to Germany. So has the old territory of Lothair continued to change hands even to our own day.

The most deplorable result of this war of 1870 was that it engendered hatred so intense between France and Germany that the war of 1914 was indirectly attributable to it and France finally had her revenge when she imposed an indemnity fifty times as great upon Germany in 1918, receiving back Alsace-Lorraine. Bismarck died in 1898 and so was spared the humiliation of this defeat, although it is scarcely probable that Germany would have pursued the same policy had her ruler harkened to the Iron Chancellor's counsel. Bismarck had the insight to gauge matters correctly and could never have made the fatal blunders of William II.

Twenty-five years ago Bismarck was regarded as one of the greatest statesmen of modern times. Today, opinion is not the same. The fruits of his "blood and iron" policy have been gleaned and they proved to be bitter apples of the Dead Sea. He sowed the wind and posterity reaped the whirlwind.

One cannot read of Bismarck's accomplishments without being reminded of his fierce Teutonic forebears, whose love of fighting seemed incarnate in this nineteenth century exponent. He was absolutely consistent. Were a country to be widened, united and welded together by the sword, then none could have done it better than Bismarck. The trouble was that he left entirely out of his account the element of the people. At a time when democracy had made itself felt all around him, he continued to mistrust it and perpetuated paternal government long after this had passed away from other progressive lands.

[1] Flick: *Modern World History*, p. 253.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE

IT was in January, 1871, that William I of Prussia became the first German emperor. A year later, the Emperor of Austria and the Czar of Russia came at the same time to visit him in Berlin and extend their congratulations. On this occasion the Alliance of the Three Emperors was made, each agreeing not to attack the other and to give aid in time of need. This was made for three years and at the expiration of that time was extended for three years longer; when the second period elapsed, feeling between Russia and Austria made further consideration of it idle.

Regardless of the great future that now loomed before Germany, the confiscation of Alsace-Lorraine left "a festering sore in Europe." "Think of it always—never speak of it," said a French statesman.

With the enthusiasm that often follows a successful war, affairs in Germany developed with marvelous speed. The indemnity paid by France made it possible for her to develop industries, a comparatively new departure, since the country had been predominately agricultural before. In a few years the material prosperity of Germany awakened the comment of travelers, who remembered the penury and want that had previously characterized the country. German exports soon rivaled those of England and the United States and in industry as elsewhere the government exercised a directing hand.

The efficiency, so conspicuous in Germany during these years, attracted the attention of progressive leaders everywhere and students from many foreign countries went thither to study at the universities. It was true that the list of things "verboten" seemed sometimes to be unending. "The park benches of a north German city were carefully labeled with the classes and sexes entitled to sit upon each. . . . The number of pedestrians who might walk abreast, the size of beer mugs, the sidewalks permissible for baby-carriages, the location of flower-pots on the window sills—all were subject to control by the ever active police."[1] How-

ever, it was impossible to gainsay that order, convenience and unparalleled efficiency resulted from such minute attention on the part of a paternal government and its executive departments.

Bismarck had not been whole-heartedly in favor of wrenching Alsace and Lorraine from France although such had been the consensus of opinion at the council which framed the conditions of peace in 1871. His later policy was framed according to the undying hatred that had been engendered in the French by this act. It meant that never must Germany permit her army to weaken. Safety would come only as the result of vigilance. Moreover, it was desirable to keep on friendly terms with other European countries, so that these might not be driven to unite with France. Without allies, she was harmless.

None the less, signs of discontent on the part of Russia moved Austria and Germany to form the Austro-German Alliance in 1879. Each pledged itself to maintain neutrality should the other engage in war with countries other than Russia; were Russia the aggressor, then they would band together for strength. Emperor William hesitated about signing such an agreement, for he was still on friendly terms with the Russian Czar, but Bismarck's frequent threat to resign always forced his hand in the end. It happened that Alexander II was murdered by an Nihilist in 1881 and Alexander III, a narrow-minded ruler, took his place.

Italy, having attained nationality, was casting hopeful eyes on regions in north Africa when France took possession of Tunis without warning. Irritated by this action, Italy joined the central European powers, notwithstanding her traditional hatred of Austria. The Triple Alliance, formed in 1882, remained in effect until the outbreak of the World War. However, since Italy was pledged only to render aid in the event the Central Powers were attacked, she did not regard herself as bound to stand with them when Germany was the aggressor.

In view of so strong an alliance, France deemed it best to seek an ally and the Dual Alliance was made with Russia as the second party.

It is idle to hope to understand the causes of the World War without following the progress of diplomacy for fifty years before its outbreak. Each country was actuated only by her own needs and desires and sought help from any source that gave promise of help to this end. The spectacle of France, a republic, and Russia, an absolute monarchy, tied together in a union of this kind seems strange enough to the present-day reader; it is safe to assume that there were many in France who regarded it at the time as inconsistent, but England held herself in what the Victorians loved to call her "splendid isolation" and France had little choice.

Colonial possessions were the crying need of the closing nineteenth century. The population of Germany in 1871 had been 41,000,000; forty years later it was 65,000,000. France had at one time held a wide colonial empire but it had long since disappeared. Italian statesmen looked ahead to a time when more land would be imperative for their people.

The two directions in which rivalry for possessions came presently to be exerted were first, in the Balkans and second, in Africa. At one time Turkey ruled—more truthfully, misruled—all the southeastern part of the continent later known as the Balkan states. Her persecution of Christians finally caused them to turn upon her. Not to go into detail regarding the politics of this region, Russia came at last to the aid of the Slavs and defeated Turkey, imposing heavy penalties upon her and almost forcing her from Europe. From sheer jealousy lest Russia should gain undue importance, the Great Powers forced her to submit her terms to a congress, held in Berlin and presided over by Bismarck. By the Treaty of Berlin more leniency was shown the "unspeakable Turk" and Russia was obliged to see herself humiliated before the country she had subdued. Thenceforward Austria and Russia were rivals for territory in the Balkans.

France, having secured Tunis, thought to continue her aggressions in Morocco. The German emperor supported the claim of Turkey and here again won the deeper enmity of France.

In 1888, Emperor William I died, at the age of ninety-one. His last years had been a fitting close to a noble life and at his ninetieth birthday he was gladdened by such demonstrations of joy and affection as cheered the late years of Queen Victoria on two occasions. His son, Frederick III, survived him only ninety-nine days, for he was stricken with a fatal malady which made his participation in public affairs impossible even for the few weeks of his reign. This was a sore grief to the German Liberals and Socialists, for the crown prince has been throughout his life in sympathy with the political progress made in other lands. His wife was the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and he had been thrown among men of wide vision and generous purpose for whom he manifested a deep sympathy.

It was still 1888 when a third sovereign of the Hohenzollern line sat upon the throne, William II, well known to all who remember the vicissitudes of 1914 and years immediately following. He made manifest his determination to rule in his own right when he dismissed Bismarck with scant ceremony in 1890. The Iron Chancellor yielded little to his arrogant young king. He went into retirement but until his death in 1898 he criticised the government with a freedom that would never have been tolerated in anyone else. The Germans stood with Bismarck and to the last gave him such continued evidence of their gratitude and veneration that William II could but fume. In vain did he instruct his ministers that Bismarck was but a private individual and hence his opinions carried no more weight than those of any other; the nation did not hold them in such regard. It was Bismarck, as they well knew, who had made Germany and they never withdrew their allegiance to him. When the grim old statesman died, he left his own epitaph: Here lies a faithful servant of Emperor William I.

Of William II, suffice it to say that military affairs engrossed him to the exclusion of much beside. The army had reached a high degree of efficiency. It remained for him to bring a powerful navy into existence. It was his ambition to make German influence felt in every direction and he feverishly courted the friendship of his cousin, Nicholas II of Russia.

Curious as at first it might appear, it was the Russian Czar who summoned the first peace conference at the Hague in 1899. The United States had just issued successfully from a war against Spain. Japan had fought victoriously against China. Our country and Mexico, from the Western Hemisphere, Japan and China, as well as all European countries, were invited to gather in the ancient city of a little neutral state to talk of peace. In view of events in the next quarter of a century, it has been commented that the meeting "was hailed, by uninformed sentimentalists, as opening a new era for mankind." Speakers called attention to the vast expenditure each year for armament; the people bowed beneath the heavy load of taxes imposed in large measure for armies and all kinds of war equipment.

A wet blanket was thrown over the spirits of those who had hoped so ardently for peace when the spokesman for Germany said: "The German people is not crushed under the weight of taxes; it is not hanging on the eve of an abyss; it is not approaching exhaustion and ruin. Quite the contrary. Wealth is increasing and the standard of life is rising. So far as compulsory military service is concerned, which is so closely connected with these questions, the German does not regard this as a heavy burden, but as a sacred and patriotic duty to which he owes his country's existence, its prosperity and its future."[2] It was with reluctance that Germany consented to a proposal for voluntary arbitration; compulsory arbitration was out of the question.

President Roosevelt summoned the second peace conference at The Hague and so soon did trouble break out that wits used to warn the public to expect war since another peace parley was scheduled. War-clouds were usually visible in the Balkans and years passed wherein the average reader of the public press in America despaired of ever being able to fathom the differences involved.

Through all these years democracy made little or no gain in Germany. The people were lulled into quiescence by material prosperity that exceeded anything previously known by them. Members of the extreme left in the Reichstag continued to argue as freely as they dared for political

concessions, but speaking by and large, the people were satisfied with the status quo. Schools, churches, universities, writers all combined to mould public opinion and to impress the individual with the profoundest regard for his country, its ruler, its achievements. It would be difficult to exaggerate the growth of industry, which now supplied work for all the people. Whereas in earlier times large numbers had emigrated to other lands, the rise of factories and manufactures demanded plenty of laborers.

The nine years preceding the war were filled with fierce diplomatic struggles. Several times it seemed as though hostilities must lead to open rupture, but as often the concerted action of states opposed to drastic action prevented actual outbreak. However, it is to these years one must look for adequate explanation of the devastating period which presently ensued. For every war there are several indirect causes and one direct cause; the last may be very trivial; if a legitimate reason is lacking, it may be invented —as in the case of the Franco-Prussian war. There are invariably indirect causes and these are never trivial to those concerned.

There can be no doubt today but that William II became possessed with a sense of his own importance and of the destiny of his country to take a superior place in world affairs. To gain a conception of the ideas that were governing opinion in Germany shortly before 1914, it is only needful to read what was said by public men. General von Moltke, scorning all talk of peace, exclaimed "Perpetual peace is a dream, and it is not even a beautiful dream. War is part of the eternal order instituted by God." Bernhardi claimed that "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war."

It is idle to recall the sentiments of the war-intoxicated before the beginning of the worst struggle in history. A movement is now under way to have a complete narrative of that trying period written, not by an individual or group of individuals, but by a syndicate composed of men of every country which participated in it, so that each aspect of the matter shall be given due attention. It is expected that this

copious work will fill at least one hundred volumes. Until it appears, whatever may be said of the event must be inadequate.

Years have passed since representatives of the great powers gathered around a table in the palace of Versailles to negotiate terms of peace for a war-weary world. Substantial gains have been made since that time and many peace movements have been launched among youth and adults. History teaches us that a few years of warfare can destroy what generations have constructed. This is not a new disclosure; it has been comprehended by men for ages.

It was Patrick Henry who exclaimed, on a memorable occasion, when our nation was yet unborn, "I know only one way to judge of the future and that is in light of the past." The more one devotes himself to a study of the past, the less prone is he to forecast what the future may have in store.

[1] Davis: *Europe Since Waterloo.* See Davis for an excellent treatment of this period.

[2] Quoted by Davis.

GERMAN LITERATURE

OF all the important literatures of modern Europe, that of Germany was last to appear. During the Middle Ages several ballad epics grew up among the Teutonic peoples, the *Nibelungenlied* of the Burgundians, being a familiar example. *The Song of Roland*, of Frankish origin, and later, the satire, *Reynard the Fox*, both took form among the Germans. *Parcival* was a product of the Age of Chivalry, portraying the perfect knight. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when Troubadours sang their love-songs, Walther von der Vogelweide was one of the best known Minnesingers, roaming about among the German courts, singing his lays for the edification of noble patrons.

The Renaissance, which worked such changes in Italy and France, left Germany almost untouched, for the time was not ripe for cultural progress there. Certain scholars, to be sure, were stimulated to undertake philological labors and considerable translating was done, but it was a moral awakening rather than intellectual which came to Central Europe, the Reformation being its conspicuous result. Bitter religious controversy interrupted the natural results of this movement and aside from a few hymns, composed by Luther and his followers, literature was little affected by it.

It is doubtful if even reiteration can convey any adequate idea of the utter desolation which attended the Thirty Years' War. Since half the population was lost through strife and hunger, numerous towns and villages reduced to mere hamlets and many a one-time fruitful tract reverted to a wild abandoned state, it would be idle to look for literary interest or activity during the half century following the Peace of Westphalia, which terminated the wretched struggle. The uncertainty of existence left its mark on the Germans for two or three generations. Army after army had been requisitioned until sometimes in agricultural communities, not a single domestic animal remained. Horses and cattle had been taken away until there was no

means of tilling the soil save by human strength. Only in cities and around the petty courts were there any considerable numbers of people who could appreciate letters. The universities had been well-nigh deserted during the long period of confusion.

Modern German literature may be said to begin with the reign of Frederick the Great (1740-1786). Not that the king directly contributed to the development of vernacular literature. He, himself, had been trained by French tutors, was devoted to French writings and penned verses in the French language. By his own confession he spoke German "like a coachman." On certain occasions he made some effort to become acquainted with what was being done by German scholars, but such interest as he tried to show was plainly forced and nothing came of it.

Nevertheless, it is apparent that the age was favorable to literary progress in two directions: in the first place, Frederick's deeds revived the self-respect of the people. This had been conspicuously absent since the inglorious end of the religious war. However laudable the reasons for which it was begun, before the close it degenerated into an unseemly scramble for such territory as might be salvaged by the powers from helpless states. Frederick raised Prussia to a place of importance among European nations. Even subjects of neighboring German principalities who resented his encroachments were gratified to find a German country making itself felt among nations which had found their petty aping courts only subjects for merriment.

Then in a purely negative way the age was favorable for literary progress. Poetry and prose were not written by servile courtiers and nobles, vieing with one another for royal preference. The king frankly preferred French scholars and conversationalists and invited them to his court. It was from the middle classes that modern literature arose, unmarred by fulsome flattery. Beyond a doubt the king's indifference proved an incentive, since poets hoped to win his attention by the true merits of their work.

The German language was unsuited to the uses of fine expression at the beginning of the seventeenth century. At one time it stood in serious danger of permanent injury

from the rapid influx of foreign words which were rapidly incorporated into it. In this respect, Martin Opitz (1597-1639) rendered timely aid when he took a decided stand against the use of French words in German writings. Opitz attempted to formulate rules to govern the composition of German poetry. His efforts in this direction were not of permanent value because he made poetry wholly subservient to hard and fast rules.

Among those who helped to mould a literary tongue was Johann Christoph Gottsched (1700-1766), a lecturer of philosophy at Leipzig. He wrote a critical dictionary which proved to be of great value although, like Opitz, he endeavored to confine letters by traditional canons.

Those who would make a detailed study of modern German literature must needs investigate the activities of various forerunners of the Golden Age. Our purpose is simply to note the achievements of Germany's greatest literary geniuses and of necessity any such examination must be precluded.

Some names have been accorded a place not only among the gifted of Germany, but of the civilized world. Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, the poet, Heine; the philosopher, Kant—men of their ability have moulded the thought of all educated people and not to become personally acquainted with them through their books would be to deprive one's self of much happiness. To these we must give attention.

The Early Eighteenth Century

a. Klopstock

The first great work to be produced by a modern German poet was the *Messias*, by Klopstock. Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724-1803) studied first at the University of Jena and afterwards at Leipzig. He had been captivated as a student by a prose translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* and longed to write a religious epic for his countrymen. Being strongly imbued with pietism, a humble, resigned type of Puritanism, he found the latter portion of Christ's mission well adapted to his purpose.

The first three cantos of his *Messias* appeared in 1748.

He had broken entirely with the poetical laws which less gifted predecessors had laid down to govern the art of poetry.

"The sonorous dignity of his verse, his profound seriousness, the daring sweep of his imagination, the fervour of his religious feeling, his pregnant thought-compelling diction, had the effect of a revelation from higher spheres. There was, of course, adverse criticism, but the aspiring youth of Germany turned to Klopstock as the coming man."

As a matter of fact, few, if any, longer read the poem in its entirety. Klopstock's true gift was lyrical and he never mastered the epical form. None the less, the first cantos of his poem were epoch-making and we have but to turn to Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit* to realize their effect upon his age.

b. Lessing

At a time when Klopstock was making German poetry familiar to Europe, Lessing's prose writings carried the weight of German criticism far and wide. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781), like Klopstock, found his inspiration in English rather than in French literature. He sought classical models, not in French imitations, but in Greek and Latin originals.

It is possible to point out many defects in the arguments contained in Laökoon—a treatise designed to emphasize the natural limitations imposed upon poet, painter and sculptor by their mediums. Certain modern schools of art would break immediately with Lessing when he states that it is the province of the artist to portray beauty only. However, his logical expositions proved highly illuminating and opened the way for later aesthetic criticism.

Lessing found his happiest expression in drama and it was his part to produce the first national German plays. *Minna von Barnhelm*, a comedy, is still presented on the German stage; *Emilia Galotti*, a tragedy, was a German adaptation of the Roman story of Virginia.

In his later years Lessing wrote his masterpiece: *Nathan der Weise*. This play was designed to inculcate

religious tolerance. Boccaccio's well known tale of the *Three Rings* was employed. A Christian, a Jew and a Mohammedan are thrown into companionship and, with rare and becoming toleration for differences of faith, become aware of the fine qualities possessed by each other.

Lessing was naturally of a controversial temperament. Wherever he detected falsity or fancied it to be concealed, there he took his stand until the error had been removed. Since truth must ever be relatively apprehended, according to the vision of the beholder, differences were inevitable and Lessing's vigorous methods of attack did not tend to allay the intensity of hostility on the part of antagonists.

c. Herder

Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803) supplemented in some ways the work of Lessing. The men were wholly unlike. Lessing was controlled by his intellect; Herder, by his emotions. The arguments of Lessing convinced; those of Herder inspired.

Herder was the son of a poor teacher and his whole life was embittered by the dire poverty that handicapped him as a child, eager for knowledge. By dint of hard work he became educated; he never became cultivated.

The devotee of Goethe, eager for whatever may shed light upon his mental growth and expansion, is interested in Herder because of his unconscious influence upon the younger poet's budding genius. They met at Strassburg and there can be no question but that Herder did much to clear up Goethe's mind as to the particular bent he should take. Herder was German through and through. At the student boarding place the German language alone was spoken and the writings of the French were criticized as artificial and insincere.

Herder was persuaded that much inspiration was to be found in the folk songs of various peoples. He afterwards published a somewhat heterogeneous collection under the name, *Voices of the Nations in Songs.*

It was Herder who taught that criticism did not imply harsh application of canonical rule to literature but should rather be sympathetic, taking into account the age and con-

ditions under which the poet wrote. Thus he is regarded as the founder of the so-called historical method, whereby careful investigation is made of all details throwing light upon the subject in hand.

After Goethe had become established at Weimar, he persuaded the Duke of that progressive little duchy to make a place for Herder, who was appointed chief of the Lutheran Consistory. Here his later life was spent.

Herder's attempts at poetry were scarcely successful. He was less creative than inspirational. When he saw his followers carrying his own principles to a fuller expression and so surpassing him, he became restless and discontented. Yet he was touched by originality and the new paths that he blazed opened the way to realms previously unguessed.

From LAOKOÖN

Herr Winckelmann has pronounced a noble simplicity and quiet grandeur, displayed in the posture no less than in the expression, to be the characteristic features common to all the Greek masterpieces of painting and Sculpture. "As," says he, "the depths of the sea always remain calm, however much the surface may be raging, so the expression in the figures of the Greeks, under every form of passion, shows a great and self-collected soul.

"This spirit is portrayed in the countenance of Laokoön, and not in the countenance alone, under the most violent suffering; the pain discovers itself in every muscle and sinew of his body, and the beholder, whilst looking at the agonized contraction of the abdomen, without viewing the face and the other parts, believes that he almost feels the pain himself. This pain expresses itself, however, without any violence, both in the features and in the whole posture. He raises no terrible shriek, such as Virgil makes his Laokoön utter, for the opening of the mouth does not admit it; it is rather an anxious and suppressed sigh, as described by Sadoleto. The pain of body and grandeur of soul are, as it were, weighed out, and distributed with equal strength, through the whole frame of the figure. Laokoön suffers, but he suffers as the Philoktetes of Sophocles; his misery pierces us to the very soul, but inspires us with a wish that we could endure misery like that great man.

"The expressing of so great a soul is far higher than the painting of beautiful nature. The artist must have felt within himself that strength of spirit which he imprinted upon his marble. Greece had philosophers and artists in one person, and more than one Metrodorus. Philosophy gave her hand to art, and breathed into its figures more than ordinary souls."

The observation on which the foregoing remarks are founded, "that the pain in the face of Laokoön does not show itself with that force which its intensity would have

led us to expect," is perfectly correct. Moreover, it is indisputable that it is in this very point where the half-connoisseur would have decided that the artist had fallen short of Nature, and had not reached the true pathos of pain, that his wisdom is particularly conspicuous.

But I confess I differ from Winckelmann as to what is in his opinion the basis of this wisdom, and as to the universality of the rule which he deduces from it. . . .

A cry is the natural expression of bodily pain. Homer's wounded heroes frequently fall with cries to the ground. He makes Venus, when merely scratched, shriek aloud; not that he may thereby paint the effeminacy of the goddess of pleasure, but rather that he may give suffering Nature her due; for even the iron Mars, when he feels the lance of Diomedes, shrieks so horribly that his cries are like those of ten thousand furious warriors, and fill both armies with horror. Though Homer, in other respects, raises his heroes above human nature, they always remain faithful to it in matters connected with the feeling of pain and insult, or its expression through cries, tears, or reproaches. In their actions they are beings of a higher order, in their feelings true men.

I know that we more refined Europeans, of a wiser and later age, know how to keep our mouths and eyes under closer restraint. We are forbidden by courtesy and propriety to cry and weep; and with us the active bravery of the first rough age of the world has been changed into a passive. Yet even our own ancestors, though barbarians, were greater in the latter than in the former. To suppress all pain, to meet the stroke of death with unflinching eye, to die laughing under the bites of adders, to lament neither their sins nor the loss of their dearest friends: these were the characteristics of the old heroic courage of the north. Palnatoki forbade his Jomsburgers either to fear or so much as to mention the name of fear.

Not so the Greek. He felt and feared. He gave utterance to his pain and sorrow. He was ashamed of no human weaknesses; only none of them must hold him back from the path of honour, or impede him in the fulfillment of his duty. What in the barbarian sprang from habit and ferocity arose

from principle in the Greek. With him heroism was as the spark concealed in flint, which, so long as no external force awakens it, sleeps in quiet, nor robs the stone either of its clearness or its coldness. With the barbarian it was a bright consuming flame, which was ever roaring, and devoured, or at least blackened, every other good quality. Thus when Homer makes the Trojans march to the combat with wild cries, the Greeks, on the contrary, in resolute silence, the critics justly observe that the poet intended to depict the one as barbarians, the other as a civilized people. I wonder that they have not remarked a similar contrast of character in another passage. The hostile armies have made a truce; they are busied with burning their dead; and these rites are accompanied on both sides with the warm flow of tears. But Priam forbids the Trojans to weep. He forbade them to weep, says Dacier, because he feared the effect would be too softening, and that on the morrow they would go with less courage to the battle. True! But why, I ask, should Priam only fear this result? Why does not Agamemnon also lay the same prohibition on the Greeks? The poet has a deeper meaning; he wishes to teach us that the civilized Greek could be brave at the same time that he wept, while in the uncivilized Trojan all human feelings were to be previously stifled.

It is worth observing that among the few tragedies which have come down to us from antiquity, two are found in which bodily pain constitutes not the lightest part of the misfortune which befalls the suffering heroes—the Philoktetes and the dying Hercules. Sophocles paints the last also, as moaning and shrieking, weeping and crying. Thanks to our polite neighbours, those masters of propriety, no such ridiculous and intolerable characters as a moaning Philoktetes or a shrieking Hercules will ever again appear upon the stage. One of their latest poets has indeed ventured upon a Philoktetes, but would he have dared to exhibit the true one?

Even a Laokoön is found among the lost plays of Sophocles. Would that Fate had spared it to us! The slight mention which some old grammarians have made of it affords us no ground for concluding how the poet had

handled his subject; but of this I feel certain, that Laokoön would not have been drawn more stoically than Philoktetes and Hercules. All stoicism is undramatical; and our sympathy is always proportioned to the suffering expressed by the object which interests us. It is true, if we see him bear his misery with a great soul, this grandeur of soul excites our admiration; but admiration is only a cold emotion, and its enactive astonishment excludes every warmer passion as well as every distinct idea.

I now come to my inference; if it be true that a cry at the sensation of bodily pain, particularly according to the old Greek way of thinking, is quite compatible with greatness of soul, it cannot have been for the sake of expressing such greatness that the artist avoided imitating this shriek in marble. Another reason therefore must be found for his here deviating from his rival, the poet, who expresses it with the highest purpose.

Be it fable or history that Love made the first essay in the plastic arts, it is certain that it never wearied of guiding the hands of the great masters of old. Painting, as now carried out in its whole compass, may be defined generally as the art of imitating figures on a flat surface; but the wise Greek allotted it far narrower limits, and confined it to the imitation of beautiful figures only; his artist painted nothing but the beautiful. Even the commonly beautiful, the beautiful of a lower order, was only his accidental subject, his exercise, his relaxation. It was the perfection of the object itself that was to make his work exquisite; and he was too great to ask beholders to be satisfied with the mere cold pleasure which arises from a striking resemblance, or the consideration of his ability. In his art nothing was dearer, nothing seemed nobler to him than its proper end.

"Who would paint you when nobody will look at you?" asks an old epigrammatist of an exceedingly deformed man. Many modern artists would say, "However misshapen you are, I will paint you; and although no one could look at you with pleasure, they will look with pleasure at my picture; not because it is your likeness, but because it will be an evidence of my skill in knowing how to delineate such a horror so faithfully."

It is true the propensity to this wanton boasting, united to fair abilities, not ennobled by exalted subjects, is too natural for even the Greeks not to have had their Pauson and their Pyricus. They had them, but they rendered them strict justice. Pauson, who kept below the beautiful of common nature, whose low taste loved to portray all that is faulty and ugly in the human form, lived in the most contemptible poverty. And Pyricus, who painted barbers' rooms, dirty workshops, apes, and kitchen herbs, with all the industry of a Dutch artist (as though things of that kind possessed such charm in nature, or could so rarely be seen), acquired the surname of Rhyparographer, or "Dirt-Painter!" although the luxurious rich man paid for his works with their weight in gold, as if to assist their intrinsic worthlessness by this imaginary value.

The state itself did not deem it beneath its dignity to confine the artist within his proper sphere by an exercise of its power. The law of the Thebans recommending him to use imitation as a means of arriving at ideal beauty; and prohibiting, on pain of punishment, its use for the attainment of ideal ugliness, is well known. This was no law against bunglers, as most writers, and among them even Junius, have supposed. It was in condemnation of the Greek Ghezze, of that unworthy device which enables an artist to obtain a likeness by the exaggeration of the uglier parts of his original, *i.e.* by caricature.

From the self-same spirit of the beautiful sprang the following regulation of the Olympic judges. Every winner obtained a statue, but only to him who had been thrice a conqueror was a portrait statue erected. Too many indifferent portraits were not allowed to find a place among the productions of art; for although a portrait admits of the ideal, this last must be subordinate to the likeness; it is the ideal of an individual man, and not the ideal of man in the abstract.

We laugh when we hear that among the ancients even the arts were subjected to municipal laws, but we are not always in the right when we laugh. Unquestionably law must not assume the power of laying any constraint on knowledge; for the aim of knowledge is truth; truth is necessary to

the soul, and it becomes tyranny to do it the smallest violence in the gratification of this essential need. The aim of art, on the contrary, is pleasure, which is not indispensable; and it may therefore depend upon the lawgiver to decide what kind of pleasure, and what degree of every kind, he would allow.

The plastic arts especially, besides the infallible influence which they exercise upon the national character, are capable of an effect which demands the closest inspection of the law. As beautiful men produced beautiful statues, so the latter reacted upon the former, and the state became indebted to beautiful statues for beautiful men. But with us the tender imaginative power of the mother is supposed to show itself only in the production of monsters.

In this point of view I think I can detect some truth in certain stories, which are generally rejected as pure inventions. The mothers of Aristodemus, Aristodamas, Alexander the Great, Scipio, Augustus, and Galerius, all dreamed, while pregnant, that they had intercourse with a serpent. The serpent was a token of divinity, and the beautiful statues and paintings of Bacchus, Apollo, Mercury, or Hercules were seldom without one. These honourable wives had by day feasted their eyes upon the god, and the confusing dream recalled the reptile's form. Thus I at the same time maintain the dream and dispose of the interpretation, which the pride of their sons and the shamelessness of the flatterer put upon it: for there must have been a reason why the adulterous phantasy should always have been a serpent.

But I am digressing; all I want to establish is, that among the ancients beauty was the highest law of the plastic arts. And this, once proved, it is a necessary consequence that everything else over which their range could be at the same time extended, if incompatible with beauty, gave way entirely to it; if compatible, was at least subordinate. I will abide by my expression. There are passions, and degrees of passion, which are expressed by the ugliest possible contortions of countenance, and throw the whole body into such a forced position that all the beautiful lines which cover its surface in a quiet attitude are lost. From all such emotions

the ancient masters either abstained entirely, or reduced them to that lower degree in which they are capable of a certain measure of beauty.

Rage and despair disgraced none of their productions; I dare maintain that they have never painted a Fury.

Indignation was softened down to seriousness. In poetry it was the indignant Jupiter who hurled the lightning, in art it was only the serious. Grief was lessened into mournfulness; and where this softening could find no place, where mere grief would have been as lowering as disfiguring, what did Timanthes? His painting of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is known, in which he has imparted to all the bystanders that peculiar degree of sorrow which becomes them, but has concealed the face of the father, which should have shown the most profound of all. On this many clever criticisms have been passed. He had, says one, so exhausted his powers in the sorrowful faces of the bystanders that he despaired of being able to give a more sorrowful one to the father. By so doing he confessed, says another, that the pain of a father under such circumstances is beyond all expression. For my part, I see no incapacity of either artist or art in it. With the degree of passion the corresponding lines of countenance are also strengthened; in the highest degree they are most decided, and nothing in art is easier than their expression. But Timanthes knew the limits within which the Graces had confined his art. He knew that the grief which became Agamemnon, as a father, must have been expressed by contortions, at all times ugly; but so far as dignity and beauty could be combined with the expression of such a feeling, so far he pushed it. True, he would fain have passed over the ugly, fain have softened it; but since his piece did not admit either of its omission or diminution, what was left him but its concealment? He left to conjecture what he might not paint. In short, this concealment is a sacrifice which the artist made to beauty, and is an instance, not how expression may exceed the capacity of art, but how it should be subjected to art's first law, the law of beauty.

And now, if we apply this to the Laokoön, the principle for which I am searching is clear. The master aimed at

the highest beauty compatible with the adopted circumstances of bodily pain. The latter, in all its disfiguring violence, could not be combined with the former; therefore he must reduce it; he must soften shrieks into sighs, not because a shriek would have betrayed an ignoble soul, but because it would have produced a hideous contortion of the countenance. For only imagine the mouth of Laokoön to be forced open, and then judge! Let him shriek, and look at him! It *was* a form which inspired compassion, for it displayed beauty and pain at once. It has become an ugly and horrible shape from which we gladly avert our eyes; for the sight of pain excites annoyance, unless the beauty of the suffering object change that annoyance into the sweet emotion of pity.

The mere wide opening of the mouth, setting aside the forced and disagreeable manner in which the other parts of the face are displaced and distorted by it, is in painting a spot, and in sculpture a cavity; both which produce the worst possible effect. Montfaucon displayed little taste when he pronounced an old bearded head with a gaping mouth to be a bust of Jupiter, uttering oracles. Is a god obliged to shout when he divulges the future? Would a pleasing outline of the mouth have cast suspicion on his utterance. Neither do I believe Valerius when he says, merely from memory, that in that picture of Timanthes, Ajax was represented as shrieking. Even far worse masters, in a period when art was already degenerate, did not think of allowing the wildest barbarians, when filled with affright, and the terrors of death beneath the victor's sword, to open their mouths and shriek.

It is certain that this softening down of extreme bodily pain to a lower degree of feeling is perceptible in several productions of ancient art. The suffering Hercules in the poisoned garment, the work of an unknown old master, was not the Hercules of Sophocles, whose shrieks are so horrible that the rocks of Lokris and headlands of Euboia resound therewith. He was gloomy rather than wild. The Philoktetes of Pythagoras Leontinus appeared to impart his pain to the beholder, yet this effect would have been destroyed by the least ugliness of feature. I may be asked

how I know that this master executed a statue of Philoktetes. From a passage in Pliny, so manifestly either interpolated or mutilated that it ought not to have awaited my amendment.

GOETHE

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, after the year 1770, a revolt against traditional canons and rulers began among the young men of South Germany. This reaction against the established order swept over western Europe and is generally known as Romanticism. Its influence upon the "young poets" of England, in the early years of the nineteenth century was unmistakable. In France, Chateaubriand was among the first to follow whither it led. Rousseau was grandfather to the movement and his insistent cry, "return to Nature," like a will-o'-the-wisp lured on hearts beating high with hopes of a better world, truer purposes, a more satisfying manner of life.

In Germany the movement was known as the *Sturm und Drang*—the Storm and Stress, which was originally the title of a play, by Klinger. All the leading poets and playwrights in Germany of these years fell under the spell of the *Sturm und Drang,* and it is safe to say that no two of them interpreted its meaning alike. Being at first a revolt against authority of whatsoever kind, it soon proved ineffectual so far as political matters were concerned and is significant only for its influence upon men of letters. It stood for the emancipation of the individual, lost to view under the traditions of classicism. According to the interpretation given to the classical revival in France, types were everything—the individuals nothing. Conventions were all-important; personal moods and eccentricities were to be suppressed.

Beyond doubt, the new movement led to much that was far-fetched and ludicrous. Sentiment took possession of the world; melancholy engulfed poets, who regarded their circumstances as exceptional and fancied themselves to be wholly misunderstood. To many, liberty must always be identified with license and there were not lacking those in every land, who, touched with the pervading spirit of reaction, attempted to cast off all social and moral restraint. As a matter of fact, this was a transitional era, wherein the

old standards had fallen away and the new had not yet taken form.

There was much to explain the movement. The writings of those who hewed away the pillars of the old order, like Voltaire, for example, were largely responsible for the momentous changes that presently took place. Literature had become lifeless under the artificial rules enforced upon it. In Germany, Herder's exhortation to his countrymen to renounce their dependence upon foreign guidance and turn to the popular songs of the people for their inspiration was merely a specific application of the "return to Nature" cry. Instead of imitating classical models, the spirit of the new movement roused men to search their own hearts, study their own feelings and from a comprehension of themselves, seek to comprehend humanity.

The *Sturm und Drang,* the tempestuous spirit of the times, played upon the soul of the poet Goethe and, if for no other reason, would have absorbing interest for us today.

When we approach the study of Goethe, we are approaching genius, which can never be explained. Nature operates slowly and silently for ages and then brings forth a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Michael Angelo. All told, the great geniuses who have trod the earth have been pitifully few in number and far apart. Here, there, in one country or another, in widely separated epochs, they have appeared, to provide illustrious examples of man's capacity under the most stimulating conditions. Geniuses are born, not made, and all one can do is to observe them; they can never be wholly comprehended.

Those who have been attracted by the remarkable career of Leonardo da Vinci will immediately think of similarities in the lives of the great painter of Milan and the poet at the Ducal Court of Weimar. Both were many-sided; both were vitally interested in science and made contributions in the field of natural history. Both were artistic; both apprehended what they did not directly experience. Painter and poet alike pursued their ways in the midst of public affairs, spending much of their time with incidental matters which duty placed upon them in furtherance of their official posi-

tions. It would be easy to press the comparison further, but suffice it to have directed attention to it.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born in the year 1749, in the city of Frankfort-on-the-Main. His father was a lawyer of a somewhat austere temperament who was more respected than adored by his family. Goethe was fortunate in his mother, who was but eighteen years old when he was born. She was blessed with a buoyant disposition and was devoted to the art of story-telling. Her animated tales diverted the boy and lingered in the mind of the mature Goethe.

Several children were born to this family but only Cornelia and Wolfgang lived to maturity. Throughout her life Goethe was in close sympathy with his sister.

Frankfort was a town of perhaps thirty thousand people, staid and quiet under normal conditions. The conditions were not normal when the French occupied the place and were billeted on the townspeople in 1759, when Goethe was ten years of age. We may rest assured that the excited pleasure of the boy when a French officer was quartered in his home was scarcely shared by his parents. A French theatre was established for the entertainment of the Frenchmen compelled to stay in a German town. Goethe became acquainted with the young son of one of the actresses and had his first introduction to dramatic life under such circumstances.

He and his sister were privately taught until he went to Leipzig at the age of sixteen to study law. His father was determined that he should follow in the legal profession. However, once away at school, there is reason to think that the youth spent more time studying art than in listening to dissertations on legal lore. Removed from parental restraint, he lived unwisely and was obliged to return home to regain his health. It was at first thought that he was marked for an early death but the cloud passed away and he was restored to his usual vigour. Thereupon he went to Strassburg to complete his course in law.

It was at Strassburg that Goethe came under the stimulating influence of Herder, whose effect upon him has already been noted. Here it was that he abandoned his

studies of French literature and turned to the writings of his own countrymen. Here too, he met Friederike, daughter of a humble parson. In many ways, Friederike is the most charming of that long line of rustic maidens who in turn played upon the heart strings of the sensitive poet, inspiring his most beautiful songs. However ideal the satisfaction which he found in the girl's artless beauty, he knew how impossible his father would regard their marriage, so, having finished his law studies, he slipped away, his heart sore at what he conceived as desertion of the trustful maiden. She was to live again in some of his finest types of girlhood, in Gretchen, for example. The fact that later in life Goethe visited this family and was cordially received by them sweeps away all sullied inferences that have been sometimes made as to his relations with Friederike.

Goethe remained in his native town only a few years after he left Strassburg. He practiced law, spending his leisure with his creative work. A novel, the *Sorrows of Werther,* was completed and published. This gave him place with the literary men of his country. *Faust* was begun while in Frankfort; also *Egmont.*

In 1774, Prince Karl August, heir to the throne of Weimar, came to Frankfort to see Goethe. Their friendship led to the poet's appointment at the Court after the prince became ruler. Thenceforth for fifty years Goethe was associated with the government of Weimar, and was closely associated with Duke Karl August. He was given a place in the Privy Council; became War Commissioner; Commissioner of Finance, Mines, Forestry—each in turn. For some years after coming to Weimar, Goethe accomplished little in a literary way. He took seriously his responsibilities for his loyal friend and sought to discharge them in full.

In 1782 he was made prime minister and in addition to numerous political duties, he had charge of the royal theatre.

It was here that Goethe met the wife of Baron von Stein, a clever woman of literary tendencies, who was destined to exert a lasting influence upon him. Frau Stein was a very different type of woman from the unsophisticated girls who had previously aroused him to poetic expression. She had

much to share with him and their Platonic friendship was corrective and inspiring. True, in the end, Goethe found that he could not be satisfied with mere friendship. This brought about their separation and he departed for Italy to find in new scenes and new activities diversion from his unhappy love.

Students of Goethe's life know well the changes that came over him because of his sojourn in Italy. It inaugurated what he termed his "Renaissance." So sensitive a soul as his could not help but thrill anew when he found himself in Venice, in Florence and, above all, in Rome. Here the meaning of antiquity and its heritage was borne in upon him and he awakened to his potentialities. Henceforth the way was clear before him. He realized that his time must no longer be interrupted by a host of demands which merely taxed his endurance. Upon his return to Weimar, he was released from all duties save supervision of the royal institutions of science and arts.

Near the closing years of the eighteenth century, the old theatre having burned, a new one was erected. This was placed in charge of Goethe and he and Schiller thereafter found pleasure in preparing plays for the entertainment of the Court.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller is one of the beautiful friendships of history. Goethe had viewed unfavorably Schiller's virgin play: *The Robbers.* Years passed wherein he made no effort to become acquainted with its author, although they lived not far apart. Schiller was now editing a periodical, "The Hours" and invited Goethe to contribute to its pages. Thrown with Schiller, Goethe at once appreciated his gifts and a close attachment sprang up between them, broken only by Schiller's premature death, in 1805.

Each reacted favorably upon the other. Goethe claimed that Schiller had made him a poet again. While their views regarding literary matters did not coincide in many cases, each recognized the other's ability and it was a sad blow to Goethe when his friend passed away.

There were stirring times in Weimar when Napoleon resolved to set his rule over Germany. After the Battle of

Jena, Weimar was overrun and plundered. Even yet, so lacking was the feeling of nationality in the German states, that Goethe had no particular antipathy to Napoleon. The literary genius and the military genius met and found much in common. Goethe was accused of perfidy for having regarded Napoleon in a friendly light, but it was rather his fine spirit of universality that enabled him to comprehend the aspirations of Napoleon, in so far as they pertained to matters of peace, rather than war.

In 1825 a celebration was held in Weimar, Duke Karl August conferring the highest honors in his power upon Goethe in recognition of fifty years of faithful service to the state. The Duke died three years later. Goethe lived until 1832, dying at the venerable age of eighty-three, the most distinguished man in Europe.

One who would examine closely into the life of the poet is confronted, not with meagre material for the study of his life but by so abundant data that confusion is the first sensation. The correspondence between Goethe and the Duke Karl fills two volumes. In course of his public duties he came into touch with prominent men in all European lands. His friendliness and willingness to meet literary people brought him a host of acquaintances with the result that letters often passed back and forth. Goethe himself left a fairly complete record of his life. In his *Dichtung und Wahrheit*—Poetry and Truth—he has left an autobiography terminating with his call to Weimar. Thereafter, abundant record remains.

Goethe bears the relation to Germany that Shakespeare bears to England, Dante to Italy, Homer to Greece. Like these immortals, he belongs not only to his own country but to the world. It is idle to imagine that one knows Goethe because the main events of his life are familiar and some of his works have been read. *Faust* alone is an epitome of life. Three score years and ten are scarcely enough to probe its profundity, just as they are too brief wherein to fathom Shakespeare.

Viewed from every angle, Goethe was a great man. His fine physique, even in death, at the age of eighty-three, amazed those who looked upon him. In life he had been tire-

less, whether in the study or in the saddle. His remarkable achievements astonished his contemporaries, as they astonish us today. Goethe was great in his manifold experiences. What he experienced he gave forth to the world. In this way he interpreted universal life.

POEMS BY GOETHE IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The Castle on the Mountain

There stands an ancient castle
On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruined wall and rafter
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons
And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
Receives, nor more requires.

A Night Thought

I do not envy you, ye joyless stars,
Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight—
The seaman's hope amidst the 'whelming storm,
When help from God or man there cometh none.
No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved!
Through the broad fields of heaven, the eternal hours
Lead on your circling spheres unceasingly.
How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,
Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
Forgot all memory of night or you!

The Cavalier's Choice

It was a gallant cavalier
Of honour and renown,
And all to seek a ladye-love
He rode from town to town.
Till at a widow-woman's door
He drew the rein so free;
For at her side the knight espied
Her comely daughters three.

Well might he gaze upon them,
For they were fair and tall;
Ye never have seen fairer maids,
In bower nor yet in hall.
Small marvel if the gallant's heart
Beat quicker in his breast;
'Twas hard to choose, and hard to lose—
How might he wale the best?

"Now, maidens, pretty maidens mine,
Who'll rede me riddles three?
And she who answers best of all
Shall be mine own ladye!"
I ween they blushed as maidens do,
When such rare words they hear—
"Now speak thy riddles if thou wilt,
Thou gay young cavalier!"

"What's longer than the longest path?
First tell ye that to me;
And tell me what is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea?
And tell me what is louder far,
Than is the loudest horn?
And tell me what hath sharper point,
Than e'en the sharpest thorn?

"And tell me what is greener yet,
Than greenest grass on hill?
And tell me what is crueller
Than a wicked woman's will?"
The eldest and the second maid,
They mused and thought awhile;
But the youngest she looked upward,
And spoke with merry smile.

"Oh, love is surely longer far,
Than the longest paths that be;
And hell, they say, is deeper yet,
Than is the deepest sea;
The roll of thunder is more loud,
Than is the loudest horn;
And hunger it is worse to bear
Than sharpest wound of thorn;

"The copper sweat is greener yet,
Than is the grass on hill;
And the foul fiend he is crueller
Than any woman's will."
He leapt so lightly from his steed,
He took her by the hand;
"Sweet maid, my riddles thou hast read,
Be lady of my land!"

The eldest and the second maid,
They pondered and were dumb,
And there, perchance, are waiting yet
Till another wooer come.
Then, maidens, take this warning word.
Be neither slow nor shy,
But always, when a lover speaks,
Look kindly, and reply.

Old Age

Old age is courteous—no one more:
For time after time he knocks at the door,
But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray!"
Yet turns he not from the door away,
But lifts the latch and enters with speed,
And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed!"

My Only Property

I feel that I'm possessed of nought,
Saving the free unfettered thought
Which from my bosom seeks to flow,
And each propitious passing hour
That suffers me in all its power
A loving fate with truth to know.

Goethe's Writings

To speak only of Goethe's literary works, setting aside his activities in science and state affairs, he made contributions in the domain of lyrical and epic poetry, fiction, drama, social science and philosophy, to say nothing of a wide correspondence which fills many volumes. After the death of Schiller, he edited the letters which had been exchanged between them. His correspondence with Duke Karl August has already been mentioned. Equally valuable are the letters which he wrote to Humboldt and to other contemporaries.

He penned verses from childhood, as we learn from *Dichtung und Wahrheit,* the autobiography of his life before Weimar days. However, the first work to attract wide attention was his early play, *Götz von Berlichingen.* The career of Götz was likely to make a strong appeal to a young poet, filled with the restless ambitions of the "Sturm und Drang" period. This sixteenth-century soldier had turned robber-knight, had taken from the rich to aid the poor and finally became a leader of the peasant revolts. In after years, possessed of leisure, he was moved to write the story of his life with a hope of setting himself straight in the eyes of the world and compelling his true motives to be recognized. His autobiography fell into the hands of Goethe who credited every word and made it over into a play. Like all of Goethe's dramas, it is a remarkable character study; at no time did he produce a well constructed play from the standpoint of presentation.

As is usual with Goethe's writings, the drama rings true historically. Feudal life, with its endless forays is there, while the spirit of the Reformation pervades the whole. As a champion of freedom, Götz was bound to make a strong appeal to young Germany, wherein men with the vigour of youth longed to play a part as stirring as had the sixteenth century knight, instead of fretting out their days under political restrictions that bound them. Götz died with the words: "Es lebe die Freiheit." It was glorious to die if only freedom might live!

Egmont, published in 1788, is another character-play. The historical Graf Egmont was the Dutch leader against

the tyranny of Spanish oppression. He stood against Duke Alba and heeded not the warnings of those who bid him take care. Finally he was arrested, imprisoned and executed at Alba's command. Nevertheless, his heroic example continued to inspire his countrymen when he was no longer there to lead them in person. Regardless of its defects, and they are not a few, the play has remained a favorite.

Of a wholly different character are the two predominately psychological dramas: *Iphigenie auf Tauris* and *Tasso*. The first was recast many times by Goethe before it reached its final form. Although classical in theme, it is unquestionably a German play, modern in spirit. The influence of Frau von Stein is to be found throughout. *Iphigenie* was completed during Goethe's sojourn in Italy. It proved disappointing to those who had expected something akin to Götz. It is now regarded as one of the most perfect of Goethe's creations.

There was something in the life of the poet Tasso at the Court of Duke Alfonso II of Ferrara, that resembled Goethe at the Court of Duke Karl August. Both men were out of their element when engaged in duties which took them away from their natural bent. Tasso, pining for an Italian princess beyond his reach, was not differently situated from Goethe, sighing over his hopeless love for Frau von Stein.

The German epic, *Hermann und Dorothea,* with its homely domestic scenes proved Goethe's ability to turn the simplest subject to pure gold.

Goethe's first novel, the *Sorrows of Werther,* was distinctly a product of the times. The tenets of the Romanticists, that individual moods were worthy of the writer's devotion, that sorrow and sighing are to be expected in a world where the unusual are never to be understood—all this is part and parcel of the tale wherein young Werther finds a solution to all his troubles in suicide. All young Romanticists were influenced by this novel. However, it may be said that Goethe purged himself of his youthful sentiment by pouring it out on paper and thenceforth he produced nothing more in the same vein.

The *Apprenticeship* and the *Journeyings of Wilhelm Meister* belong to the realm of fiction but it would be quite

as true to place them under moral writings, for they are permeated with Goethe's reflections on life.

Had he written none of these works, Goethe would nevertheless stand with the immortals for his one outstanding masterpiece: *Faust.* It is for this that he is most widely known today and it is appropriate that we give particular attention to this mighty dramatic poem.

Faust

Many critics there be who place *Faust* in the balance against the entire output of Shakespeare and consider the scales in perfect equilibrium. Goethe conceived of the play in his youth, wrote down scenes as they occurred to him, leaving numerous gaps between. For sixty years it was never long absent from his mind and the last months of his life were spent in finishing it as it now stands. Yet it is incomplete. Some scenes were never added and leave links in the chain missing. As it is, one may study it for a lifetime and still discover more in it from year to year.

Faust to the majority of people unhappily means the opera known by this name or the play, occasionally presented on the stage. Both have been adapted from Goethe's *Faust* but neither gives any adequate conception of his original work. The antics of Mephisto, the simplicity of Gretchen, the colorful choruses or throngs of spectators—these are likely to stand out prominently in the minds of the beholders. Comparatively few of those who read the play follow it beyond the Gretchen tragedy. As a matter of fact, this is but an episode in the epitome of life, filled with striving after the unattainable. It is the striving that is important; this it is which wins at last.

The Faust story is of mediæval origin. There was once, it would appear, one Doctor Faust, magician, alchemist and delver in the forbidden arts. His feats led people to conceive of him as in league with the devil. A well intentioned but narrow minded Protestant parson wrote his story in the late sixteenth century for the purpose of warning any who might be otherwise disposed to penetrate into the mysterious beyond human grasp and employ the Black Arts. This book appeared in Frankfort in 1587 and the following year

was translated into English, in which form it fell under the notice of Christopher Marlowe. Its possibilities presented themselves to Marlowe and he wrote his play, *Doctor Faustus.* The play was presented by strolling companies and long remained a favorite. Finally it sank to a mere puppet-show and as such Goethe saw it as a youth. The memory of the tale, crudely as it was presented, never left him.

The Faustus story was adapted again and again. It was done into a novel. Lessing published a scene, giving it new interpretation. Goethe was doubtless influenced by his conception of it although the Lessing drama was never completed.

During the Middle Ages, when ignorance was rife, it was common to account for superior accomplishment by the ready solution that the person in question must be in league with the devil. Thus it was said of Gerbert, the great mathematician, who could compute the height of a tower by measuring its shadow, that he must be in league with the powers of Evil. The old Faustus play portrayed the Doctor as having made a blood bond with Satan, who agreed to reveal to him all he would know on condition of receiving his soul when the stipulated time expired. The Devil was one of the most familiar characters of the mediæval stage. Before plays were shown on a stationary platform, when they were mere pageants, rolled along the street, the fiery Hell-mouth was a popular spectacle. So, when Faustus uttered his blood-curdling shriek as the Devil bore him away, those who felt themselves secure from his clutch experienced a feeling of satisfaction. No teaching of the Church was more generally understood than that the good went to Heaven, the wicked to Hell. It was taught to be sin to traffic with the Devil and the outcome of the play merely verified a teaching universally accepted.

Popular opinion changed in course of time when wider knowledge became the portion of many. In the eighteenth century all honor was accorded to those who aspired to comprehend all things. As a result, the character of Faustus was differently conceived. Instead of being sinful in his desire to encompass all wisdom, this was regarded

as a righteous ambition in Faust and it was felt that the Great God of the Universe would not permit such a person to be eternally lost, despite the efforts of the Devil. Lessing was first to portray this idea in his play; Goethe perfected it.

Like the biblical play of Job, *Faust* opens with a Prologue in Heaven. The Lord of Hosts is represented as speaking of *Faust* as his faithful servant. Mephistopheles wagers that he can lure him to the bottomless depths. He is answered:

> "Enough! 'tis granted thee! Divert
> This mortal spirit from his primal source
> Him, canst thou seize, thy power exert
> And lead him on thy downward course,
> Then stand abash'd when thou per force must own
> A good man, in the direful grasp of ill
> His consciousness of right retaineth still."

The Prologue was one of the later parts of the poem to be written; from the beginning the reader rests assured in the ultimate triumph of good and the redemption of Faust.

The play begins with the discourse of Faust, who is seen in his study, utterly out of harmony with his life. He has sought knowledge and in the end he realizes that he knows nothing. He is styled "Doctor" and students wait upon his words; yet in his heart he perceives the emptiness of all his learning. We know that Goethe had felt similarly when in his teens he had gone to Leipzig and listened to dull discourses in logic and philosophy. He longed for something absolute; he heard dissertations about philosophy and came out the self-same door wherein he went.

Having failed to gain what he sought through books, Faust is on the point of turning to magic, by supernatural means to fathom life and the cosmos. He even contemplates suicide and snatches up the draught which will terminate his feverish desires and perchance disclose all that he would know. At the same moment the bells ring out the Easter Story. From childhood he has heard them with their yearly message: "He is risen!" Easter means life renewed and at such a moment his negative desires depart.

Instead, he quits his study with his servant, Wagner, and goes out into the street, into the lanes and meadows where the toilers and the oppressed are momentarily forgetting their lot in the joy of the glad Easter morning. Soldiers and artisans, servants and townsfolk, press out of the old town gate, singing their songs of gladness. Faust watches them as they pour out of hovels and attics. This seems to him to be the resurrection and the life. Faust speaks to Wagner of the scene before them:

Freed from the ice are river and rill
By the quickening glance of the gracious Spring;
Green with promise are valley and hill.
Old winter, palsied and shivering ,
Back has crept to his mountains bleak,
And sends from them, as he flies applauded,
Showers of impotent hail, to streak
The fields that are green as emerald.
But the sun no shimmer of whiteness brooks;
The earth is through all her pores alive,
Budding and bursting, and all things strive
To enliven with colors their winterly looks;
And the landscape, though bare of flowers, makes cheer
With people dressed out in their holiday gear.
Turn round, and from this height look down
Over the vineyards upon the town!
A motley medley is making its way
Out from the murky wide-mouthed gate.
Blithely they bask in the sun to-day.
The Saviour's rising they celebrate,
For they have risen themselves, I ween;
From the close, damp rooms of their hovels mean,
From the bonds of business, and labor, and care,
From the gables and roofs that oppress them there,
From the stifling closeness of street and lane,
From the churches' gloom-inspiring night,
They all have emerged into the light.
But, see, how they are spreading amain
Across the gardens and fields, and how
The river, as far as the eye can note,
Is all alive with shallop and boat!
And look! the last departing scow,
Laden so deeply it scarce can float.

Far up on the hills as the pathways run,
Gay dresses are glistening in the sun.
Hark now the din of the village! Here
Is the people's true heaven. With hearty glee,
Little and great, how they shout and cheer!
Here I am man, here such dare be.

A black poodle follows the two men as they return to the study, Wagner leaving his master now. Faust tries to conjure up the spirits. The dog becomes Mephisto and in due time the bond is made. Mephistopheles will conduct Faust through all the walks of life; when the time comes that he is satisfied and can exclaim: "Stay, moment! Thou art so beautiful!"—then the Devil shall claim his soul. The compact is signed in blood, which Mephisto characterizes as "juice of a peculiar nature."

Now begins the pilgrimage which ends, not with the Gretchen episode, but with the final act of the second part of Faust, known to comparatively few who read the first part. The two curiously allied companions visit the Witches' Kitchen where Faust is given a drink which restores his youth. As the new blood begins to course through his veins, he feels ready for whatever adventure may be in store for him.

Margaret (Gretchen) is on her way to church and her purity and innocence appeal to the now young Faust. We have already noticed the experience in Goethe's life which crystallized in the portrayal of her character. The poet knew that the mere abandonment of a sweetheart would never seem damning to the world, so he makes Faust take advantage of her youth and leave her ruined, in the clutch of officers for the murder of her child. Her love for Faust proves his salvation in the opera. In the poem this becomes a mere experience, leaving its imprint of sorrow only to make way for other experiences.

The second part of the play is not so easily understood. Much symbolism is introduced into it which requires study and attention. In the Witches' Kitchen, Faust has seen a reflection of Helen of Troy. Her beauty allures him and he seeks to find her. He finally seeks the help of the

"Mothers"—a classical allusion. From the union of Faust with the Shade of Helen comes forth a magic son. Symbolically, Faust personifies the new age, Helen, the classical age; their union results in a blending of the two incarnated in a being who resembles Byron, for whom Goethe had much admiration.

The first part of Faust pertains to individual experiences; the second part deals with universal experiences. The individual becomes lost in the multitude. Faust is shown at the court of an emperor; he is spectator at a masque. He finally undertakes work for humanity, reclaiming waste land and making it possible for the needy to make homes in the region won from the sea. It is now that he looks ahead and can imagine a condition under which he might utter the long awaited words: "Verweile doch! du bist so schön!"

> "Yea, all my thought upon this pivot turns,
> 'Tis wisdom's rule, profound and true:
> He only life and fullest freedom earns
> Who daily them must win anew.
> Thus childhood, manhood, age all dwelling here,
> By dangers girt, may well fill out the year.
> Such busy throngs I fain would see,
> On free soil stand amid a people free.
> Then might I to the moment say:
> O prithee, stay! Thou art so beautiful!
> The living traces of my earthly day
> This region must through aeons bear.
> A vision of such happiness as this
> Gives me a foretaste of the highest bliss."

Mephisto thinks his hour is come. Faust falls dead; at the same time a chorus of angels puts Mephistopheles to flight, and bears the soul of Faust to Heaven.

Faust goes the way of all men at last with conclusion unreached—save in this: that service for humanity, rather than self-indulgence, gives such peace as earth affords and eternal striving alone brings salvation.

FAUST: A TRAGEDY

ACT I

Scene I.—*Night*

A Lofty, Vaulted, Narrow, Gothic Chamber—FAUST *Seated at His Desk.*

Faust. All that philosophy can teach,
The craft of lawyer and of leech,
I've mastered, ah! and sweated through
Theology's dreary deserts, too;
Yet here, poor fool! for all my lore,
I stand no wiser than before.
They call me magister, save the mark!
Doctor, withal! and these ten years I
Have been leading my pupils a dance in the dark,
Up hill, down dale, through wet and through dry—
And yet, that nothing can ever be
By mortals known, too well I see!
This is burning the heart clean out of me.
More brains have I than all the tribe
Of doctor, magister, parson, and scribe.
From doubts and scruples my soul is free;
Nor hell nor devil has terrors for me:
But just for this I am dispossessed
Of all that gives pleasure to life and zest.
I can't even juggle myself to own
There is any one thing to be truly known,
Or aught to be taught in science or arts,
To better mankind and to turn their hearts.
Besides, I have neither land nor pence,
Nor worldly honour nor influence.
A dog in my case would scorn to live!
So myself to magic I've vowed to give,
And see, if through spirit's might and tongue
The heart from some mysteries cannot be wrung;
If I cannot escape from the bitter woe
Of babbling of things that I do not know,
And get to the root of those secret powers
Which hold together this world of ours,
The sources and centres of force explore,
And chaffer and dabble in words no more.

Oh, broad bright moon, if this might be
The last of the nights of agony,
The countless midnights, these weary eyes
Have from this desk here watched thee rise!
Then, sad-eyed friend, thy wistful looks
Shone in upon me o'er paper and books;
But oh! might I wander, in thy dear light,
O'er the trackless slopes of some mountain height,
Round mountain caverns with spirits sail,
Or float o'er the meads in thy hazes pale;
And, freed from the fumes of a fruitless lore,
Bathe in thy dews, and be whole once more!

Ah me! am I penned in this dungeon still?
Accursed doghole, clammy and chill;
Where heaven's own blessed light must pass,
Shorn of its rays, through the painted glass,
Narrowed and cumbered by piles of books,
That are gnawed by worms and grimed with dust,
And which, with its smoke-stained paper, looks
Swathed to the roof in a dingy rust;
Stuck round with phials, and chests untold,
With instruments littered, and lumbered with old,
Crazy, ancestral household ware—
This is your world! A world most rare!

And yet can you wonder why your soul
Is numbed within your breast, and why
A dead, dull anguish makes your whole
Life's pulses falter, and ebb, and die?
How should it be but so? Instead
Of the living nature, whereinto
God has created man, things dead
And drear alone encompass you—
Smoke, litter, dust, the skeletons
Of birds and beasts, and dead men's bones!

Up, up! Away to the champaign free!
And this mysterious volume, writ
By Nostradamus' self, is it
Not guide and counsel enough for thee?
Then wilt thou learn by what control
The stars within their orbits roll,

And if thou wilt let boon Nature be
The guide and monitress to thee,
Thy soul shall expand with tenfold force,
As spirit with spirit holds discourse.
Dull poring, think not, that can here
Expound these holy signs to thee!
Ye spirits, ye are hovering near,
If ye can hear me, answer me!

[*Throws open the book, and discovers the sign of the Macrocosm.*

Ha! as it meets my gaze, what rapture, gushing
Through all my senses, mounts into my brain!
Youth's ecstasy divine, I feel it rushing,
Like quickening fire, through every nerve and vein!
Was it a god who chronicled these signs,
Which all the war within me still,
The aching heart with sweetness fill,
And to mine eyes, in clearest lines,
Unveil all Nature's powers as with a mystic thrill?
Am I a god? All grows so bright.
In these pure outlines I behold
Nature at work before my soul unrolled.
Now can I read the sage's saw aright:
"Not barred to man the world of spirits is;
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!
Up, student, lave,—nor dread the bliss,—
Thy earthly breast in the morning-red!"

[*Gazes intently at the sign.*

Into one whole how all things blend,
One in the other working, living!
What powers celestial, lo! ascend, descend,
Each unto each the golden pitchers giving!
And, wafting blessings from their wings,
From heaven through farthest earth career,
While through the universal sphere
One universal concord rings!

Oh, what a show! yet but a show! Ah me!
Where, boundless Nature, shall I clutch at thee?
Ye breasts, where are ye? Ye perennial springs
Of life, whereon hang heaven and earth,

Whereto the blighted bosom clings,
Ye gush, ye slake all thirst, yet I pine on in dearth!

[*Turns the leaves of the book angrily, and sees the sign of the Earth Spirit.*

How differently I feel before this sign!
Earth Spirit, thou to me art nearer;
My faculties grow loftier, clearer,
Even now I glow as with new wine,
Courage I feel, into the world to roam,
To bid earth's joys and sorrows hail,
'Mid storm and struggle to make my home,
And in the crash of shipwreck not to quail.
Clouds gather o'er my head;
The moon conceals her light,
The lamp's gone out. The air
Grows thick and close! Red flashes play
Around me. From the vaulted roof
A shuddering horror creeps
And on me lays its gripe!
Spirit by me invoked, I feel
Thou'rt hovering near,—thou art, thou art!
Unveil thyself!
Ha! What a tugging at my heart!
Stirred through their depths, my senses reel
With passions new and strange! I feel
My heart is thine, thine wholly! Hear!
Thou must! ay, though it cost my life, thou must appear!

Part II

ACT I

Scene I.—*A Beautiful Landscape.*

Faust *Reclining in a Flowery Meadow, Wearied, Restless, Trying to Sleep.*

Twilight.

(*A Troop of Elves Flitting Round Him, Graceful Little Forms.*)

Ariel. (*Song, accompanied by Eolian harps.*)
When the spring-time, scattering flowers,
Robes in verdure hill and glen

When green meadows, bright with showers,
Gladden all the sons of men,
Little elves, where spirits languish,
Haste their troubled fears to still;
They are grieved by mortal's anguish,
Be the mourner good or ill.

Ye, who in airy circles round him float,
Here show that ye are elves of noble note.
Soothe into calm his heart's distressful fray,
Pluck out the burning arrows of remorse,
Wash from his spirit all its past dismay;
Night hath four periods in her solemn course,
Now fill them kindly up without delay!
Pillow his head on yon cool bank, and then
Bathe him in dew from Lethe's stream; anon
Will his cramp-stiffened limbs relax again,
When all refreshed he wakens with the dawn.
Do the elves' fairest 'hest aright,
Restore him to the blessed light!

Chorus. When across the emerald meadows
Warm and fragrant breezes play,
Closing round in misty shadows,
Softly falls the twilight gray;
Whispers gently peace to mortals,
Rocks the heart to childlike rest;
Closes up the daylight's portals
To those wearied eyes unblest.

Now the night is deeply darkling,
Gleams out hallowed star on star,
Lights of power, or faintly sparkling,
Twinkle near, and gleam afar.
In the lake they sparkle tender,
Gleam in yon clear vault profound;
Reigns the moon in full-orbed splendour,
Perfecting the peace around.

See, the hours of night have vanished,
Joy and grief have passed away.
Wake! rejoice! thy pain is banished,
Trust the new-advancing day.

Vales grow green, hills steep and steeper,
Shadows deepen thick with leaves,
And the harvest to the reaper
In long silvery billows heaves.

Fix thy gaze in yonder glory,
Wouldst thou win thy wish and keep.
Frail the spell that resteth o'er thee,
Fling away the husk of sleep!
Though the crowd grow pale and waver,
Onward thou, with dauntless soul!
Gallant heart is baffled never,
Striving to a noble goal!

[*A tremendous clangour indicates the approach of the Sun.*

Ariel. Hark, the ringing hours of morn!
Pealing unto spirit ears,
Lo, another day is born,
Lo, another dawn appears!
Adamantine gates are crashing,
Phoebus' car-wheels rattling, clashing,—
What clang harbingers the sun!
Trump and clarion pealing clear,
Dazzling eye and stunning ear!
Hence! Our elfin reign is done.
Slip into your flowery cells,
To the clefts and thickets come!
Day will all your powers benumb.

FAUST (*awaking*). Life's pulses dance with fresh and bounding pace,
The ethereal splendours of the dawn to greet;
Thou, earth, thou too this night didst hold thy place,
And breathest with new vigour at my feet,
Bid'st joy even now within my breast grow rife,
And high resolves dost stir with kindling heat,
To scale life's topmost heights through toil and strife!
Now lies the world in morning's twilight beam,

The woodland rings with thousand-voiced life,
All through the valley misty hazes stream,
Yet to its depths doth heaven's clear radiance creep,

A View in Nuremburg, Germany

A Tower of the Old Town Hall Wall of Nuremburg, Germany

And, bathed in freshness, wood and thicket gleam,
From dewy clefts where late they lay asleep;
The glades are dappled with a thousand dyes,
Where flower and leaflet trembling pearls do weep,
And all around grows fair as Paradise!
Aloft the giant peaks, far-gleaming bright,
Proclaim the hour at hand, that fires the skies;
They feel the first flush of the eternal light,
That finds its way betimes to us below.
Now o'er the green slopes of yon Alpine height
The advancing splendour spreads a livelier glow,
And, step by step, it gains the lower ground.
Lo, the broad sun! And blinded with the flow,
That stings the shrinking sight, I turn me round.

So when a hope, by long devotion fanned,
Hath won the height of its desire and found
Fulfilment's portals wing-like wide expand,
But now from yonder depths external leaps
A whelming burst of flame, amazed we stand;
Life's torch we'd fain illumine there, when sweeps
A sea of fire around us, eddying fast—
Is't love? is't hate? that round us hotly creeps,
With joy and pain, in alternation vast,—
So that once more to earth we turn our gaze,
And shrinking childhood's mantle round us cast.

So then behind me let the sunbeams blaze!
The waterfall, that down yon chasm is roaring,
I view with deepening rapture and amaze.
Now, in a myriad broken runlets pouring,
It bounds from ledge to ledge, and, shattering there,
Shoots up, in spray and filmy vapour soaring.
Yet o'er this turmoil how definitely fair
The rainbow's many-tinted arch is wound,
Now pencilled clear, now melting into air,
A dewy cool diffusing far around,
A mirror this of mortal coil and strife!
And there, if well thou ponderest, will be found,
In glowing hues revealed, a type of life.

* * * *

[*Enter* FOUR GRAY WOMEN.]

First. My name, it is WANT.
Second. And mine, it is BLAME.

Third. Mine, CARE!
Fourth. NECESSITY, that is my name.
THREE (*speaking together*).
The door it is bolted, we cannot go in;
A rich man dwells there, and we may not within.
Want. I fade to a shade there.
Blame. There I cease to be.
Necessity. There the eye is too dainty to look upon me.
Care. Ye sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare;
But the keyhole's a portal sufficient for CARE.
[CARE *disappears.*
Want. Gray sisters, away! Here no more may we bide.
Blame. Where you go, there I go, and stick by your side.
Necessity. On your heels I will follow, Necessity saith.
The Three. The clouds they roll up, disappears star on star.
Behind there, behind! From afar, from afar!
He is coming, our brother is coming—Death!
Faust (*within the palace.*) I saw four come, and only three go hence.
Some words I heard, but could not catch the sense.
Necessity, said one, with muttered breath,
And then there came a rhyme ill-omened—DEATH:
A dull dead sound, of ghostly note, methought.
Not yet have I my way to freedom fought!
Could I sweep magic from my path, forego
The spells of sorcery one and all, and grow
A man unwarped by creed or care or wile,
Then, then, to be a man were worth the while!
Such was I once, ere I my studies fed
With the dark lore of arts inhabited—
Ere my chagrin in impious frenzy burst,
And mine own self and all the world I curst.
So now the very air do phantasms fill,
That how to 'scape them passes mortal skill
Yea, if for us one day hath cheering gleams,
Night wilders us with spirit-haunted dreams.
The fresh green fields have made our pulses dance;
Then croaks a bird: what does it croak—Mischance!
Clasped soon and late in Superstition's arms,
It will be heard, it haunts us, it alarms:
And so we stand alone, scared, trembling, dumb.
I heard the door creak; in has no one come.
[*Shaken with apprehension.*

Is some one here?

Care So asked, I say, There is!

Faust. Who, then, art thou?

Care. Enough that here I be!

Faust. Go, get thee hence!

Care. My proper place is this.

Faust. (*at first incensed, then softening down.*) Take heed, Faust. Use no spell of wizardrie!

Care. Though the ear may hear me not,
Fear is in the heart begot.
In forever changing guise
Cruel power I exercise;
On the ocean, on the shore,
Sad companion evermore;
Always found, and sought for never
Cursed, cajoled, and flattered ever!
Care hast thou, then, never known?

Faust. I've galloped merely through the world, I own.
Each pleasure by the hair I'd seize,
Cast off whatever failed to please,
What 'scaped me let unheeded go.
First craving, then achieving, then
Longing for something new again;
And stoutly on through life went storming so,
Grandly at first, and foremost in the race,
But sagely now, and at a sober pace.
Of man and earth I know enough; what lies
Beyond is barricaded 'gainst our eyes.
Fool, who with blinking gaze out yonder peers,
And dreams of kindred souls in upper spheres!
Let him stand firm, and look around him here.
Not dumb this world to him that bears a brain:
Why through eternity should he career?
What things he knows will in his grasp remain.
So let him roam on through his earthly day;
Though spirits gibber, calmly hold his way;
And longing still, and still unsatisfied,
Accept his fate, let joy or grief betide.

Care. Him I in my gripe have got
All the world availeth not.
Gloom upon him ever lies.
Suns set not for him, nor rise.

Sound in outward sense, and hale,
Darknesses within prevail.
Riches fineless may be his,
Yet he ne'er their master is.
Whim to him are good and ill;
He mid plenty hungers still.
Be it joy or be it sorrow,
Off he puts it till to-morrow,
All intent on what's to be,
Evermore unready he.

Faust. Have done! This is for thee no place.
Nor me to listen to such trash befits.
Away! That litany so vile, so base,
Might rob the very sagest of his wits.

Care. Shall he go? Or shall he come?
Doubt doth his resolve benumb;
On a beaten road, and straight,
He will pause and hesitate;
Lose himself more deeply, view
All things more and more askew.
Burden to himself and others,
Breath he breathes, yet breathing smothers,
Lifeless, though of living kind,
Not despairing, not resigned.
Such an all-adrift career,—
Sad dejection, helpless fear,
Now exulting, now depressed,
Poor enjoyment, broken rest,—
Chains him to the spot that bears him,
And in time for hell prepares him.

Faust. O phantoms evil-starred! 'Tis thus you hurt
Man, whensoe'er ye hold him in your fangs;
Even days that might be happy ye pervert
Into a tangle of avoidless pangs.
'Tis hard, I know, from demons to get free;
The strong leash spirits weave few hands may sever;
Yet, mighty and insidious though it be,
Thy power, O Care, I will acknowledge never.

Care. Then feel it now! I leave behind
My curse on you, as swift away I wend.
Through their whole lives the race of man is blind;

You, Faust, be blind, now your life nears its end!
[*She breathes upon him.*

Faust. (*blinded.*) Night seems to close in deeper—deepening still;
But all within is radiantly bright;
What I have thought I hasten to fulfil;
The master's bidding, that alone has might.
Up, vassals, from your lairs! Give me to scan
The glad fulfillment of my daring plan.
Up! to your tools! Ply shovel, pick, and spade!
Straight must the work be done, so long delayed.
Stern discipline, and toil intense
Shall have the amplest recompense.
One mind to guide a thousand hands,
And perfected the work, my noblest, stands!

Cho. Ang. Behold us! Why recoil as we advance?
We still advance; if stay thou canst, then stay!
[*The angels drawing around occupy the whole space.*

Meph. (*who is thrust into the proscenium.*) you rail at us as spirits damned, and you
Are of sheer wizardrie the masters true;
For you lead man and womankind astray.
How cursed this adventure is!
Love's element, can it be this?
A raging fire fills all my frame;
Scarce on my neck I feel the scorching flame.
You hover to and fro; come down, and sway
Your gracious limbs in somewhat worldlier way.
It suits you well, I grant, that earnest style,
Yet fain I'd see you but one moment smile;
That were for me beyond all utterance sweet:
A smile, I mean, like that when lovers meet.
A slight turn of the mouth—the thing is done.
You there, tall shapely lad, I like the best:
'Tis wrong to clothe you in a priestly vest.
Give me one loving glance, one, only one!
A scantier robe, too, were more seemly, kind;
These sweeping folds too decent are by far.
They turn about! To view them from behind—
They're quite too toothsome, the young rogues, they are!

Cho. Ang. Ye loving flames, quicken
More clearly and calm,

To souls remorse-stricken
Let truth bring a balm!
So themselves from the thrall
Of the ill they may wrest,
Thenceforth in the All-in-All
Merge and be blest!

Meph. (*pulling himself together.*) How is't with me? Like Job, from head to heels,
All boils, a horror to one's self; but yet
Triumphant, when one probes himself, and feels
Reliance on himself and on his race.
The noble devil-parts all keep their place;
'Tis but skin-deep this lickerish fuss and fret;
Those plaguey flames already are burnt out,
And now I curse ye all, right round about!

Cho. Ang. The man o'er whom
You, holy flames, brood,
Is purged from death's brood,
Is purged from death's gloom,
Lives blest with the good,
In unison blending,
Sing, upwards ascending;
The air it is purified,
Spirit, breathe free!

[*They ascend, bearing away with them the immortal part of* FAUST.

Meph. (*looking around.*) But how is this? Where have they gone?
Ye milksop chits, you have outwitted me!
Away to heaven they've with their booty flown;
That's why they nibbled at this grave, I see!
Great and unique the prize they have withdrawn
Out of my very fingers. The high soul,
That by its own free act I held in pawn,
They've filched away, clean out of my control.
And now to whom shall I complain? Who, Who
Will vindicate for me my well-earned right?
In your old days you've been bamboozled; you
Have well deserved your present direful plight.
I've bungled quite discreditably—great
Outlay have lost, and shamefully withal;
Let vulgar lust, a silly amorous heat,

The devil's tough well-seasoned self enthral.
If after all that he has seen and known,
He lets such childish stuff his wits benumb,
Not small the folly is, I needs must own,
That to such weakness could at last succomb.

From DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT

(*In Dichtung und Wahrheit* Goethe thus describes the ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, as he witnessed them when a boy in Frankfort-on-Main.)

The impending day of election was the topic of conversation. I contrived to tell, at length, what was going to happen, and how, and to support my demonstrations in detail by drawings on the tablet; for I had the place of conclave, with its altars, thrones, seats, and chairs, perfectly before my mind. We separated at the proper time, and in a particularly comfortable frame of mind.

For, with a young couple who are in any degree harmoniously formed by nature, nothing can conduce to a more beautiful union than when the maiden is anxious to learn, and the youth inclined to teach. There arises from it a well-grounded and agreeable relation. She sees in him the creator of her spiritual existence; and he sees in her a creature that ascribes her perfection, not to nature, not to chance, not to any one-sided inclination, but to a mutual will; and this reciprocation is so sweet, that we cannot wonder, if, from the days of the old and the new Abelard, the most violent passions, and as much happiness as unhappiness, have arisen from such an intercourse of two beings.

With the next day began great commotion in the city, on account of the visits paid and returned, which now took place with the greatest ceremony. But what particularly interested me, as a citizen of Frankfort, and gave rise to a great many reflections, was the taking of the oath of security (*Sicherheitseides*) by the council, the military, and the body of citizens, not through representatives, but personally and in mass; first, in the great hall of the Römer, by the magistracy and stall-officers; then in the great square (*Platz*), the Römerberg, by all the citizens, according to their respective ranks, gradations, or quarterings; and, lastly, by the rest of the military. Here one could survey at a single glance the entire commonwealth, assembled for the honorable purpose of swearing security to the head and

members of the empire, and unbroken peace during the great work now impending. The electors of Treves and of Cologne had now also arrived. On the evening before the day of election, all strangers are sent out of the city, the gates are closed, the Jews are confined to their quarter, and the citizen of Frankfort prides himself not a little that he alone may witness so great a solemnity.

All that had hitherto taken place was tolerably modern; the highest and high personages moved about only in coaches, but now we were going to see them in the primitive manner on horseback. The concourse and rush were extraordinary. I managed to squeeze myself into the Römer, which I knew as familiarly as a mouse does the private corn-loft, till I reached the main entrance, before which the electors and ambassadors, who had first arrived in their state coaches, and had assembled above, were now to mount their horses. The stately, well-trained steeds were covered with richly laced housings, and ornamented in every way. The Elector Emeric Joseph, a handsome, portly man, looked well on horseback. Of the other two I remember less, excepting that the red princes' mantles, trimmed with ermine, which we had been accustomed to see only in pictures before, seemed to us very romantic in the open air. The ambassadors of the absent temporal electors, with their Spanish dresses of gold brocade, embroidered over with gold, and trimmed with gold lace, likewise did our eyes good; and the large feathers particularly, that waved most splendidly from the hats, which were cocked in the antique style. But what did not please me were the short modern breeches, the white silk stockings, and the fashionable shoes. We should have liked half-boots—gilded as much as they pleased—sandals, or something of the kind, that we might have seen a more consistent costume.

In deportment the Ambassador von Plotho again distinguished himself from all the rest. He appeared lively and cheerful, and seemed to have no great respect for the whole ceremony. For when his frontman, an elderly gentleman, could not leap immediately on his horse, and he was therefore forced to wait some time in the grand entrance, he did not refrain from laughing, till his own horse was

brought forward, upon which he swung himself very dexterously, and was again admired by us as a most worthy representative of Frederick the Second.

Now the curtain was for us once more let down. I had, indeed, tried to force my way into the church; but that place was more inconvenient than agreeable. The voters had withdrawn into the *sanctum*, where prolix ceremonies usurped the place of a deliberate consideration as to the election. After long delay, pressure, and bustle, the people at last heard the name of Joseph the Second, who was proclaimed King of Rome.

The thronging of strangers into the city became greater and greater. Everybody went about in his holiday clothes, so that at last none but dresses entirely of gold were found worthy of note. The emperor and king had already arrived at Heusenstamm, a castle of the Counts of Schönborn, and were there in the customary manner greeted and welcomed; but the city celebrated this important epoch by spiritual festivals of all the religions, by high masses and sermons; and, on the temporal side, by incessant firing of cannon as an accompaniment to the "Te Deums."

If all these public solemnities, from the beginning up to this point, had been regarded as a deliberate work of art, not much to find fault with would have been found. All was well prepared. The public scenes opened gradually, and went on increasing in importance; the men grew in number, the personages in dignity, their appurtenances, as well as themselves, in splendor—and thus it advanced with every day, till at last even a well-prepared and firm eye became bewildered.

The entrance of the Elector of Mainz, which we have refused to describe more completely, was magnificent and imposing enough to suggest to the imagination of an eminent man the advent of a great prophesied world-ruler; even we were not a little dazzled by it. But now our expectation was stretched to the utmost, as it was said that the emperor and the future king were approaching the city. At a little distance from Sachsenhausen, a tent had been erected in which the entire magistracy remained, to show the appropriate honor, and to proffer the keys of the city

to the chief of the empire. Farther out, on a fair, spacious plain, stood another, a state pavilion, whither the whole body of electoral princes and ambassadors repaired; while their retinues extended along the whole way, that gradually, as their turns came, they might again move toward the city, and enter properly into the procession. By this time the emperor reached the tent, entered it; and the princes and ambassadors, after a most respectful reception, withdrew, to facilitate the passage of the chief ruler.

We who remained in the city, to admire this pomp within the walls and streets still more than could have been done in the open fields, were very well entertained for awhile by the barricade set up by the citizens in the lanes, by the throng of people, and by the various jests and improprieties which arose, till the ringing of bells and the thunder of cannon announced to us the immediate approach of majesty. What must have been particularly grateful to a Frankforter was, that on this occasion, in the presence of so many sovereigns and their representatives, the imperial city of Frankfort also appeared as a little sovereign; for her equerry opened the procession; chargers with armorial trappings, upon which the white eagle on a red field looked very fine, followed him; then came attendants and officials, drummers and trumpeters, and deputies of the council, accompanied by the clerks of the council, in the city livery, on foot. Immediately behind these were the three companies of citizen cavalry, very well mounted—the same that we had seen from our youth, at the reception of the escort, and on other public occasions. We rejoiced in our participation of the honor, and in our one hundred-thousandth part of a sovereignty which now appeared in its full brilliancy. The different trains of the hereditary imperial marshal, and of the envoys deputed by the six temporal electors, marched after these step by step. None of them consisted of less than twenty attendants and two state carriages—some, even, of a greater number The retinue of the spiritual electors was ever on the increase—their servants and domestic officers seemed innumerable; the elector of Cologne and the elector of Treves had above twenty state carriages, and the elector of Mainz quite as

many alone. The servants, both on horseback and on foot, were clothed most splendidly throughout; the lords in the equipages, spiritual and temporal, had not omitted to appear richly and venerably dressed, and adorned with all the badges of their orders. The train of his imperial majesty now, as was fit, surpassed all the rest. The riding-masters, the led horses, the equipages, the shabracks and caparisons, attracted every eye; and the sixteen six-horse gala-wagons of the imperial chamberlains, privy councillors, high chamberlain, high stewards, and high equerry, closed, with great pomp, this division of the procession, which, in spite of its magnificence and extent, was still only to be the vanguard.

But now the line became concentrated more and more, while the dignity and parade kept on increasing. For in the midst of a chosen escort of their own domestic attendants, the most of them on foot, and a few on horseback, appeared the electoral ambassadors, as well as the electors in person, in ascending order, each one in a magnificent state carriage. Immediately behind the elector of Mainz, ten imperial footmen, one and forty lackeys, and eight *heyducks* announced their majesties. The most magnificent state carriage, furnished even at the back part with an entire window of plate glass, ornamented with paintings, lacquer, carved work, and gilding, covered with red embroidered velvet on the top and inside, allowed us very conveniently to behold the emperor and king, the long-desired heads, in all their glory. The procession was led a long, circuitous route, partly from necessity, that it might be able to unfold itself, and partly to render it visible to the great multitude of people. It had passed through Sachsenhausen, over the bridge, up the Fahrgasse, then down the Zeile, and turned toward the inner city through the Katharinenpforte, formerly a gate, and, since the enlargement of the city, an open thoroughfare. Here it had been happily considered that, for a series of years, the external grandeur of the world had gone on expanding, both in height and breadth. Measure had been taken; and it was found that the present imperial state carriage could not, without striking its carved work and other outward

decorations, get through this gateway, through which so many princes and emperors had gone backward and forward. They debated the matter, and, to avoid an inconvenient circuit, resolved to take up the pavements, and to contrive a gentle descent and ascent. With the same view, they had also removed all the projecting eaves from the shops and booths in the street, that neither crown nor eagle nor the genii should receive any shock or injury.

Eagerly as we directed our eyes to the high personages when this precious vessel with such precious contents approached us, we could not avoid turning our looks upon the noble horses, their harness, and its embroidery; but the strange coachmen and outriders, both sitting on the horses, particularly struck us. They looked as if they had come from some other nation, or even from another world, with their long black and yellow velvet coats, and their caps with large plumes of feathers, after the imperial court fashion. Now the crowd became so dense that it was impossible to distinguish much more. The Swiss guard on both sides of the carriage; the hereditary marshal holding the Saxon sword upwards in his right hand; the field-marshals, as leaders of the imperial guard, riding behind the carriage; the imperial pages in a body; and, finally, the imperial horse-guard itself, in black velvet frocks, with all the seams edged with gold, under which were red coats and leather-colored camisoles, likewise richly decked with gold. One scarcely recovered one's self from sheer seeing, pointing, and showing, so that the scarcely less splendidly clad body-guards of the electors were barely looked at; and we should, perhaps, have withdrawn from the windows, if we had not wished to take a view of our own magistracy, who closed the procession in their fifteen two-horse coaches; and particularly the clerk of the council, with the city keys on red velvet cushions. That our company of city grenadiers should cover the rear seemed to us honorable enough, and we felt doubly and highly edified as Germans and as Frankforters by this great day.

We had taken our place in a house which the procession had to pass again when it returned from the cathedral. Of religious services, of music, or rites and solemnities, of

addresses and answers, of propositions and readings aloud, there was so much in Church, choir, and conclave, before it came to the swearing of the electoral capitulation, that we had time enough to partake of an excellent collation, and to empty many bottles to the health of our old and young ruler. The conversation, meanwhile, as is usual on such occasions, reverted to the time past; and there were not wanting aged persons who preferred that to the present—at least, with respect to a certain human interest and impassioned sympathy which then prevailed. At the coronation of Francis the First all had not been so settled as now; peace had not yet been concluded; France and the electors of Brandenburg and the Palatinate were opposed to the election; the troops of the future emperor were stationed at Heidelberg, where he had his headquarters; and the insignia of the empire, coming from Aix, were almost carried off by the inhabitants of the Palatinate. Meanwhile, negotiations went on; and on neither side was the affair conducted in the strictest manner. Maria Theresa, though then pregnant, comes in person to see the coronation of her husband, which is at last carried into effect. She arrived at Aschaffenburg, and went on board a yacht in order to repair to Frankfort. Francis, coming from Heidelberg, thinks to meet his wife, but arrives too late; she has already departed. Unknown, he jumps into a little boat, hastens after her, reaches her ship; and the loving pair is delighted at this surprising meeting. The story spreads immediately; and all the world sympathizes with this tender pair, so richly blessed with children, who have been so inseparable since their union, that once, on a journey from Vienna to Florence, they are forced to keep quarantine together on the Venetian border. Maria Theresa is welcomed in the city with rejoicings; she enters the Roman Emperor Inn, while the great tent for the reception of her husband is erected on the Bornheim heath. There, of the spiritual electors, only Mainz is found; and, of the ambassadors of the temporal electors, only Saxony, Bohemia, and Hanover. The entrance begins, and what it may lack of completeness and splendor is richly compensated by the presence of a beautiful lady. She stands upon the balcony

of the well-situated house, and greets her husband with cries of "Vivat!" and clapping of hands; the people joined, excited to the highest enthusiasm. As the great are, after all, men, the citizen deems them his equals when he wishes to love them; and that he can best do when he can picture them to himself as loving husbands, tender parents, devoted brothers, and true friends. At that time all happiness had been wished and prophesied; and today it was seen fulfilled in the first-born son, to whom everybody was well inclined on account of his handsome, youthful form, and upon whom the world set the greatest hopes, on account of the great qualities that he showed.

We had become quite absorbed in the past and future, when some friends who came in recalled us to the present. They were of that class of people who know the value of novelty, and therefore hasten to announce it first. They were even able to tell of a fine humane trait in those exalted personages whom we had seen go by with the greatest pomp. It had been concerted that on the way, between Heusenstamm and the great tent, the emperor and king should find the Landgrave of Darmstadt in the forest. This old prince, now approaching the grave, wished to see once more the master to whom he had been devoted in former times. Both might remember the day when the land-grave brought over to Heidelberg the decree of the electors, choosing Francis as emperor, and replied to the valuable presents he received with protestations of unalterable devotion. These eminent persons stood in a grove of firs; and the landgrave, weak with old age, supported himself against a pine, to continue the conversation, which was not without emotion on both sides. The place was afterward marked in an innocent way, and we young people sometimes wandered to it.

Thus several hours had passed in remembrance of the old and consideration of the new, when the procession, though curtailed and more compact, again passed before our eyes; and we were enabled to observe and mark the detail more closely, and imprint it on our minds for the future.

From that moment the city was in uninterrupted

motion; for until each and every one whom it behooved, and of whom it was required, had paid their respects to the highest dignities, and exhibited themselves one by one, there was no end to the marching to and fro; and the court of each one of the high persons present could be very conveniently repeated in detail.

Now, too, the insignia of the empire arrived. But, that no ancient usage might be omitted even in this respect, they had to remain half a day till late at night in the open field, on account of a dispute about territory and escort between the elector of Mainz and the city. The latter yielded; the people of Mainz escorted the insignia as far as the barricade, and so the affair terminated for this time. . . .

The coronation day dawned at last on the 3d of April, 1764; the weather was favorable, and everybody was in motion. I, with several of my relations and friends, had been provided with a good place in one of the upper stories of the Römer itself, where we might completely survey the whole. We betook ourselves to the spot very early in the morning, and from above, as in a bird's-eye view, contemplated the arrangement which we had inspected more closely the day before. There was the newly-erected fountain, with two large tubs on the left and right, into which the double-eagle on the post was to pour from its two beaks white wine on this side, and red wine on that. There, gathered into a heap, lay the oats; here stood the large wooden hut, in which we had several days since seen the whole fat ox roasted and fasted on a huge spit before a charcoal fire. All the avenues leading out from the Römer, and from other streets back to the Römer, were secured on both sides by barriers and guards. The great square was gradually filled; and the waving and pressure grew every moment stronger and more in motion, as the multitude always, if possible, endeavored to reach the spot where some new scene arose, and something particular was announced.

All this time there reigned a tolerable stillness; and, when the alarm-bells were sounded, all the people seemed struck with terror and amazement. What first attracted the attention of all who could overlook the square from

above, was the train in which the lords of Aix and Nuremberg brought the crown jewels to the cathedral. These, as palladia, had been assigned the first place in the carriage; and the deputies sat before them on the back seat with becoming reverence. Now the three electors betake themselves to the cathedral. After the presentation of the insignia to the elector of Mainz, the crown and sword are immediately carried to the imperial quarters. The further arrangements and manifold ceremonies occupied, in the interim, the chief persons, as well as the spectators, in the church, as we other well-informed persons could well imagine.

In the meantime the ambassadors drove before our eyes up to the Römer, from which the canopy is carried by the under-officers into the imperial quarters. The hereditary marshal, Count von Pappenheim, instantly mounts his horse; he was a very handsome, slender gentleman, whom the Spanish costume, the rich doublet, the gold mantle, the high, feathered hat, and the loose, flying hair, became very well. He puts himself in motion; and, amid the sound of all the bells, the ambassadors follow him on horseback to the quarters of the emperor in still greater magnificence than on the day of election. One would have liked to be there too; as indeed, on this day, it would have been altogether desirable to multiply one's self. However, we told each other what was going on there. Now the emperor is putting on his domestic robes, we said, a new dress, made after the old Carolingian pattern. The hereditary officers receive the insignia, and with them get on horseback. The emperor in his robes, the Roman king in Spanish habit, immediately mount their steeds; and, while this is done, the endless procession which precedes them has already announced them.

The eye was already wearied by the multitude of richly-dressed attendants and magistrates, and by the nobility, who, in stately fashion, were moving along; but when the electoral envoys, the hereditary officers, and at last, under the richly embroidered canopy, borne by twelve *Schöffen* and senators, the emperor, in romantic costume, and to the left, a little behind them, in the Spanish dress, his son,

slowly floated along on magnificently adorned horses, the eye was no more sufficient for the sight. One would have liked to fix the scene, but for a moment, by a magic charm; but the glory passed on without stopping; and the space that was scarcely quitted was immediately filled again by the crowd, which poured in like billows.

But now a new pressure ensued; for another approach from the market to the Römer gate had to be opened, and a road of planks to be bridged over it, on which the train returning from the cathedral was to walk.

What passed within the cathedral, the endless ceremonies which precede and accompany the anointing, the crowning, the dubbing of knighthood—all this we were glad to hear told afterward by those who had sacrificed much else to be present in the church.

The rest of us, in the interim, partook of a frugal repast; for in this festal day we had to be contented with cold meat. But, on the other hand, the best and oldest wine had been brought out of all the family cellars; so that, in this respect at least, we celebrated the ancient festival in ancient style.

In the square, the sight most worth seeing was now the bridge, which had been finished, and covered with orange and white cloth; and we who had stared at the emperor, first in his carriage and then on horseback, were now to admire him walking on foot. Singularly enough, the last pleased us the most; for we thought that in this way he exhibited himself both in the most natural and in the most dignified manner.

Older persons, who were present at the coronation of Francis the First, related that Maria Theresa, beautiful beyond measure, had looked on this solemnity from a balcony window of the Frauenstein house, close to the Römer. As her consort returned from the cathedral in his strange costume, and seemed to her, so to speak, like a ghost of Charlemagne, he had, as if in jest, raised both his hands, and shown her the imperial globe, the sceptre, and the curious gloves, at which she had broken out into immoderate laughter, which served for the great delight and edification of the crowd, which was thus honored with a sight of the

good and natural matrimonial understanding between the most exalted couple of Christendom. But when the empress, to greet her consort, waved her handkerchief, and even shouted a loud "vivat" to him, the enthusiasm and exultation of the people was raised to the highest, so that there was no end to the cheers of joy.

Now the sound of bells, and the van of the long train which gently made its way over the many-colored bridge, announced that all was done. The attention was greater than ever, and the procession more distinct than before, particularly for us, since it now came directly up to us. We saw both, and the whole of the square, which was thronged with people, almost as if on a ground-plan. Only at the end the magnificence was too much crowded: for the envoys; the hereditary officers; the emperor and king, under the canopy; the three spiritual electors, who immediately followed; the *Schöffen* and senators, dressed in black; the gold embroidered canopy—all seemed only one mass, which, moved by a single will, splendidly harmonious, and thus stepping from the temple amid the sound of the bells, beamed toward us as something holy.

A politico-religious ceremony possesses an infinite charm. We behold earthly majesty before our eyes, surrounded by all the symbols of its power; but, while it bends before that of heaven, it brings to our minds the communion of both. For even the individual can only prove his relationship with the Deity by subjecting himself and adoring.

The rejoicings which resounded from the market-place now spread likewise over the great square; and a boisterous "vivat" burst forth from thousands upon thousands of throats, and doubtless from as many hearts. For this grand festival was to be the pledge of a lasting peace, which indeed for many a long year actually blessed Germany.

Several days before, it had been made known by public proclamation, that neither the bridge nor the eagle over the fountain was to be exposed to the people, and they were therefore not, as at other times, to be touched. This was done to prevent the mischief inevitable with such a rush of persons. But, in order to sacrifice in some degree to the

genius of the mob, persons expressly appointed went behind the procession, loosened the cloth from the bridge, wound it up like a flag, and threw it into the air. This gave rise to no disaster, but to a laughable mishap; for the cloth unrolled itself in the air, and, as it fell, covered a larger or smaller number of persons. Those now who took hold of the ends and drew them toward them, pulled all those in the middle to the ground, enveloped them and teased them till they tore or cut themselves through; and everybody, in his own way, had borne off a corner of the stuff made sacred by the footsteps of majesty.

I did not long contemplate this rough sport, but hastened from my high position through all sorts of little steps and passages, down to the great Römer-stairs, where the distinguished mass, which had been stared at from the distance, was to ascend in its undulating course. The crowd was not great, because the entrances to the city hall were well garrisoned; and I fortunately reached at once the iron balustrades above. Now the chief personages ascended past me, while their followers remained behind in the lower arched passages; and I could observe them on the thrice-broken stairs from all sides, and at last quite close.

Finally both their majesties came up. Father and son were altogether dressed like Menæchmi. The emperor's domestic robes, of purple-colored silk, richly adorned with pearls and stones, as well as his crown, sceptre, and imperial orb, struck the eye with good effect. For all in them was new, and the imitation of the antique was tasteful. He moved, too, quite easily in his attire; and his true-hearted, dignified face indicated at once the emperor and the father. The young king, on the contrary, in his monstrous articles of dress, with the crown jewels of Charlemagne, dragged himself along as if he had been in a disguise; so that he himself, looking at his father from time to time, could not refrain from laughing. The crown, which it had been necessary to line a great deal, stood out from his head like an overhanging roof. The dalmatica, the stole, well as they had been fitted and taken in by sewing, presented by no means an advantageous appearance. The sceptre and imperial orb excited some admiration; but one

would, for the sake of a more princely effect, rather have seen a strong form, suited to the dress, invested and adorned with it.

Scarcely were the gates of the great hall closed behind these figures, than I hurried to my former place, which, being already occupied by others, I only regained with some trouble.

It was precisely at the right time that I again took possession of my window, for the most remarkable part of all that was to be seen in public was just about to take place. All the people had turned toward the Römer; and a reiterated shout of "vivat" gave us to understand that the emperor and king, in their vestments, were showing themselves to the populace from the balcony of the great hall. But they were not alone to serve as a spectacle, since another strange spectacle occurred before their eyes. First of all, the handsome, slender hereditary marshal flung himself upon his steed; he had laid aside his sword; in his right hand he held a silver-handled vessel, and a tin spatula in his left. He rode within the barriers to the great heap of oats, sprang in, filled the vessel to overflow, smoothed it off, and carried it back again with great dignity. The imperial stable was now provided for. The hereditary chamberlain then rode likewise to the spot, and brought back a basin with ewer and towel. But more entertaining for the spectators was the hereditary carver, who came to fetch a piece of the roasted ox. He also rode, with a silver dish, through the barriers, to the large wooden kitchen, and came forth again with his portion covered, that he might go back to the Römer. Now it was the turn of the hereditary cup-bearer, who rode to the fountain and fetched wine. Thus now was the imperial table furnished; and every eye waited upon the hereditary treasurer, who was to throw about the money. He, too, mounted a fine steed, to the sides of whose saddle, instead of holsters, a couple of splendid bags, embroidered with the arms of the Palatinate, were suspended. Scarcely had he put himself in motion than he plunged his hands into these pockets, and generously scattered, right and left, gold and silver coins, which, on every occasion, glittered merrily in the air like metallic rain. A

thousand hands waved instantly in the air to catch the gifts; but hardly had the coins fallen when the crowd tumbled over each other on the ground, and struggled violently for the pieces which might have reached the earth. As this agitation was constantly repeated on both sides as the giver rode forwards, it afforded the spectators a very diverting sight. It was most lively at the close, when he threw out the bags themselves, and everybody tried to catch this highest prize.

Their majesties had retired from the balcony; and another offering was to be made to the mob, who, on such occasions, would rather steal the gifts than receive them tranquilly and gratefully. The custom prevailed, in more rude and uncouth times, of giving up to the people on the spot the oats, as soon as the hereditary marshal had taken away his share; the fountain and the kitchen, after the cupbearer and the carver had performed their offices. But this time, to guard against all mischief, order and moderation were preserved as far as possible. But the old malicious jokes, that when one filled a sack with oats another cut a hole in it, with sallies of the kind, were revived. About the roasted ox, a more serious battle was, as usual, waged on this occasion. This could only be contested *en masse*. Two guilds, the butchers and the wine-porters, had, according to ancient custom, again stationed themselves so that the monstrous roast must fall to one of the two. The butchers believed that they had the best right to an ox which they provided entire for the kitchen; the wine-porters, on the other hand, laid claim because the kitchen was built near the abode of their guild, and because they had gained the victory the last time, the horns of the captured steer still projected from the latticed gable-window of their guild and meeting-house as a sign of victory. Both these companies had very strong and able members; but which of them conquered this time, I no longer remember.

But, as a festival of this kind must always close with something dangerous and frightful, it was really a terrible moment when the wooden kitchen itself was made a prize. The roof of it swarmed instantly with men, no one knowing

how they got there; the boards were torn loose, and pitched down; so that one could not help supposing, particularly at a distance, that each would kill a few of those pressing to the spot. In a trice the hut was unroofed; and single individuals hung to the beams and rafters, in order to pull them also out of their joinings; nay, many floated above upon the posts which had been already sawn off below; and the whole skeleton, moving backwards and forwards, threatened to fall in. Sensitive persons turned their eyes away, and everybody expected a great calamity; but we did not hear of any mischief; and the whole affair, though impetuous and violent, had passed off happily.

Everybody knew now that the emperor and king would return from the cabinet, whither they had retired from the balcony, and feast in the great hall of the Römer. We had been able to admire the arrangements made for it, the day before; and my most anxious wish was, if possible, to look in today. I repaired, therefore, by the usual path, to the great staircase, which stands directly opposite the door of the hall. Here I gazed at the distinguished personages who this day acted as the servants of the head of the empire. Forty-four counts, all splendidly dressed, passed me, carrying the dishes from the kitchen; so that the contrast between their dignity and their occupation might well be bewildering to a boy. The crowd was not great, but, considering the little space, sufficiently perceptible. The hall-door was guarded, while those who were authorized went frequently in and out. I saw one of the Palatine domestic officials, whom I asked whether he could not take me in with him. He did not deliberate long, but gave me one of the silver vessels he just then bore, which he could do so much the more, as I was neatly clad; and thus I reached the sanctuary. The Palatine buffet stood to the left, directly by the door; and with some steps I placed myself on the elevation of it, behind the barriers.

At the other end of the hall, immediately by the windows, raised on the steps of the throne, and under canopies, sat the emperor and king in their robes; but the crown and sceptre lay at some distance behind them on gold cushions. The three spiritual electors, their buffets behind them, had

taken their places on single elevations; the elector of Mainz opposite their majesties, the elector of Treves at the right, and the elector of Cologne at the left. This upper part of the hall was imposing and cheerful to behold, and excited the remark that the spiritual power likes to keep as long as possible with the ruler. On the contrary, the buffets and tables of all the temporal electors, which were, indeed, magnificently ornamented, but without occupants, made one think of the misunderstanding which had gradually arisen for centuries between them and the head of the empire. Their ambassadors had already withdrawn to eat in a side-chamber; and if the greater part of the hall assumed a sort of spectral appearance, by so many invisible guests being so magnificently attended, a large unfurnished table in the middle was still more sad to look upon; for there, also, many covers stood empty, because all those who had certainly a right to sit there had, for appearance' sake, kept away, that on the greatest day of honor they might renounce any of their honor, if, indeed, they were then to be found in the city.

Neither my years nor the mass of present objects allowed me to take many reflections. I strove to see all as much as possible; and when the dessert was brought in, and the ambassadors reëntered to pay their court, I sought the open air, and contrived to refresh myself with good friends in the neighborhood, after a day's half-fasting, and to prepare for the illumination in the evening.

This brilliant night I purposed celebrating in a right hearty way; for I had agreed with Gretchen, and Pylades and his mistress, that we should meet somewhere at nightfall. The city was already resplendent at every end and corner when I met my beloved. I offered Gretchen my arm; we went from one quarter to another, and found ourselves very happy in each other's society. The cousins at first were also of our party, but were afterward lost in the multitude of people. Before the houses of some of the ambassadors, where magnificent illuminations were exhibited—those of the Elector Palatine were preëminently distinguished—it was as clear as day. Lest I should be recognized, I had disguised myself to a certain extent; and

Gretchen did not find it amiss. We admired the various brilliant representations and the fairy-like structures of flame by which each ambassador strove to outshine the others. But Prince Esterhazy's arrangements surpassed all the rest. Our little company were enraptured, both with the invention and the execution; and we were just about to enjoy this in detail, when the cousins again met us, and spoke to us of the glorious illumination with which the Brandenburg ambassadors had adorned his quarters. We were not displeased at taking the long way from the Rossmarkt (horse-market) to the Saalhof, but found that we had been villainously hoaxed.

The Saalhof is, toward the Main, a regular and handsome structure; but the part in the direction of the city is exceedingly old, irregular, and unsightly. Small windows, agreeing neither in form nor size, neither in a line nor placed at equal distances; gates and doors arranged without symmetry; a ground-floor mostly turned into shops—it forms a confused outside, which is never observed by any one. Now, here this accidental, irregular, unconnected architecture had been followed; and every window, every door, every opening, was surrounded by lamps—as indeed can be done with a well-built house; but here the most wretched and ill-formed of all façades was thus quite incredibly placed in the clearest light. Did one amuse one's self with this as with the jests of the *pagliasso*[9], though not without scruple, since everybody must recognize something intentional in it—just as people had before glossed on the previous external deportment of Von Plotho, so much prized in other respects, and, when once inclined toward him, had admired him as a way, who, like his king, would place himself above all ceremonies—one nevertheless gladly returned to the fairy kingdom of Esterhazy.

The eminent envoy, to honor the day, had quite passed over his own unfavorably situated quarters, and in their stead had caused the great esplanade of linden-trees in the horse-market to be decorated in the front with a portal illuminated with colors, and at the back with a still more magnificent prospect. The entire enclosure was marked by lamps. Between the trees, stood pyramids and spheres of

light upon transparent pedestals; from one tree to another were stretched glittering garlands, on which floated suspended lights. In several places bread and sausages were distributed among the people, and there was no want of wine.

Here now, four abreast, we walked very comfortably up and down; and I, by Gretchen's side, fancied that I really wandered in those happy Elysian fields where they pluck from the trees crystal cups that immediately fill themselves with the wine desired, and shake down fruits that change into every dish at will. At last we also felt such a necessity; and, conducted by Pylades, we found a neat, well-arranged eating-house. When we encountered no more guests, since everybody was going about the streets, we were all the better pleased, and passed the greatest part of the night most happily and cheerfully, in the feeling of friendship, love, and attachment. When I had accompanied Gretchen as far as her door, she kissed me on the forehead. It was the first and last time that she granted me this favor; for, alas! I was not to see her again.

* * * *

And now, from the platform, I saw before me the beautiful country in which I should for a long time live and reside; the handsome city;* the widespreading meadows around it, thickly set and interwoven with magnificent trees; that striking richness of vegetation which follows in the windings of the Rhine, marks its banks, islands, and aits. Nor is the level ground, stretching down from the south, and watered by the Iller, less adorned with varied green. Even westward, toward the mountains, there are many low grounds, which afford quite as charming a view of wood and meadow-growth, just as the northern and more hilly part is intersected by innumerable little brooks, which promote a rapid vegetation everywhere. If one imagines, between these luxuriantly outstretched meads, between these joyously scattered groves, all land adapted for tillage, excellently prepared, verdant, and ripening, and the best and richest spots marked by hamlets and farmhouses, and this great and immeasurable plain, prepared for man, like a new paradise, bounded far and near by mountains partly

cultivated, partly overgrown with woods, he will then conceive the rapture with which I blessed my fate, that it had destined me, for some time, so beautiful a dwelling-place.

Such a fresh glance into a new land in which we are to abide for a time has still the peculiarity, both pleasant and foreboding, that the whole lies before us like an unwritten tablet. As yet no sorrows and joys which relate to ourselves are recorded upon it; this cheerful, varied, animated plain is still mute for us; the eye is only fixed on the objects so far as they are intrinsically important, and neither affection nor passion has especially to render prominent this or that spot. But a presentiment of the future already disquiets the young heart; and an unsatisfied craving secretly demands that which is to come and may come, and which at all events, whether for good or ill, will imperceptibly assume the character of the spot in which we find ourselves.

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v A sort of buffoon.
* Strassburg.

SCHILLER

Few if any names are dearer to the German people than the name of Schiller. The student of his writings is bound to feel that this deep and abiding affection, which has prompted Germans scattered afar in other lands to celebrate his birthday with special marks of tenderness and veneration, is attributable as much to the character of the man as to his productions.

From childhood Schiller chafed against limitations which were peculiarly distasteful to his sensitive soul. Poverty beset him until the latter years of his life. When released from its blighting influence, disease had already marked him for her own and the last decade of his earthly career was completed only through will power which triumphed over mortal ills. It was under such trying conditions that he did his best work.

Johann Friedrich Schiller was born in 1759 in Württemberg. His father was a surgeon who was often employed with the army. The boy received good elementary training and expected to study theology. However, it was his misfortune to live in a principality where the ruler was not only absolute but whimsical. Having established a new military academy, the elder Schiller was ordered to bring his son hither for matriculation. When he demurred, his dismissal from the army was threatened. There being no alternative, young Friedrich was surrendered. Life in the new military school resembled that of a well-ordered prison save that the students studied instead of toiled. They were not allowed to see their parents nor were letters permitted unless thoroughly censored. Although he had no taste for it, Friedrich was set to studying law. Somewhat later, he was allowed to substitute medicine.

His only pleasures were such companionship as he found among the boys and the reading of German writings, carefully concealed if they contained any criticism upon existing state of affairs. As a matter of fact, the period spent here was one of sheer endurance and it is more than likely that

the poet's poor health in later life was due in no small measure to his unhappy years spent in the cold atmosphere of the duke's school.

The Robbers, his first important play, voiced his feelings of revolt against despotism and imperious authority. It shows the defects of youth and immaturity; yet it was popular from the first upon the boards.

Although now an army surgeon himself, Schiller was not permitted to have any freedom. Twice he went incognito to witness productions of his play. This brought down upon him the anger of the duke. Finally, the restraint under which he lived became so intolerable that he escaped to join friends in Leipzig, later, in Dresden. Henceforth he was no longer persecuted by unreasoning tyranny but, without income, except as his writings supplied it, he was often in the most straitened circumstances.

In 1787 he went to Weimar and not long after he was appointed professor of history in the University of Jena. Afterwards he became associated with the publisher, Cotta, who engaged him to edit a periodical, "Die Horen"—the Hours. It was now that he invited Goethe to contribute to its pages and the fortunate friendship sprang up between them to end only with Schiller's death in 1805.

In many ways, these two great poets of Germany presented a sharp contrast. Goethe was a rugged type, possessing a wonderful physique; he could out-tire the most energetic. Schiller was frail and had slight physical endurance. Goethe dwelt in a concrete world; Schiller took refuge in the abstract. Each stimulated the other and supplied what the other lacked. Goethe's friendship was the source of unending gratification to the younger man, for, regardless of their differences, they had much in common.

Schiller's two historical works, his *Revolt of the Netherlands* and *Thirty Years' War*, are less valuable for their evidences of historical method than for the series of portraits which they delineate. Their author did not concern himself greatly over sources and the verification of data; he sought instead to set forth the dramatic events of those critical times and his characters stand out in bold relief, like the characters of a play.

Schiller's finest work was done in the field of drama, although he never mastered dramatic technique. *Don Carlos* belongs to his early period. The tragic situation when Carlos, son of the Spanish king, found himself unable to forget his love after the king, for reasons of his own, made her queen of Spain, has appealed to various playwrights. It will be remembered that Alfieri chose it as the theme of one of his plays.

Wallenstein, Maria Stuart, the *Maid of Orleans* and *Wilhelm Tell* are best known of all Schiller's writings and excel all others in merit. Wallenstein, the brilliant but faithless general inseparably associated with the Thirty Years' War, fascinated the poet as he labored with his history of this disastrous era. In both *Maria Stuart* and *The Maid of Orleans* he was attracted by the widely differing theories held by friends and foes regarding these two women, who left so deep an imprint upon their generations. *Wilhelm Tell* was woven from an old tradition and the struggle of the brave mountaineers of Switzerland for freedom. Wherever men strove to be free, there Schiller was sure to find congenial spirits.

Critics complain of the faulty dramatic construction of *Wilhelm Tell.* The best reply that can be made them is in the nature of an invitation; to watch a German audience as the play is being presented on the stage, or, better still, by the mountaineers of German Switzerland, in the open air.

In her Golden Age, Germany did not produce many poets of first rank and some there be who would deny this place to Schiller. The Italian critic, Croce, for example, maintains that he belongs to those of secondary rank. If popularity throughout a century may be considered as indicative of poetic power, then Schiller must be accorded high esteem. It is unfortunate that he is forever compared to Goethe, whose lyrical genius was spontaneous and ever flowing. Schiller died while a comparatively young man, whereas Goethe continued his creative work until his eighty-third year.

The liberty that Schiller craved has finally come to his countrymen. His refusal to give way before opposition, his sustained struggle against tyranny, want and physical

disabilities, captured the hearts of the Germans, who so long were denied a share in the political life of their several states and who lacked nationality itself until the latter part of the past century.

POEMS BY SCHILLER IN TRANSLATION

The Partition of the World

"Here, take the world," cried mighty Zeus, addressing
Mankind at large from his high throne above.
"I give it you for ever with my blessings;
But share it with fraternal love."

Then hastened every hand to the partition:
With equal ardour young and aged came.
The crops aroused the husbandman's ambition,
The young blood fixed upon the game.

The merchant ran to fill his stores with treasure,
The Abbot singled out the oldest wine,
The King blocked roads and bridges at his pleasure,
And cried: "A tithe of all is mine."

Just at the last, when all had been provided,
The Poet came; he came from far away.
Alas! no more remained to be divided,
And all things owned some master's sway.

"Ah! Woe is me! am I alone neglected,
Of all mankind thy dearest, truest son?"
Thus wailing loud, in attitude dejected,
He crouched before Jove's awful throne.

"If thou to dwell in dreamland hast elected,"
Replied the god, "lay not the blame on me.
Where wast thou when the sharing was effected?"
"I was," the Poet said, "by thee."

"Mine eye upon thy countenance was dwelling,
Thy heavenly harmony entranced mine ear;
Forgive the mind thine influence compelling
Rendered oblivious of this sphere."

"What can I do?" said Zeus, "for all is given;
The harvest, sport, the markets, all are seized.
But an thou choose to live with me in heaven,
Come when thou will'st, and I shall be well pleased."

VOLTAIRE ROOM IN THE SANS SOUCI PALACE, POTSDAM—THE VERSAILLES OF GERMANS

STATUE OF THE ARCHER IN THE GARDENS AT POTSDAM, GERMANY

The German Art

By no kind Augustus reared,
To no Medici endeared,
German art arose;
Fostering glory smiled not on her,
Ne'er with kingly smiles to sun her,
Did her blooms unclose.

No,—she went by monarchs slighted,
Went unhonoured, unrequited,
From high Frederick's throne;
Praise and pride be all the greater,
That man's genius did create her,
From man's worth alone.

Therefore, all from loftier mountains,
Purer wells and richer fountains,
Streams our poet-art;
So no rule to curb its rushing—
All the fuller flows it gushing
From its deep—the heart!

The Proverbs of Confucius

I

Threefold is the march of time:
While the future slow advances,
Like a dart the present glances,
Silent stands the past sublime.

No impatience e'er can speed him
On his course if he delay;
No alarm, no doubts impede him
If he keep his onward way;
No regrets, no magic numbers
Wake the tranced one from his slumbers.
Wouldst thou wisely and with pleasure,
Pass the days of life's short measure,
From the slow one counsel take,
But a tool of him ne'er make;
Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
Nor the constant one as foe!

II

Threefold is the form of space:
Length, with ever restless motion,
Seeks eternity's wide ocean;
Breadth with boundless sway extends;
Depth to unknown realms descends.

All as types to thee are given;
Thou must onward strive for heaven,
Never still or weary be
Wouldst thou perfect glory see;
Far must thy researches go
Wouldst thou learn the world to know;
Thou must tempt the dark abyss
Wouldst thou prove what *Being* is.

Nought but firmness gains the prize,—
Nought but fulness makes us wise,—
Buried deep, truth ever lies!

The Greatness of the World

'Mid the burst of Creation from Chaos unfurled,
On the wings of the wind I soar over the world;
On the uttermost strand
Of its ocean I land;
And anchor where never a zephyr is known,
And Creation has planted its boundary stone.

I saw the young stars from their cradle arise,
And start on their infinite course through the skies;
I watched them at play
To their goal as they sway;
—It was but a moment, and looking again,
I gazed upon void—not a star in the Main!

To the regions of space I courageously steer,
Outspeeding the light in mine airy career;
The heavens are dim
'Neath the mists as they skim;
Whole systems of planets, whole oceans in flood
Round the track of the sun-hunting wanderer scud.

Lo! A pilgrim I meet on my desolate way.
—"Hold, there, brother Palmer, thy purpose display!"
"To the world's very end
My direction I bend,
To the harbour where never a zephyr is known,
And Creation has planted its boundary stone."

"Thou courtest the Infinite, sailest in vain!"
"Good pilgrim, thou sail'st on a similar plane!
—Thy wings thou must fold,
Be they never so bold!
However adventurous Phantasy's ship,
The anchor of Phantasy never can grip."

THE USE OF THE CHORUS IN TRAGEDY*

A poetical work must vindicate itself—if the execution be defective, little aid can be derived from commentaries.

On these grounds, I might safely leave the chorus to be its own advocate, if we had ever seen it presented in an appropriate manner. But it must be remembered that a dramatic composition first assumes the character of a whole by means of representation on the stage. The poet supplies only the words to which, in a lyrical tragedy, music and rhythmical motion are essential accessories. It follows, then, that if the chorus is deprived of accompaniments appealing so powerfully to the senses, it will appear a superfluity in the economy of the drama—a mere hindrance to the development of the plot—destructive to the illusion of the scene, and wearisome to the spectators.

To do justice to the chorus, more especially if our aims in poetry be of a grand and elevated character, we must transport ourselves from the actual to a possible stage. It is the privilege of art to furnish for itself whatever is requisite, and the accidental deficiencies of auxiliaries ought not to confine the plastic imagination of the poet. He aspires to whatever is most dignified, he labors to realise the ideal in his own mind—though in the execution of his purpose he must needs accommodate himself to circumstance.

The assertion so commonly made, that the public degrades art, is not well founded. It is the artist that brings the public to the level of his own conceptions; and, in every age in which art has gone to decay, it has fallen through its professors. The people need feeling alone, and feeling they possess. They take their station before the curtain with an unvoiced longing, with a multifarious capacity. They bring with them an aptitude for what is highest —they derive the greatest pleasure from what is judicious and true; and if, with these powers of appreciation, they deign to be satisfied with inferior productions, still, if they

have once tasted what is excellent, they will, in the end, insist on having it supplied to them.

It is sometimes objected that the poet may labor according to an ideal—that the critic may judge from ideas, but that mere executive art is subject to contingencies, and depends for effect on the occasion. Managers will be obstinate; actors are bent on display—the audience is inattentive and unruly. Their object is relaxation, and they are disappointed if mental exertion be required, when they expected only amusement. But if the theatre be made instrumental toward higher objects, the pleasure of the spectator will not be increased, but ennobled. It will be a diversion, but a poetical one. All art is dedicated to pleasure, and there can be no higher and worthier end than to make men happy. The true art is that which provides the highest degree of pleasure; and this consists in the abandonment of the spirit to the free play of all its faculties.

Every one expects from the imaginative arts a certain emancipation from the bounds of reality; we are willing to give a scope to fancy, and recreate ourselves with the possible. The man who expects it the least will nevertheless forget his ordinary pursuits, his every-day existence and individuality, and experience delight from uncommon incidents—if he be of a serious turn of mind, he will acknowledge on the stage that moral government of the world which he fails to discover in real life. But he is, at the same time, perfectly aware that all is an empty show, and that, in a true sense, he is feeding only on dreams. When he returns from the theatre to the world of realities, he is again compressed within its narrow bounds; he is its denizen as before—for it remains what it was, and in him nothing has been changed. What, then, has he gained beyond a momentary illusive pleasure which vanished with the occasion?

It is because a passing recreation is alone desired, that a mere show of truth is thought sufficient. I mean that probability or vraisemblance which is so highly esteemed, but which the commonest workers are able to substitute for the true.

Art has for its object not merely to afford a transient pleasure, to excite to a momentary dream of liberty; its

aim is to make us absolutely free; and this it accomplishes by awakening, exercising, and perfecting in us a power to remove to an objective distance the sensible world (which otherwise only burdens us as rugged matter and presses us down with a brute influence); to transform it into the free working of our spirit, and thus acquire a dominion over the material by means of ideas. For the very reason also that true art requires somewhat of the objective and real, it is not satisfied with a show of truth. It rears its ideal edifice on truth itself—on the solid and deep foundations of nature.

But how art can be at once altogether ideal, yet in the strictest sense real—how it can entirely leave the actual, and yet harmonise with nature, is a problem to the multitude—and hence the distorted views which prevail in regard to poetical and plastic works; for to ordinary judgments these two requisites seem to counteract each other.

It is commonly supposed that one may be attained by the sacrifice of the other—the result is a failure to arrive at either. One to whom nature has given a true sensibility, but denied the plastic imaginative power, will be a faithful painter of the real; he will adapt casual appearances, but never catch the spirit of nature. He will only reproduce to us the matter of the world, which, not being our own work, the product of our creative spirit, can never have the beneficent operation of art, of which the essence is freedom. Serious, indeed, but unpleasing, is the cast of thought with which such an artist and poet dismisses us—we feel ourselves painfully thrust back into the narrow sphere of reality by means of the very art which ought to have emancipated us. On the other hand, a writer, endowed with a lively fancy, but destitute of warmth and individuality of feeling, will not concern himself in the least about truth; he will sport with the stuff of the world, and endeavor to surprise by whimsical combinations; and as his whole performance is nothing but foam and glitter, he will, it is true, engage the attention for a time, but build up and confirm nothing in the understanding. His playfulness is, like the gravity of the other, thoroughly unpoetical. To string together at will fantastical images, is not to travel into the realm of the ideal: and the imitative reproduction of the

actual cannot be called the representation of nature. Both requisites stand so little in contradiction to each other that they are rather one and the same thing; that art is only true insomuch as it altogether forsakes the actual, and becomes purely ideal. Nature herself is an idea of the mind, and is never presented to the senses. She lies under the veil of appearances, but is herself never apparent. To the art of the ideal alone is lent, or, rather, absolutely given, the privilege to grasp the spirit of the all, and bind it in a corporeal form.

Yet, in truth, even art cannot present it to the senses, but by means of her creative power to the imaginative faculty alone; and it is thus that she becomes more true than all reality, and more real than all experience. It follows from these premises that the artist can use no single element taken from reality as he finds it—that his work must be ideal in all its parts, if it be designed to have, as it were, an intrinsic reality, and to harmonise with nature.

What is true of art and poetry, in the abstract, holds good as to their various kinds; and we may apply what has been advanced to the subject of tragedy. In this department, it is still necessary to controvert the ordinary notion of the natural, with which poetry is altogether incompatible. A certain ideality has been allowed in painting, though, I fear, on grounds rather conventional than intrinsic; but in dramatic works what is desired is illusion, which, if it could be accomplished by means of the actual, would be, at best, a paltry deception. All the externals of a theatrical representation are opposed to this notion; all is merely a symbol of the real. The day itself in a theatre is an artificial one; the metrical dialogue is itself ideal; yet the conduct of the play must forsooth be real, and the general effect sacrificed to a part. Thus the French, who have utterly misconceived the spirit of the ancients, adopted on the stage the unities of time and place in the most common and empirical sense; as though there were any place but the bare ideal one, or any other time than the mere sequence of the incidents.

By the introduction of a metrical dialogue an important progress has been made toward the poetical tragedy. A

few lyrical dramas have been successful on the stage, and poetry, by its own living energy, has triumphed over prevailing prejudices. But so long as these erroneous views are entertained little has been done—for it is not enough barely to tolerate as a poetic license that which is, in truth, the essence of all poetry. The introduction of the chorus would be the last and decisive step; and if it only served this end, namely to declare open and honorable warfare against naturalism in art, it would be for us a living wall which tragedy had drawn around herself, to guard her from contact with the world of reality, and maintain her own ideal soil, her poetical freedom.

It is well known that the Greek tragedy had its origin in the chorus; and though, in process of time, it became independent, still it may be said that poetically, and in spirit, the chorus was the source of its existence, and that without these persevering supporters and witnesses of the incident a totally different order of poetry would have grown out of the drama. The abolition of the chorus, and the debasement of this sensibly powerful organ into the characterless substitute of a confidant, is by no means such an improvement in tragedy as the French, and their imitators, would have it supposed to be.

The old tragedy, which at first only concerned itself with gods, heroes and kings, introduced the chorus as an essential accompaniment. The poets found it in nature, and for that reason employed it. It grew out of the poetical aspect of real life. In the new tragedy it becomes an organ of art which aids in making the poetry prominent. The modern poet no longer finds the chorus in nature; he must needs create and introduce it poetically; that is, he must resolve on such an adaptation of his story as will admit of its retrocession to those primitive times, and to that simple form of life.

The chorus thus renders more substantial service to the modern dramatist than to the old poet—and for this reason, that it transforms the commonplace actual world into the old poetical one; that it enables him to dispense with all that is repugnant to poetry, and conducts him back to the most simple, original, and genuine motives of action. The

palaces of kings are in these days closed—courts of justice have been transferred from the gates of cities to the interior of buildings; writing has narrowed the province of speech; the people itself—the sensibly living mass—when it does not operate as brute force, has become a part of the civil polity, and thereby an abstract idea in our minds; the deities have returned within the bosoms of mankind. The poet must reopen the palaces—he must place courts of justice beneath the canopy of heaven—restore the gods, reproduce every extreme which the artificial frame of actual life has abolished—throw aside every facetious influence on the mind or condition of man which impedes the manifestation of his inward nature and primitive character, as the statuary rejects modern costume—and of all external circumstances adopts nothing but what is palpable in the highest of forms—that of humanity.

But precisely as the painter throws around his figures draperies of ample volume, to fill up the space of his picture richly and gracefully, to arrange its several parts in harmonious masses, to give due play to color, which charms and refreshes the eye—and at once to envelop human forms in a spiritual veil, and make them visible—so the tragic poet inlays and entwines his rigidly contracted plot and the strong outlines of his character, with a tissue of lyrical magnificence, in which, as in flowing robes of purple, they move freely and nobly, with a sustained dignity and exalted repose.

In a higher organization, the material, or the elementary, need not be visible; the chemical color vanishes in the finer tints of the imaginative one. The material, however, has its peculiar effect, and may be included in an artistical composition. But it must deserve its place by animation, fulness, and harmony, and give value to the ideal forms which it surrounds, instead of stifling them by its weight.

In respect of the pictorial art, this is obvious to ordinary apprehension, yet in poetry likewise, and in the tragical kind, which is our immediate subject, the same doctrine holds good. Whatever fascinates the senses alone is mere matter, and the rude element of a work of art—if it take the lead it will inevitably destroy the poetical—which lies at

the exact medium between the ideal and the sensible. But man is so constituted that he is ever impatient to pass from what is fanciful to what is common; and reflection must, therefore, have its place even in tragedy. But to merit this place it must, by means of delivery, recover what it wants in actual life; for if the two elements of poetry, the ideal and the sensible, do not operate with an inward mutuality, they must at least act as allies—or poetry is out of the question. If the balance be not intrinsically perfect, the equipoise can only be maintained by an agitation of both scales.

This is what the chorus effects in tragedy. It is, in itself, not an individual but a general conception; yet the senses with an imposing grandeur. It forsakes the contracted sphere of the incidents to dilate itself over the past and future, over distant times and nations, and general humanity, to deduce the grand results of life, and pronounce the lessons of wisdom. But all this it does with the full power of fancy—with a bold lyrical freedom which ascends, as with godlike step, to the topmost height of worldly things; and it effects it in conjunction with the whole sensible influence of melody and rhythm, in tones and movements.

The chorus thus exercises a purifying influence on tragic poetry, insomuch as it keeps reflection apart from the incidents, and by this separation arms it with a poetical vigor; as the painter, by means of a rich drapery, changes the ordinary poverty of costume into a charm and an ornament.

But as the painter finds himself obliged to strengthen the tone of color of the living subject, in order to counterbalance the material influences—so the lyrical effusions of the chorus impose upon the poet the necessity of a proportionate elevation of his general diction. It is the chorus alone which entitles the poet to employ this fulness of tone, which at once charms the senses, pervades the spirit, and expands the mind. This one giant form on his canvas obliges him to mount all his figures on the cothurnus, and thus impart a tragical grandeur to his picture. If the chorus be taken away, the diction of the tragedy must generally be lowered, or what is now great and majestic will appear forced and overstrained. The old chorus introduced into the French tragedy would present it in all its poverty,

and reduce it to nothing; yet, without doubt, the same accompaniment would impart to Shakespeare's tragedy its true significance.

As the chorus gives life to the language—so also it gives repose to the action; but it is that beautiful and lofty repose which is characteristic of a true work of art. For the mind of the spectator ought to maintain its freedom through the most impassioned scenes; it would not be the mere prey of impressions, but calmly and severely detach itself from the emotions which it suffers. The commonplace objection made to the chorus, that it disturbs the illusion, and blunts the edge of the feelings, is what constitutes its highest recommendation; for it is this blind force of the affections which the true artist deprecates—this illusion is what he disdains to excite. If the strokes which tragedy inflicts on our bosoms followed without respite—the passion would overpower the action. We should mix ourselves up with the subject matter, no longer stand above it. It is by holding asunder the different parts, and stepping between the passions with its composing views, that the chorus restores to us our freedom, which would else be lost in the tempest. The characters of the drama need this intermission in order to collect themselves; for they are no real beings who obey the impulse of the moment, and merely represent individuals—but ideal persons and representatives of their species, who enunciate the deep things of humanity.

Thus much on my attempt to revive the old chorus on the tragic stage. It is true that choruses are not unknown to modern tragedy; but the chorus of the Greek drama, as I have employed it—the chorus, as a single ideal person, furthering and accompanying the whole plot—is of an entirely distinct character; and when, in discussion on the Greek tragedy, I hear mention made of choruses, I generally suspect the speaker's ignorance of his subject. In my view the chorus has never been reproduced since the decline of the old tragedy.

I have divided it into two parts, and represented it in contest with itself; but this occurs where it acts as a real person, and as an unthinking multitude. As chorus and an ideal person it is always one and entire. I have also several

times dispensed with its presence on the stage. For this liberty I have the example of Æschylus, the creator of tragedy, and Sophocles, the greatest master of his art.

Another license it may be more difficult to excuse. I have blended together the Christian religion and the pagan mythology, and introduced recollections of the Moorish superstition. But the scene of the drama is Messina—where these three religions either exercised a living influence, or appealed to the senses in monumental remains. Besides, I consider it a privilege of poetry to deal with different religions as a collective whole, in which everything that bears an individual character, and expresses a peculiar mode of feeling, has its place. Religion itself, the idea of a divine power, lies under the veil of all religions; and it must be permitted to the poet to represent it in the form which appears the most appropriate to his subject.

*By Schiller.

HEINE

Among the later German Romanticists, Heine's superior lyrical genius is everywhere recognized. His writings exhibit strange contradictions and glaring inconsistencies that are to be explained only by his life.

To be self-centered is allowed the poet, without fault or blame; for it is the personal joy and suffering, the individual passion, gratification or remorse, that those touched by the poetic wand first experience, then set forth for the edification of the whole world, one man's life epitomizing human existence. Shelley, Byron and Keats searched their own hearts and, thus inspired, penned lines which continue to inspire others. It is difficult to conceive of greater self absorption than that exemplified by Shelley; Heine furnishes a possible example.

Heinrich Heine was born of Jewish parents in Düsseldorf, in the last month of the year 1797. Schiller then had only eight more years allotted to him; Goethe was probably the most distinguished man of letters in the entire world. As in the case of Disraeli, from the outset curious contrasts presented themselves to influence Heine; a Jewish lad who grew up in a German town administered by the French. For this was during the period wherein Emperor Napoleon spread wide the boundaries of France and worked such changes in the affairs of the continent that the dying Pitt, possessing to the end his astute penetration, could exclaim: "Roll up the map of Europe; it will not be needed these ten years!"

Napoleon passed through Düsseldorf on one occasion during Heine's boyhood and straightway became his hero. The citizens of the town had found their lot improved by French occupation; taxes were more equally apportioned. It is true, the frequent levying of troops caused consternation but, on the other hand, the people gloried in the great deeds which were wrought by their brilliant emperor.

Heine was sent to Hamburg to learn merchandizing under his prosperous uncle, Solomon Heine. In a short time

his utter incapacity for a commercial life was demonstrated. The indulgent uncle thereupon furnished him with the means to enter Bonn University, to study law. Heine had become attached to his cousin, Amalie, who could not be induced to take his attentions seriously. His disappointment in this affair of the heart was sung in a variety of keys. Other love affairs came into his life but the sincerity of his grief, the passion of his first serious devotion contributed to his early love-songs a quality scarcely to be found in those of mature experience.

By temperament Heine was prone to antagonize. At Göttingen University, where he went to complete his law course, his observations on the reaction which followed the downfall of Napoleon were received with disfavor. He withdrew for awhile, studying in Berlin. In 1825, for expediency's sake, he "submitted" to Christian baptism, for Jews were under various handicaps in Germany.

From the time of his graduation in 1825, he traveled for six years, his uncle providing his income. In 1826 he established a reputation for ability to write in prose and poetry, upon publication of his *Harzreise* (A Journey in the Harz). As in many of his descriptive travels, Heine wrote of the reactions he experienced in new places rather than of their general appearance. In 1827, his first *Buch der Lieder*—book of songs—was given to the public.

"As to the works of the first period, we might hesitate to say whether the *Pictures of Travel* or the *Book of Songs* were the more characteristic product. In which every way our judgment finally inclined, we should declare that the *Pictures of Travel* were essentially prosified poems and that the poems were, in their collected form, versified *Pictures of Travel.*"[1]

After the Revolution of 1830, due to the frankness with which Heine had expressed his sympathy with those striving for freedom, it was unsafe for him longer to remain in Germany. He thereupon took up his residence in Paris where the remainder of his life was spent. He has been accused of lack of patriotism for this act and for his political position in general. However, it should be remembered that until the second half of the nineteenth century, there

was no such thing as unified Fatherland. A tyrannical duke exclaimed to a subject who appealed to him in the name of the Fatherland: "I am the Fatherland." Under such conditions, it was not singular that Heine clung to French, rather than German culture, being naturally in tune with the French spirit.

Whereas the first portion of his literary career—that prior to his removal to Paris—had been devoted more particularly to poetry, thereafter Heine wrote even more in prose than in verse. The controversy over romanticism engaged his attention and provoked his comment.

The last eight years of his life were ravaged by suffering. His spinal column became affected and he was sorely afflicted. Nevertheless, his spirit surmounted his "mattress grave" and some of his best productions came forth from the bed of pain.

Heine has well been called the "poet of the passing mood." It was perhaps his misfortune that he could see more than one angle of a question, even if it involved his own happiness. He has been termed inconsistent and the mixture of wit and irony, pathos and scorn which are often interwoven in his poems, baffles the critic. With a lacerated heart, torn by conflicting passions, he could turn his subtle irony upon himself, belittling his grief and satirizing his own woe.

"Some of Heine's most perfect products are his smallest. . . . Connecting links are left to be supplied by the imagination of the reader. . . . It is in pieces like these that we find Heine most successfully making of himself the interpreter of objects in the outside world. . . . Thus, *Poor Peter* is the narrative of a humble youth unfortunate in love, but poor Peter's story is Heine's; otherwise, we may be sure, Heine would not have thought it worth the telling. Nothing could seem to be less the property of Heine than *The Lorelei;* nevertheless, he has given to this borrowed subject so personal a turn that instead of the siren we see a human maiden, serenely indifferent to the effect of her charms, which so take the luckless lover that, like the boatmen, he, Heine, is probably doomed ere long to death in the waves."[2]

How often has it been said, with amusement, that whenever a German is happy, he straightway begins to sing:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll' es bedeuten
Das ich so traurig bin,——"

In truth, it is this mood of lingering sadness, touched with happy memories, that is often revealed in Heine's poems. He was passionately fond of the sea and wrote entire series of detached songs of the sea, interpreted humanwise. He felt every mood to be met by the sea, which always seems to respond to man. Its sublimity, relentlessness and limitless wastes not only appealed to him but in its moaning he alone found adequate expression of his grief.

It is needless to observe that lyrical poetry can ill be judged in translation. The poet is master of his medium and paints his pictures in exact words; when one attempts to set these over into another tongue, the entire construction must often be disturbed. The meaning remains, if the translator be conscientious, but the artless phrase, the happy expression, cannot survive the change.

[1] Wm. G. Howard, *Life of Heine.*
[2] Ibid.

From HEINE

1

All in the wondrous month of May,
When every bud was blowing.
Then deep within my bosom
The tender love was growing.

All in the wondrous month of May,
When birds sang late and early,
I told my love and longing
To her I love so dearly.

2

Out of my tears many flowers
In rarest bloom arise,
And the songs of a chorus of nightingales
Re-echo out of my sighs.

And little one, if thou wilt love me,
Thine all the flowers shall be;
And the nightingale at thy window
Shall carol his blithest for thee.

3

The rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
With a passionate love I once loved every one.
I love them no more—but I love the completest,
The neatest and meetest, discreetest and sweetest.
She herself is love's well-spring, and other there's none,
For she's rose and she's lily, she's dove and she's sun.

4

When as I gaze into thine eyes,
Then every pain and sorrow flies;
But when my lips are pressed to thine,
Then perfect health and joy are mine.

And when upon thy heart I rest,
Heaven's ecstacy o'erfloods my breast;

But when thou sayest—I love but thee,
Then I do weep most bitterly.

5

So fair and dear thy features seem,
As now I saw them in my dream;
So sweet, so angel-like thou art,
Yet pale—so pale it breaks my heart.

Still rose hues on thy lips prevail,
But death ere long will kiss them pale.
Even now the heavenly radiance flies
Which shone from out those pure calm eyes.

6

Oh lean thy cheek upon my cheek,
That together our tears may flow!
And to my heart press fast thy heart,
That together their flames may glow.

And when the stream of our tears shall flow
Where that mighty flame is burning,
And when my strong arms round thy body I throw,
I die of wild love's yearning.

7

I will bathe my spirit rejoicing
Deep in the lily's bell;
The lily shall thence be voicing
A song to my bonnibel.

The song shall leap and quiver,
As on her mouth the kiss,
Which she gave me once and for ever
In a moment of wondrous bliss.

8

The stars have stood unmoving
Upon the heavenly plains
For ages, gazing each on each,
With all a lover's pains.

They speak a noble language,
Copious and rich and strong;
Yet none of your greatest schoolmen
Can understand that tongue.

But I have learnt it, and never
Can forget it for my part—
For I used as my only grammar
The face of the joy of my heart.

9

On wings of song I'd bear thee
Away whom I love so well;
Away to the Ganges' prairie;
I know where 'tis fair to dwell.

There in the still noon is sleeping
A gorgeous-flowered grove;
The lotus-flowers are keeping
Watch for the sister they love.

The violets prattle and flutter,
And gaze at the stars above;
In secret the roses utter
Their fragrant stories of love.

Lithe, gentle gazelles come bounding
Nearer to list to the rose;
Afar you may hear resounding,
The Sacred Stream as it flows.

There will be slumber, sinking
Beneath the palm to rest;
Love and repose in-drinking,
And dreaming dreams thrice-blest.

10

The lotus-blossom trembles
At the Sun's resplendent light,
And waits with drooping forehead
In dreams the coming night.

The moon he is her leman,
And wakes her from her dreams
Her chaste flower-face unveiling,
To him, she meets his beams.

She beams and glows and glimmers,
Her upward gaze she strains,
Pours forth her tears and perfume
Of Love, and Love's sweet pains.

11

By Rhine, our sacred river,
On mirroring waves is thrown
With its great Dom for ever,
Our great and sacred Cologne.

High in the Dom hath its station
A picture on leather of gold;
Amid my life's desolation
I saw it, and was consoled.

Flowers and seraphs hover
Around Our Lady there,
Whose eyes, lips, cheeks, discover
The face of my sweetheart fair.

* * * *

48

O Love, in our boat together,
How wrapt in each other were we;
In the silent evening weather
Drifting far o'er the sea.

In haze the moon came stealing
Round the beauteous spirit-isle
Whence lovely sounds were pealing,
And light mists danced the while.

More sweet grew that music peerless,
And waving, swayed the haze;
But we passed by and cheerless
Drifted on wide sea-ways.

49

From ancient fairy stories
Beckons a snow-white hand,
And voices sing the glories
Of Enchanted Land.

Where gorgeous flowers languish
At golden eventide,
Gazing with tender anguish,
As bridegroom looks on bride:

Where all the trees have voices
And join the choral song;
Where every brook rejoices
And, singing, bounds along;

Where love-songs sound more sweetly
Than any mortal lays,
Till rapt desire completely
The joyous senses sways!

Oh in that Land Enchanted
To dwell in ecstacy!
No more by sorrow haunted,
But whole, and gay and free!

Oh, Land of all my yearning,
I see it in my dream.
It flies with day's returning
Like foam upon a stream!

* * * *

THE HOME-COMING

1

In my life's deep gloom and darkness
Once a lovely form shed light;
Now that lovely form has vanished,
I am all enwrapped in night.

Just as children's spirits falter
If they're kept in darkness long;

And to drive away their terror
They set up some noisy song.

I, an untrained child, am singing
Loudly in the darkness here;
If the song be not melodious,
It has freed me from my fear.

2

I know not what it presages
That I am so sad today;
A legend of far-off ages
Will not from my thoughts away.

The air is cool and darkling,
Unruffled flows the Rhine;
The crest of the mountain is sparkling,
The evening sunbeams shine.

There sits on that summit olden
A maiden strangely fair;
Bright flash her jewels golden,
She combs her golden hair.

As she combs that golden treasure
Her song peals from the height;
A wild mysterious measure,
Of overpowering might!

The boatman his shallop steering
It thrills with a wild unrest;
He sees not the reef he is nearing,
He sees but that mountain crest.

I know that full soon the eddy
Engulfed both sailor and skiff,
And this was the work of the Lorelei
Who sang to him from the cliff.

* * * *

64

I would that my sea of troubles
Could flow into one word alone;

To the blithesome winds I would give it,
They blithely would waft it to one.

Would waft it to thee, beloved,
That word of pain and care!
Thou shouldst hear it at every instant,
Shouldst hear it everywhere.

And soon as, when night came upon thee,
Thine eyelids closed in sleep,
Through the deepest depths of thy dreaming
My word should surely sweep.

65

He who for the first time loves,
Albeit hopeless, is a god.
But for him whose love is hopeless,
Once again—he is a fool.

I am such a fool, and hopeless
Love once more, no true love winning;
Sun and moon and stars are laughing,
I am laughing too—and dying.

* * * *

STORM

How rages the storm!
How he scourges the deep!
And, foaming with rage, it raves and the waves
Pile themselves up, and the white water-mountains
Heave as with life!
And the good ship climbs up them,
Straining and toiling,
Then plunges down madly
In the dark gaping chasm of billows.

Oh Sea!
Mother of Beauty, the foam-sprung goddess,
Grandam of Love, have pity on me!
For the white spectral sea-mew flutters
With a wail as of spirits departed,
And sharpens her bill on the yard-arm,
And greedily gapes for the heart

Which is filled with the praise of thy daughter,
The heart which thy grandchild, the tiny rogue,
Takes for his toy.

In vain are entreaties and tears!
My cries die away on the bellowing storm,
In the wind's battle-roar,
And it whistles and screams, and rattles and howls,
Like a Bedlam of noises.
Yet amidst all I hear clearly
Tones of entrancing harps,
Song that is wild with yearning,
Melting the soul and racking the soul,
And the voice is one that I know.

On the iron-bound coast of Scotland
Afar, where the grey old castle rises,
By the tumultous sea,
There at the high-vaulted window
Standeth a woman, suffering and lovely,
Tender, translucent, and marble pale.
And she touches the harp and sings.
And the wind whirls through her streaming tresses,
And bears her gloomy song
Over the wide, storm-ridden sea.

* * * *

The Epilogue

Even as ears of the wheat in wheat-fields,
So flourish and sway in the spirit of man
Thoughts and fancies.
But the tenderest fancies and thoughts are
Thoughts of love, like the flowers amongst them,
Flowers, blue and scarlet.

Flowers, blue and scarlet!
The reaper disdainful rejects you as worthless.
Stout ashen flails will descend on you mocking;
Even the penniless wanderer
Whom your loveliness charms and inspirits,
Shaking his head,
Calleth you slight, pretty weeds.
But the poor village maiden,

Twining her wreaths for the fête,
Will gather and guard you;
Decks with your beauty her fair young tresses,
And brightly adorned hastes to the dancing,
Where fluting and fiddling sound gaily;
Or to the silent copses,
Or the silent corpses,
Where the voice of her dearest sounds yet more delicious
Than fluting and fiddling.

New Spring

1

White the tree where you are sitting;
You can hear the far wind railing,
And you watch the brooding heavens
That the sullen mists are veiling;

And you see how shorn the meadow,
And how dead and drear the world is:
Winter round you and within you,
For your frozen heart as cold is.

On a sudden fall the snowflakes,
And you fancy, vexed a minute,
That the tree has rained upon you
All the snow that it had in it.

'Twas not snow that fell so whitely;
Sweetly startled, you discover
Spring has loosed her fragrant petals,
And they tease, and star you over.

Ah, the rapture and the wonder!
Where the snow was, blossoms thronging;
Merry May, instead of winter;
For your heart, new love and longing.

2

Like a maiden shy for gladness,
Leaves unfold them in the wood;
"Gentle Spring, I give thee greeting!"
Laughs the sun in merry mood.

'Tis, O nightingale! thy music
'Plaining blissful in the grove;
Long and sweet thy notes are sobbing,
And thy song is utter love!

3

The lovely eyes of the spring-sweet night
Look down and heal my pain:
"Has Love abased thee with his might,
O Love will raise again."

And Philomela on the lime
Now sweetly sings her sadness;
The music's goal is in my soul,
That hears, and swells for gladness.

4

I'm in love with a flower, but know not which:
So I grieve apart.
I peer in each cup for a treasure rich;
I look for a heart.

In the sunset gold the nightingales pine,
The flowers are sweet.
I look for a heart that's as fond as mine,
And as fond shall beat.

The nightingale sings, and I know, I know
What her song says clear;
We are both so fearful and full of woe,
Of woe and fear.

5

With many a bud and posy,
O May is come anew!
And clouds are sailing rosy,
Above in heaven's blue.

The nightingales are singing
From their high, embowered seat;
The lambkins white are springing
In the clover green and sweet.

Too sick for singing, springing,
Alone on a grassy spot,
I hear a distant ringing,
And dream, I know not what.

6

In my heart there's music low,
Lovely bells are chiming;
Little song, swell out and go
Springward with your rhyming.

To the bowers that house the flowers
Hasten for the meeting.
If you chance upon a rose,
Say, I send her greeting.

The butterfly is in love with the rose:
Flits round her for delight;
But himself the amorous sunbeam woos,
Hovering soft and golden-bright.

And who is the rose in love with, say?
I've sought the answer far;
Is it the singing nightingale?
Is it the silent evening star?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
But each and all love I—
The rose, the sun, the evening star,
The nightingale and the butterfly!

8

All the trees are ringing music,
There's a singing in each nest—
In this woodland orchestration,
Who is leader of the rest?

Can it be the grey-winged plover,
Nodding grave and circumspectly?
Or the pedant who, up yonder,
Times his "cuckoo" so correctly?

Or perhaps the stork who sternly
Looks the leader to the life,
And with noisy bill is tapping
In the loud, melodious strife?

No, the leader's in my bosom
Who's conducting all the grove;
I can hear the time he's beating,
And I think his name is Love.

* * * *

32

Through the wood, and through the shining
Of the moon, I saw them going:
Saw the elves where they were riding,
Bells a-ringing, horns a-blowing;

And a golden antler carried
All the white and gleaming horses,
And wild swans they seemed in flying
Through the air upon their courses;

And the elfin queen was laughing,
And she nodded to me under.
Was my love, my new love greeted?
Was it death she meant, I wonder?

33

Every morn I send thee violets
Found at dawn in woodland bowers,
And at night I bring the roses
I have plucked in dusky hours.

Dost thou know the fragrant secret
That the pretty flowers tell?
Through the day thou shalt be faithful,
And at night shalt love me well.

* * * *

36

Spring, that turns my days to music,
Fills the night with music too;
To my deepest dreams it follows—
Greenly echoes, piercing through.

Only there the birds sing sweeter:
Flute as birds of fable did;
Winds are softer; from the violet
Milder yearns the fragrance hid.

And the roses, blooming redder,
Wear a childlike golden glory,
Like the little heads of angels
In some holy, painted story.

And, a nightingale myself then,
To the roses red I seem
To be pouring out my passion—
Magic music in a dream;

Till the sun, arising, wakes me
Or, perhaps, the lovely song
Of the nightingales—those others—
That before my window throng.

38

Grave is the spring; she dreams of sadness,
And moved with grief the flowers blow;
The nightingale, for all her gladness,
Hides in her song a note of woe.

Ah, smile not thou, my dear, my fair one!
Thy friendly smile too joyful is.
Nay, weep! A tear, did it but bear one,
From off thy cheek I fain would kiss.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHERS

IT is evident in a cursory outline of the political and literary development of modern Germany, it would be out of the question to attempt to elucidate the systems of abstract thought which have succeeded one another. The wide field of philosophy requires separate and specific treatment. In this connection we are interested only in Kant and his successors for their influence upon the times in general and for their writings as these may properly find a place in the modern literature of this country.

It was Jean Paul Richter who once wrote: "God has given to the French the land, to the English the sea, and to the Germans the empire of the air." Because they were so long excluded from the political arena, which shut them out of many economic and social questions as well as from those pertaining to government, German thinkers turned to those realms wherein the mandates of potentates did not obtain: science, mathematics and philosophy. To be sure, in lands of freest thought men were diligently at work upon scientific investigation, trying as well to solve the profound problems of life and the universe; devotion along these lines was by no means restricted to the scholars of Germany. However, during periods wherein they were hampered by absolutism and its meddlesome vigilance, they experienced no limitations in the fields of abstract thought.

Of all modern philosophers, Immanuel Kant is conceded to be greatest. Many there be who accord him first place among modern minds. He revolutionized the study of philosophy and exerted a predominant influence throughout the nineteenth century.

Immanuel Kant was born in Königsberg, Prussia, in 1724; he lived to be eighty years of age. His grandfather removed to Germany from Scotland where the family name, Cant, is not uncommon. Kant was graduated from the local university and never journeyed more than forty miles from his home during his entire life. Later he taught

logic and metaphysics at Königsberg. Not until 1770 was he made professor. Due to his remarkable lectures, students flocked from various parts of the country to hear him. Kant was a small man of retiring nature. There was nothing whatever in his personality to suggest that he would leave a mark upon his own and subsequent ages.

Any attempt to read his works will quickly convince the majority that they were not penned for rapid perusal. Indeed, it is well-nigh impossible to comprehend Kant without having some knowledge of the philosophical trend during previous years. Throughout the eighteenth century the rationalists had ruled supreme. Reason was enthroned and everything subjected to its tests.

The Englishmen, John Locke and Bishop Berkeley, had put forth their interpretations as to the criteria of knowledge; the Scotch Hume had made his contribution. It was the work of these three men who awakened Kant from what he afterwards termed his "dogmatic slumber."

Locke in his *Human Understanding* had claimed that *all* our knowledge comes from experience and sense perception. Mind at birth is but a sheet of white paper; nothing ever finds a place in it save what has first been apprehended by the senses. This was a purely materialistic philosophy. Bishop Berkeley carried the argument a step farther: since all is apprehended by the senses, matter is itself but a sense perception, not a reality; only mind exists. Durant says: "It was a brilliant idea—to refute materialism by the simple expedient of showing that we know no such thing as matter; in all Europe only a Gaelic imagination could have conceived this metaphysical magic."

David Hume continued the argument. Mind, like matter, can be known only through perception, in this instance, introspective. Only ideas, memories and so on are perceived; mind is but a series of ideas and memories. We never perceive laws; we merely perceive causes and effects and infer laws. The mind is but a summary of experiences. It was small wonder, after this, that many saw little more in the whole philosophical system than the witticism which

gained popularity for the moment: "No matter, never mind."

Kant published his *Critique of Pure Reason* in 1781. The word *critique* has the significance of analysis. By *pure* reason, Kant referred to the intellect or mind apart from sense perception; by *reason,* knowledge which is inherent because of the structure of our minds. For him the mind is an organ which transforms the raw material delivered to us through the senses into orderly thought. Kant held that the mind possesses *a priori* knowledge and it is the nature and structure of the mind which must be studied. Transcendental philosophy is the study of the mind apart from sense perception.

He omitted all examples and concrete illustrations from his book, claiming that to include such would make it too lengthy; as it stands, the work comprises eight hundred pages. One might study Kant for a lifetime and then hesitate to say that he grasped his teachings in their entirety.

Our concern is rather with his moral influence, which has been tremendous. He held that religion is based upon moral law, need of which is inherent in human nature. God, immortality and duty were the foundation stones of his moral teaching. The first two he assumed; the third, he preached. In conflict with *duty,* personal happiness is naught. The call of duty transcends everything else. It would be impossible to say to how great an extent his insistence as to the call of duty has influenced the world since his day. In the midst of one of Stevenson's stories, one is suddenly confronted with the lines: "Happiness is not an end but an accident; pain is the choice of the magnanimous; it is best to suffer all things and do well." There Kantian morality is heard.

Kant grounded his morals upon the necessity of mankind. He says, a man may will to lie but he cannot will that lying become a universal law, since, were such the case, society must perish, no promise or agreement being longer to be depended upon. Man's conduct must ever be guided by this: what would be the effect upon society if this were to become universal?

All the finely spun theories regarding individual rights

Summer Residence of Former Austrian Monarchs, At Schönbrunn, Near Vienna

A Street Corner in Modern Vienna

Showing the roof design of the famous cathedral. Such roofs are common in this section of Europe

and liberties of the Romanticists vanished into air before the clear clarion call of duty, that imperious voice which must be heard and with which compromise may not be made.

Fichte, Schelling, Herder, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche are all names to be reckoned with in the period that has elapsed since Kant's three *Critiques* on *Pure Reason, Practical Reason,* and *Judgment,* wrought their epoch-making transformations.

Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762-1814) was the son of a ribbon-weaver. His education was made possible by the assistance of a nobleman who became interested in him. He studied at Jena and Leipzig and then tutored in noble families. Finally he went to Königsberg to meet Kant, who received him with formality until Fichte placed in his hands his own *Critique of all Revelation.* This elicited the sage's praise. It was published anonymously and was attributed to Kant by people generally until he corrected the error. Fichte's reputation was now made. In 1794 he was appointed to lecture at Jena; in 1810 he joined the group of illustrious men who made the new university at Berlin famous.

Fichte's philosophy is termed idealistic. He taught that the world is a product of the ego, existing only through the ego, for and in the ego. The creative ego is a universal self, finding expression through the individual. God is the All; the world, the result of refraction. He was an inspiring lecturer whose halls were always crowded.

Friedrich Wilhelm Schelling (1775-1854) was the son of a clergyman. He taught in Jena and became acquainted with the regal minds that gathered around the Duke of Weimar. At first in harmony with Fichte's idealism, he later diverged and leaned more and more toward theosophy. Today his contributions to philosophy are more interesting historically than as a permanent link in the long chain of philosophical thought.

Greatest of German philosophers since Kant is Hegel (1770-1831). He was born in Stuttgart and attended the university of Tübingen when Schelling was a student there. About the dawn of the nineteenth century he broke away

from the systems of Fichte and Schelling. He lectured at Heidelberg in 1816 and remained there until he was called to fill the vacancy caused by Fichte's death in Berlin.

Hegel advanced the System of the Absolute Idea. As the scientist is concerned with general truths, one exception or another being nothing in his wide sweep of thought, so Hegel was absorbed with the universe as a whole; the individual did not concern him. He saw reality to be a process. Change seemed to him to be as important as it had been to Heraclitus, who, long before our era, had declared that nothing in the world is permanent save the law of change itself.

Hegel's interpretation of history led to a new understanding of it. "Everything in the world," so Hegel holds, "is the result of a process which involves the overcoming of a negative element. Without such an element to overcome, the world would be indeed an inert and irrational affair."

The influence of Hegelian philosophy has been far-reaching. John Dewey, in our own country, is one of his notable followers.

Schopenhauer (1788-1860) built on the foundational work of those before him. He claimed that every man is a child until he has comprehended Kant. Arthur Schopenhauer was the son of a banker and poverty, that often pressed heavily upon men of genius, was unknown to him. The unhappy influences that attended his childhood, due to the incompatibility of his parents, left an indelible imprint upon his mind. He went to Berlin to hear the lectures of Fichte, later taking a degree from Jena. Goethe and other gifted minds of Weimar were known to him. He chose to lecture at Berlin while Hegel was teaching there. As he elected to talk at the same hours this popular lion of philosophy was heard, it was not strange that his class rooms were generally empty. Thereupon he abandoned teaching.

It was the profound tragedy of life that impressed Schopenhauer. Explain it away as one will, whether due to man's ignorance or wilfulness, the fact remains that the minor chords predominate. Schopenhauer regarded

resignation as sublime wisdom; music only, he held, is capable of giving expression to man's yearnings and his griefs.

Schopenhauer belongs to the era of realism which was already on its way while the later romanticists were still active.

In view of the great pessimist's acrid sentiments regarding women, it is not strange that they have rarely approached his theories in a sympathetic mood. A man's conception of the opposite sex must inevitably be largely influenced by the type of women that he has known and observed.

THE METHOD OF TRANSCENDENTALISM*

If we look upon the whole knowledge of pure and speculative reason as an edifice of which we possess at least the idea within ourselves, we may say that in the Elements of Transcendentalism we made an estimate of the materials and determined for what kind of edifice and of what height and solidity they would suffice. We found that although we had thought of a tower that would reach to the sky, the supply of materials would suffice for a dwelling-house only, sufficiently roomy for all our business on the level plain of experience, and high enough to enable us to survey it: and that the original bold undertaking could not but fail for want of materials, not to mention the confusion of tongues which inevitably divided the labourers in their views of the building, and scattered them over all the world, where each tried to erect his own building according to his own plan. At present, however, we are concerned not so much with the material as with the plan, and though we have been warned not to venture blindly on a plan which may be beyond our powers, we cannot altogether give up the erection of a solid dwelling, but have to make the plan for a building in proportion to the material which we possess, and sufficient for all our real wants. This determination of the formal conditions of a complete system of pure reason I call the Method of Transcendentalism. We shall here have to treat of a *discipline,* a *canon,* an *architectonic,* and lastly, a *history* of pure reason, and shall have to do, from a transcendental point of view, what the schools attempt, but fail to carry out properly, with regard to the use of the understanding in general, under the name of *practical logic.* The reason of this failure is that general logic is not limited to any particular kind of knowledge, belonging to the understanding (not for instance to its pure knowledge), nor to certain objects. It cannot, therefore, without borrowing knowledge from other sciences, do more than produce titles of *possible methods* and technical terms which are used in different sciences in reference to their systematical arrangement, so that the pupil becomes ac-

quainted with names only, the meaning and application of which he has to learn afterwards.

The History of Pure Reason

This title stands here only in order to indicate the place in the system which remains empty for the present and has to be filled hereafter. I content myself with casting a cursory glance, from a purely transcendental point of view, namely, that of the nature of pure reason, on the labours of former philosophers, which presents to my eyes many structures, but in ruins only.

It is very remarkable, though naturally it could not well have been otherwise, that in the very infancy of philosophy men began where we should like to end, namely, with studying the knowledge of God and the hope or even the nature of a future world. However crude the religious concepts might be which owed their origin to the old customs, as remnants of the savage state of humanity, this did not prevent the more enlightened classes from devoting themselves to free investigations of these matters, and they soon perceived that there could be no better and surer way of pleasing that invisible power which governs the world, in order to be happy at least in another world, than good conduct. Thus theology and morals became the two springs, or rather the points of attraction for all abstract enquiries of reason in later times, though it was chiefly the former which gradually drew speculative reason into those labours which afterwards became so celebrated under the name of metaphysic.

I shall not attempt at present to distinguish the periods of history in which this or that change of metaphysic took place, but only draw a rapid sketch of the difference of the ideas which caused the principal revolutions in metaphysic. And here I find three aims with which the most important changes on this arena were brought about.

1. With *reference to the object* of all knowledge of our reason, some philosophers were mere *sensualists*, others mere *intellectualists*. *Epicurus* may be regarded as the first among the former, *Plato* as the first among the latter. The distinction of these two schools, subtle as it is, dates from

the earliest days, and has long been maintained. Those who belong to the former school maintained that reality exists in the objects of the senses alone, everything else being imagination; those of the second school, on the contrary, maintained, that in the senses there is nothing but illusion, and that the true is known by the understanding only. The former did not, therefore, deny all reality to the concepts of the understanding, but that reality was with them *logical* only, with the others it was *mystical.* The former admitted *intellectual* concepts, but accepted sensible *objects* only. The latter required that true objects should be *intelligible* only, and maintained an *intuition* peculiar to the understanding, separated from the senses which, in their opinion, could only confuse it.

2. With *reference to the origin* of the pure concepts of reason, and whether they are derived from experience, or have their origin independent of experience, in reason. *Aristotle* may be considered as the head of the *empiricists, Plato* as that of the *noologists. Locke,* who in modern times followed *Aristotle,* and *Leibniz,* who followed *Plato* (though at a sufficient distance from his mystical system), have not been able to bring this dispute to any conclusion. *Epicurus* at least was far more consistent in his sensual system (for he never allowed his syllogisms to go beyond the limits of experience) than *Aristotle* and *Locke,* more particularly that latter, who, after having derived all concepts and principles from experience, goes so far in their application as to maintain that the existence of God and the immortality of the soul (though both lie entirely outside the limits of all possible experience) could be proved with the same evidence as any mathematical proposition.

3. With *reference to method.* If anything is to be called method, it must be a procedure *according to principles.* The method at present prevailing in this field of enquiry may be divided into the *naturalistic* and the *scientific.* The naturalist of pure reason lays it down as his principle that, with reference to the highest questions which form the problems of metaphysic, more can be achieved by means of common reason without science (which he calls sound reason), than through speculation. This is the same as if we

should maintain that the magnitude and distance of the moon can be better determined by the naked eye than by roundabout mathematical calculations. This is pure misology reduced to principles, and, what is the most absurd, the neglect of all artificial means is recommended as the best way of enlarging our knowledge. As regards those who are naturalists because they *know no better,* they are really not to be blamed. They simply follow ordinary reason, but they do not boast of their ignorance, as the method which contains the secret how we are to fetch the truth from the bottom of the well of Democritus. *'Quod sapio satis est mihi, non ego curo, esse quod Arcesilas aerumnosique Solones'* (Pers.), is the motto with which they may lead a happy and honoured life, without meddling with science or muddling it.

As regards those who follow a *scientific* method, they have the choice to proceed either *dogmatically* or *sceptically,* but at all events, *systematically.* When I have mentioned in relation to the former the celebrated *Wolf,* and in relation to the other *David Hume,* I may for my present purpose leave all the rest unnamed.

The only path that is still open is the *critical.* If the reader has been kind and patient enough to follow me to the end along this path, he may judge for himself whether, if he will help, as far as in him lies, towards making this footpath a highroad, it may not be possible to achieve, even before the close of the present century, what so many centuries have not been able to achieve, namely, to give complete satisfaction to human reason with regard to those questions which have in all ages exercised its desire for knowledge, though hitherto in vain.

*From *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.*

DESTINY OF MAN

When I contemplate the world as it is, independently of any command, there manifests itself in my interior the wish, the longing, no! not a longing merely—the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance at the relations of men to one another and to Nature, at the weakness of their powers, at the strength of their appetites and passions. It cries to me irresistibly from my innermost soul: "Thus it cannot possibly be destined always to remain. It must, O it must all become other and better!"

I can in no wise imagine to myself the present condition of man as that which is designed to endure. I cannot imagine it to be his whole and final destination. If so, then would everything be dream and delusion, and it would not be worth the trouble to have lived and to have taken part in this ever-recurring, aimless, and unmeaning game. Only so far as I can regard this condition as the means of something better, as a point of transition to a higher and more perfect, does it acquire any value for me. Not on its own account, but on account of something better for which it prepares the way, can I bear it, honor it, and joyfully fulfil my part in it. My mind can find no place, nor rest a moment, in the present; it is irresistibly repelled by it. My whole life streams irrepressibly on toward the future and better.

Am I only to eat and to drink that I may hunger and thirst again, and again eat and drink, until the grave, yawning beneath my feet, swallows me up, and I myself spring up as food from the ground? Am I to beget beings like myself, they also may eat and drink and die, and leave behind them beings like themselves, who shall do the same that I have done? To what purpose this circle which perpetually returns into itself; this game forever recommencing, after the same manner, in which everything is born but to perish, and perishes but to be born again as it was; this monster which forever devours itself that it may produce itself again, and which produces itself that it may again devour itself?

Never can this be the destination of my being and of all being. There must be something which exists because it has been brought forth, and which now remains and can never be brought forth again after it has been brought forth once. And this, that is permanent, must beget itself amid the mutations of the perishing, and continue amid those mutations, and be borne along unhurt upon the waves of time.

As yet our race wrings with difficulty its sustenance and its continuance from reluctant Nature. As yet the larger portion of mankind are bowed down their whole life long by hard labor, to procure sustenance for themselves and the few who think for them. Immortal spirits are compelled to fix all their thinking and scheming, and all their efforts, on the soil which bears them nourishment. It often comes to pass as yet, that when the laborer has ended, and promises himself, for his pains, the continuance of his own existence and of those pains, then hostile elements destroy in a moment what he had been slowly and carefully preparing for years, and delivers up the industrious painstaking man, without any fault of his own, to hunger and misery. It often comes to pass as yet, that inundations, storm-winds, volcanoes desolate whole countries, and mingle works which bear the impress of a rational mind, as well as their authors, with the wild chaos of death and destruction. Diseases still hurry men into a premature grave, men in the bloom of their powers, and children whose existence passes away without fruit or result. The pestilence still stalks through blooming states, leaves the few who escape it bereaved and alone, deprived of the accustomed aid of their companies, and does all in its power to give back to the wilderness the land which the industry of man had already conquered for its own.

So it is, but so it cannot surely have been intended always to remain. No work which bears the impress of reason, and which was undertaken for the purpose of extending the dominion of reason, can be utterly lost in the progress of the times. The sacrifices which the irregular violence of nature draws from reason must at least weary, satisfy, and reconcile that violence. The force which has caused injury by acting without rule cannot be intended to do so in that

way any longer, it cannot be destined to renew itself; it must be used up, from this time forth and forever, by that one outbreak. All those outbreaks of rude force, before which human power vanishes into nothing—those desolating hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanoes, can be nothing else but the final struggle of the wild mass against the lawfully progressive, life-giving, systematic course to which it is nothing but the last concussive strokes in the formation of our globe, now about to perfect itself. That opposition must gradually become weaker and at last exhausted, since, in the lawful course of things, there can be nothing that should renew its power. That formation must at last be perfected, and our destined abode complete. Nature must gradually come into a condition in which we can count with certainty upon her equal step, and in which her power shall keep unaltered a definite relation with that power which is destined to govern it, that is, the human. So far as this relation already exists and the systematic development of nature has gained firm footing, the workmanship of man, by its mere existence and its effects, independent of any design on the part of the author, is destined to react upon nature and to represent in her a new and life-giving principle. Cultivated lands are to quicken and mitigate the sluggish, hostile atmosphere of the eternal forests, wildernesses, and morasses. Well-ordered and diversified culture is to diffuse through the air a new principle of life and fructification, and the sun to send forth its most animating beams into that atmosphere which is breathed by a healthy, industrious and ingenious people. Science, awakened, at first, by the pressure of necessity, shall here-after penetrate deliberately and calmly into the unchangeable laws of nature, overlook her whole power, and learn to calculate her possible developments—shall form for itself a new nature in idea, attach itself closely to the living and active, and follow hard upon her footsteps. And all knowledge which reason has wrung from nature shall be preserved in the course of the times and become the foundation of further knowledge, for the common understanding of our race. Thus shall nature become ever more transparent and penetrable to human perception, even to its innermost secrets. And human power, enlightened and forti-

fied with its inventions, shall rule her with ease and peacefully maintain the conquest once effected. By degrees, there shall be needed no greater outlay of mechanical labor than the human body requires for its development, cultivation and health. And this labor shall cease to be a burden; for the rational being is not destined to be a bearer of burdens.

But it is not nature, it is liberty itself, that occasions the most numerous and the most fearful disorders among our kind. The direst enemy of man is man.

* * * *

It is the destination of our race to unite in one body, thoroughly acquainted with itself in all its parts, and uniformly cultivated in all. Nature, and even the passions and vices of mankind, have, from the beginning, drifted toward this goal. A large part of the road which leads to it is already put behind us, and we may count with certainty that this goal, which is the condition of further, united progress, will be reached in due season. Do not ask history whether mankind, on the whole, have grown more purely moral! They have grown to extended, comprehensive, forceful acts of arbitrary will; but it was almost a necessity of their condition that they should direct that will exclusively to evil.

Neither ask history whether the esthetic education and the rationalistic culture of the understanding, of the foreworld, concentrated upon a few single points, may not have far exceeded, in degree, that of modern times. It might be that the answer would put us to shame, and that the human race is growing older would appear, in this regard, not to have advanced, but to have lost ground.

But ask history in what period the existing culture was most widely diffused and distributed among the greatest number of individuals. Undoubtedly it will be found that, from the beginning of history down to our own day, the few light-points of culture have extended their rays farther and farther from their centers, have seized one individual after another, and one people after another; and that this diffusion of culture is still going on before our eyes.

And this was the first goal of Humanity, on its infinite path. Until this is attained, until the existing culture of an

age is diffused over the whole habitable globe, and our race is made capable of the most unlimited communication with itself, one nation, one quarter of the globe, must await the other, on their common path, and each must bring its centuries of apparent standing still or retrogradation, as a sacrifice to the common bond, for the sake of which, alone, they themselves exist.

When this first goal shall be attained, when everything useful that has been discovered at one end of the earth shall immediately be made known and imparted to all, then humanity, without interruption, without cessation, and without retrocession, with united force, and with one step shall raise itself up to a degree of culture which we lack power to conceive.

From Hegel's INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART

The appropriate expression for our subject is the "Philosophy of Art," or, more precisely, the "Philosophy of Fine Arts." By this expression we wish to exclude the beauty of nature. In common life we are in the habit of speaking of beautiful color, a beautiful sky, a beautiful river, beautiful flowers, beautiful animals, and beautiful human beings. But quite aside from the question, which we wish not to discuss here, how far beauty may be predicated of such objects, or how far natural beauty may be placed side by side with artistic beauty, we must begin by maintaining that artistic beauty is higher than the beauty of nature. For the beauty of art is beauty born—and born again—of the spirit. And as spirit and its products stand higher than nature and its phenomena, by so much the beauty that resides in art is superior to the beauty of nature.

To say that spirit and artistic beauty stand higher than natural beauty, is to say very little, for "higher" is a very indefinite expression, which states the difference between them as quantitative and external. The "higher" quality of spirit and of artistic beauty does not at all stand in a merely relative position to nature. Spirit only is the true essence and content of the world, so that whatever is beauiful is truly beautiful only when it partakes of this higher essence and is produced by it. In this sense natural beauty appears only as a reflection of the beauty that belongs to spirit; it is an imperfect and incomplete expression of the spiritual substance.

Confining ourselves to artistic beauty, we must first consider certain difficulties. The first that suggests itself is the question whether art is at all worthy of a philosophic treatment. To be sure, art and beauty pervade, like a kindly genius, all the affairs of life, and joyously adorn all its inner and outer phases, softening the gravity and the burden of actual existence, furnishing pleasure for idle

moments, and, where it can accomplish nothing positive, driving evil away by occupying its place. Yet, although art wins its way everywhere with its pleasing forms, from the crude adornment of the savages to the splendor of the temple with its marvelous wealth of decoration, art itself appears to fall outside the real aims of life. And though the creations of art cannot be said to be directly disadvantageous to the serious purposes of life, nay, on occasion actually further them by holding evil at bay, on the whole, art belongs to the relaxation and leisure of the mind, while the substantial interests of life demand its exertion. At any rate, such a view renders art a superfluity, though the tender and emotional influence which is wrought upon the mind by occupation with art is not thought necessarily detrimental, because effeminate.

There are others, again, who, though acknowledging art to be a luxury, have thought it necessary to defend it by pointing to the practical necessities of the fine arts and to the relation they bear to morality and piety. Very serious aims have been ascribed to art. Art has been recommended as a mediator between reason and sensuousness, between inclination and duty, as the reconcilor of all these elements constantly warring with one another. But it must be said that, by making art serve two masters, it is not rendered thereby more worthy of a philosophic treatment. Instead of being an end in itself, art is degraded into a means of appealing to higher aims, on the one hand, and to frivolity and idleness, on the other.

Art considered as means offers another difficulty which springs from its form. Granting that art can be subordinated to serious aims and that the results which it thus produces will be significant, still the means used by art is deception, for beauty is appearance, its form is its life; and one must admit that a true and real purpose should not be achieved through deception. Even if a good end is thus, now and then, attained by art its success is rather limited, and even then deception cannot be recommended as a worthy means; for the means should be adequate to the dignity of the end, and truth can be produced by truth alone and not by deception and semblance.

It may thus appear as if art were not worthy of philosophic consideration because it is supposed to be merely a pleasing pastime; even when it pursues more serious aims it does not correspond with their nature. On the whole, it is conceived to serve both grave and light interests, achieving its results by means of deception and semblance.

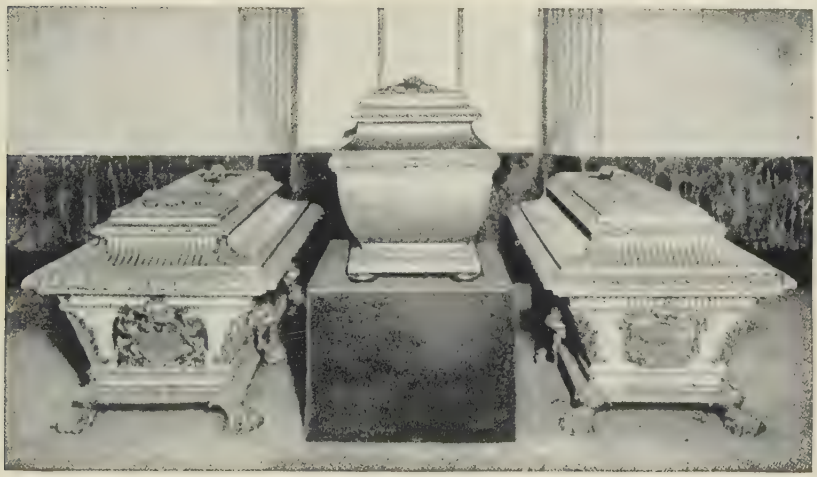
As for the worthiness of art to be philosophically considered, it is indeed true that art can be used as a casual amusement, furnishing enjoyment and pleasure, decorating our surroundings, lending grace to the external conditions of life, and giving prominence to other objects through ornamentation. Art thus employed is indeed not an independent or free, but rather a subservient art. That art might serve other purposes and still retain its pleasure-giving function, is a relation which it has in common with thought. For science, too, in the hands of the servile understanding is used for finite ends and accidental means, and is thus not self-sufficient, but is determined by outer objects and circumstances. On the other hand, science can emancipate itself from such service and can rise in free independence to the pursuit of truth, in which the realization of its own aims is its proper function.

Art is not genuine art until it has thus liberated itself. It fulfils its highest task when it has joined the same sphere with religion and philosophy and has become a certain mode of bringing to consciousness and expression the divine meaning of things, the deepest interests of mankind, and the most universal truths of the spirit. Into works of art the nations have wrought their most profound ideas and aspirations. Fine art often constitutes the key, to an understanding of their wisdom and religion. This character art has in common with religion and philosophy. Art's peculiar feature, however, consists in its ability to represent in *sensuous form* even the highest ideas, bringing them thus nearer to the character of natural phenomena, to the senses, and to feeling. It is the height of a supra-sensuous world into which *thought* reaches, but it always appears to immediate consciousness and to present experience as an alien *beyond*. Through the power of philosophic thinking we are able to soar above what is merely *here*, above

sensuous and finite experience. But spirit can heal the breach between the supra-sensuous and the sensuous brought on by its own advance; it produces out of itself the world of fine art as the first reconciling medium between what is merely external, sensuous, and transient, and the world of pure thought, between nature with its finite reality and the infinite freedom of philosophic reason.

Concerning the unworthiness of art because of its character as appearance and deception, it must be admitted that such criticism would not be without justice, if appearance could be said to be equivalent to falsehood and thus to something that ought not to be. Appearance is essential to reality; truth could not be, did it not shine through appearance. Therefore not appearance in general can be objected to, but merely the particular kind of appearance through which art seeks to portray truth. To charge the appearance in which art chooses to embody its ideas as deception, receives meaning only by comparison with the external world of phenomena and its immediate materiality, as well as with the inner world of sensations and feelings. To these two worlds we are wont, in our empirical work-a-day life, to attribute the value of actuality, reality, and truth, in contrast to art. But, in fact, it is just the whole sphere of the empirical inner and outer world that is not the world of true reality; indeed it may be called a mere show and a cruel deception in a far stricter sense than in the case of art. Only beyond the immediacy of sense and of external objects is genuine reality to be found. Truly real is but the fundamental essence and the underlying substance of nature and of spirit, and the universal element in nature and in spirit is precisely what art accentuates and makes visible. This essence of reality appears also in the common outer and inner world, but it appears in the form of a chaos of contingencies, distorted by the immediateness of sense perception, and by the capriciousness of conditions, events, characters, etc. Art frees the true meaning of appearances from the show and deception of this bad and transient world, and invests it with a higher reality, born of the spirit. Thus, far removed from being mere appearances, the products of art have a higher reality and a more genuine being than the things of ordinary life.

Capuchin Church, Containing Tombs of Austria's Former Monarchs.
Vienna



In the Vault of the Capuchin Church, Vienna
Caskets of Kaiserin Elizabeth, Kaiser Franz Josef I, Crown Prince Rudolf

Symbolic Art

Art begins when the spiritual idea, being itself still indefinite and obscure and ill-comprehended, is made the content of artistic forms. As indefinite, it does not yet have that individuality which the artistic ideal demands; its abstractness and one-sidedness thus render its shape defective and whimsical. The first form of art is therefore rather a mere search after plasticity than a capacity of true representation. The spiritual idea has not yet found its adequate form, but is still engaged in striving and struggling after it. This form we may, in general, call the *symbolic* form of art; in such form the abstract idea assumes a shape in natural sensuous matter which is foreign to it; with this foreign matter the artistic creation begins, from which, however, it seems unable to free itself. The objects of external nature are reproduced unchanged, but at the same time the meaning of the spiritual idea is attached to them. They thus receive the vocation of expressing it, and must be interpreted as if the spiritual idea were actually present in them. It is indeed true that natural objects possess an aspect which makes them capable of representing a universal meaning, but in symbolic art a complete correspondence is not yet possible. In it the correspondence is confined to an abstract quality, as when, for example, a lion is meant to stand for strength.

This abstract relation brings also to consciousness the foreignness of the spiritual idea, having no other reality to express its essence, expatiates in all these natural shapes, seeks itself in their unrest and disproportion, but finds them inadequate to it. It then exaggerates these natural phenomena and shapes them into the huge and the boundless. The spiritual idea revels in them, as it were, seethes and ferments in them, does violence to them, distorts and disfigures them into grotesque shapes, and endeavors by the diversity, hugeness, and splendor of such forms to raise the natural phenomena to the spiritual level. For here it is the spiritual idea which is more or less vague and nonplastic, while the objects of nature have a thoroughly definite form.

The incongruity of the two elements to each other makes the relation of the spiritual idea to objective reality a negative one. The spiritual as a wholly inner element and as the universal substance of all things, is conceived unsatisfied with all externality, and in its *sublimity* it triumphs over the abundance of unsuitable forms. In this conception of sublimity the natural objects and the human shapes are accepted and left unaltered, but at the same time recognized as inadequate to their own inner meaning; it is this inner meaning which is glorified far and above every worldly content.

These elements constitute, in general, the character of the primitive artistic pantheism of the Orient, which either invests even the lowest objects with absolute significance, or forces all phenomena with violence to assume the expression of its world-view. This art becomes therefore bizarre, grotesque, and without taste, or it represents the infinite substance in its abstract freedom turning away with disdain from the illusory and perishing mass of appearances. Thus the meaning can never be completely molded into the expression, and, notwithstanding all the aspiration and effort, the incongruity between the spiritual idea and the sensuous form remains insuperable. This is, then, the first form of art—symbolic art with its endless quest, its inner struggle, its sphinx-like mystery, and its sublimity.

Classical Art

In the second form of art, which we wish to designate as the *classical,* the double defect of symbolic art is removed. The symbolic form is imperfect, because the spiritual meaning which it seeks to convey enters into consciousness in but an abstract and vague manner, and thus the congruity between meaning and form must always remain defective and therefore abstract. This double aspect disappears in the classical type of art; in it we find the free and adequate embodiment of the spiritual idea in the form most suitable to it, and with it meaning and expression are in perfect accord. It is classical art, therefore, which first affords the creation and contemplation of the completed ideal, realizing it as a real fact in the world.

But the congruity of idea and reality in classical art must not be taken in a formal sense of the agreement of a content with its external form; otherwise every photograph of nature, every picture of a countenance, landscape, flower, scene, etc.,which constitutes the aim of a representation, would, through the conformity of content and form, be at once classical. The peculiarity of classical art, on the contrary, consists in its content being itself a concrete idea, and, as such, a concrete spiritual attribute really belongs. It must be the World-Spirit itself that *invented* the proper form for the concrete spiritual idea, for only the spiritual is a truly essential content. For a worthy object of such a content, Nature must be consulted as to whether she contains anything to which a spiritual ideal—the subjective mind—in this case the spirit of art—has only *found* it, and given it natural plastic existence in accordance with free individual spirituality. The form in which the idea, as spiritual and individual, clothes itself when revealed as a temporal phenomenon, is *the human form.* To be sure, personification and anthropomorphism have frequently been described as a degradation of the spiritual; but art, in so far as its task is to bring before direct contemplation the spiritual in sensuous form, must advance to such anthropomorphism, for only in its body can mind appear in an adequately sensuous fashion. The migration of souls is, in this respect, an abstract notion, and physiology should make it one of its fundamental principles that life has necessarily, in its evolution, to advance to the human shape as the only sensuous phenomenon appropriate to the mind.

The human body as portrayed by classical art is not represented in its mere physical existence, but solely as the natural and sensuous form and garb of mind; it is therefore divested of all the defects that belong to the merely sensuous and of all the finite contingencies that appertain to the phenomenal. But if the form be thus purified in order to express the appropriate content, and, furthermore, if the conformity of meaning and expression is to be complete, the content which is the spiritual idea must be perfectly capable of being expressed through the

bodily form of man, without projecting into another sphere beyond the physical and sensuous representation. The result is that Spirit is characterized as a particular form of mind, namely, as human mind, and not as simply absolute and eternal; but the absolute and eternal Spirit must be able to reveal and express itself in a manner far more spiritual.

This latter point brings to light the defect of classical art, which demands its dissolution and its transition to a third and higher form, to wit, the *romantic* form of art.

Romantic Art

The romantic form of art destroys the unity of the spiritual idea and its sensuous form, and goes back, though on a higher level, to the difference and opposition of the two, which symbolic art left unreconciled. The classical form of art attained, indeed, the highest degree of perfection which the sensuous process of art was capable of realizing; and, if it shows any defects, the defects are those of art itself, due to the limitation of its sphere. This limitation has its root in the general attempt of art to represent in sensuous concrete form the infinite and universal Spirit, and in the attempt of the classical type of art to blend so completely spiritual and sensuous existence that the two appear in mutual conformity. But in such a fusion of the spiritual and sensuous aspects Spirit cannot be portrayed according to its true essence, for the true essence of Spirit is its infinite subjectivity; and its absolute internal meaning does not lend itself to a full and free expression in the confinement of the bodily form as its only appropriate existence.

Now, romantic art dissolves the inseparable unity which is the ideal of the classical type, because it has won a content which goes beyond the classical form of art and its mode of expression. This content—if familiar ideas may be recalled—coincides with what Christianity declares to be true of God as Spirit, in distinction to the Greek belief in gods which constitutes the essential and appropriate subject for classical art. The concrete content of Hellenic art implies the unity of the human and divine nature, a unity which, just because it is merely *implied* and *imme-*

diate, permits of a representation in an immediately visible and sensuous mold. The Greek god is the object of naïve contemplation and sensuous imagination; his shape is, therefore, the bodily shape of man; the circle of his power and his essence is individual and confined. To man the Greek god appears as a being and a power with whom he may *feel* a kinship and unity, but this kinship and unity, are not reflected upon or raised into definite knowledge. The higher stage is the *knowledge* of this unconscious unity, which underlies the classical form of art and which it has rendered capable of complete plastic embodiment. The elevation of what is unconscious and implied into self-conscious knowledge brings about an enormous difference; it is the infinite difference which, for example, separates man from the animal. Man is an animal, but, even in his animal functions, does not rest satisfied with the potential and the unconscious as the animal does, but becomes conscious of them, reflects upon them, and raises them—as, for instance, the process of digestion—into self-conscious science. And it is thus that man breaks through the boundary of his merely immediate and unconscious existence, so that, just because he knows himself to be animal, and, through such self-knowledge only, can characterize himself as mind or spirit.

If in the manner just described the unity of the human and divine nature is raised from an *immediate* to a *conscious* unity, the true mold for the reality of this content is no longer the sensuous, immediate existence of the spiritual, the bodily frame of man, but self-consciousness and internal contemplation. For this reason Christianity, in depicting God as Spirit—not as particularized individual mind, but as absolute and universal Spirit—retires from the sensuousness of imagination into the sphere of inner being, and makes this, and not the bodily form, the material and mold of its content; and thus the unity of the human and divine nature is a conscious unity, capable of realization only by spiritual knowledge. The new content, won by this unity, is not dependent upon sensuous representation; it is now exempt from such immediate existence. In this way, however, romantic art becomes art which transcends itself,

carrying on this process of self-transcendence within its own artistic sphere and artistic form.

Briefly stated, the essence of romantic art consists in the artistic object being the free, concrete, spiritual idea itself, which is revealed in its spirituality to the inner, and not the outer, eye. In conformity with such a content, art can, in a sense, not work for sensuous perception, but must aim at the inner mood, which completely fuses with its object, at the most subjective inner shrine, at the heart, the feeling, which, as spiritual feeling, longs for freedom within itself and seeks and finds reconciliation only within the inner recesses of the spirit. This *inner* world is the content of romantic art, and as such an inner life, or as its reflection, it must seek embodiment. The inner life thus triumphs over the outer world—indeed, so triumphs over it that the outer world itself is made to proclaim its victory, through which the sensuous appearance sinks into worthlessness.

On the other hand, the romantic type of art. like every other, needs an external mode of expression. But the spiritual has now retired from the outer mode into itself, and the sensuous externality of form assumes again, as it did in symbolic art, an insignificant and transient character. The subjective, finite mind and will, the peculiarity and caprice of the individual, of character, action, or of incident and plot, assume likewise the character they had in symbolic art. The external side of things is surrendered to accident and committed to the excesses of the imagination, whose caprice now mirrors existence as it is, now chooses to distort the objects of the outer world, into a bizarre and grotesque medley, for the external form no longer possesses a meaning and significance, as in classical art, on its own account and for its own sake. Feeling is now everything. It finds its artistic reflection, not in the world of external things and their forms, but in its own expression; and in every incident and accident of life, in every misfortune, grief, and even crime, feeling preserves or regains its healing power of reconciliation.

Hence, the indifference, incongruity, and antagonism of spiritual idea and sensuous form, the characteristics of

symbolic art, reappear in the romantic type, but with this essential difference. In the romantic realm, the spiritual idea, to whose defectiveness was due the defective forms of symbolic art, now reveals itself in its perfection within mind and feeling. It is by virtue of the higher perfection of the idea that it shuns any adequate union with an external form, since it can seek and attain its true reality and expression best within itself.

This, in general terms, is the character of the symbolic, classical, and romantic forms of art, which stand for the three relations of the spiritual idea to its expression in the realm of art. They consist in the aspiration after, and the attainment and transcendence of, the ideal as the true idea of beauty.

ON WOMEN*

Schiller's poem in honor of women, *Würde der Frauen,* is the result of much careful thought, and it appeals to the reader by its antithetic style and its use of contrast; but as an expression of the true praise which should be accorded to them. It is, I think, inferior to these few words of Jouy's: "Without women the beginning of our life would be helpless; the middle, devoid of pleasure; and the end, of consolation." The same thing is more feelingly expressed by Byron in *Sardanapalus*:

> "The very first
> Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
> Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
> Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
> Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
> Of watching the last hour of him who led them."
> (Act I, Scene 2)

These two passages indicate the right point of view for the appreciation of women.

You need only look at the way in which she is formed to see that woman is not meant to undergo great labor, whether of the mind or of the body. She pays the debt of life, not by what she does, but by what she suffers—by the pains of child-bearing and care for the child, and by submission to her husband, to whom she should be a patient and cheering companion. The keenest sorrows and joys are not for her, nor is she called upon to display a great deal of strength. The current of her life should be more gentle, peaceful and trivial than man's, without being essentially happier or unhappier.

Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood, by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and shortsighted; in a word, they are big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown male, who alone represents the *genus homo* in the strict sense of the

word. See how a girl will fondle a child for days together, dance with it and sing to it; and then think what a man, with the best will in the world, could do if he were put in her place.

With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called *a coup de théatre.* For a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of the rest of their life, in order that during those years they may capture the fancy of some man to such a degree that he is carried away into undertaking the honorable care of them, in some form or other, as long as they live—a step for which there would not appear to be any sufficient warranty if reason only directed his thoughts. Accordingly Nature has equipped woman, as she does all her creatures, with the weapons and implements requisite for the safeguarding of her existence, and for just as long as it is necessary for her to have them. Here, as elsewhere, Nature proceeds with her usual economy; for just as the female ant, after fecundation, loses her wings, which are then superfluous, nay, actually a danger to the business of breeding, so, after giving birth to one or two children, a woman generally loses her beauty—probably, indeed for similar reasons.

And so we find that young girls, in their hearts, look upon domestic affairs or work of any kind as of secondary importance, if not actually as a mere jest. The only business that really claims their earnest attention is love, making conquests, and everything connected with their dress, dancing, and so on.

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity. A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman, at eighteen. And then, too, in the case of a woman, it is only reason of a sort—very niggardly in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long, never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearance for reality, and preferring trifles to matters of the first importance. For

it is by virtue of his reasoning faculty that man does not live in the present only, like the brute, but looks about him and considers the past and the future; and this is the origin of prudence, as well as of that care and anxiety which so many people exhibit. Both the advantages and the disadvantages which this involves are shared by the woman to a smaller extent because of her weaker power of reasoning. She may, in fact, be described as intellectually short-sighted, because, while she has an intuitive understanding of what lies quite close to her, her field of vision is narrow and does not reach to what is remote, so that things which are absent or past or to come have much less effect upon women than upon men. This is the reason why women are more often inclined to be extravagant, and sometimes carry their inclination to a length that borders upon madness. In their hearts women think that it is men's business to earn money and theirs to spend it—if possible during their husband's life, but, at any rate, after his death. The very fact that their husband hands them over his earnings for purposes of housekeeping strengthens them in this belief.

However many disadvantages all this may involve, there is at least this to be said in its favor: that the woman lives more in the present than the man, and that, if the present is at all tolerable, she enjoys it more eagerly. This is the source of that cheerfulness which is peculiar to woman, fitting her to amuse man in his hours of recreation, and, in case of need, to console him when he is borne down by the weight of his cares.

It is by no means a bad plan to consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in ancient times; for their way of looking at things is quite different from ours, chiefly through the fact that they like to take the shortest way to their goal, and, in general, manage to fix their eyes upon what lies before them; while we, as a rule, see far beyond it, just because it is in front of our noses. In cases like this, we need to be brought back to the right perspective, so as to recover the near and simple view.

Then again, women are decidedly more sober in their judgment than we are, so that they do not see more in things than is really there; while, if our passions are

aroused, we are apt to see things in an exaggerated way, or imagine what does not exist.

The weakness of their reasoning faculty also explains why it is that women show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men do, and so treat them with more kindness and interest; and why it is that, on the contrary, they are inferior to men in point of justice, honesty, and conscientiousness. For it is just because their reasoning power is weak that present circumstances have such a hold over them, and those concrete things which lie directly before their eyes exercise a power which is seldom counteracted to any extent by abstract principles of thought, by fixed rules of conduct, firm resolutions, or, in general, by consideration for the past and the future, or regard for what is absent and remote. Accordingly, they possess the first and main elements that go to make a virtuous character, but they are deficient in those secondary qualities which are often a necessary instrument in the formation of it.

Hence it will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has *no sense of justice.* This is mainly due to the fact, already mentioned, that women are defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation; but it is also traceable to the position which Nature has assigned to them as the weaker sex. They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to lie. For as lions are provided with claws and teeth, and elephants and boars with tusks, bulls with horns, and the cuttle fish with its cloud of inky fluid, so Nature has equipped woman, for her defense and protection, with the arts of dissimulation; and all the power which Nature has conferred upon man in the shape of physical strength and reason has been bestowed upon women in this form. Hence dissimulation is innate in woman, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the clever; it is as natural for them to make use of it on every occasion as it is for those animals to employ their means of defense when they are attacked; they have a feeling that in doing so they are only within their rights. Therefore a woman who is perfectly truthful and not given to dissimulation is perhaps an im-

possibility, and for this very reason women are so quick at seeing through dissimulation in others that it is not a wise thing to attempt it with them. But this fundamental defect which I have stated, with all that it entails, gives rise to falsity, faithlessness, treachery, ingratitude, and so on. Perjury in a court of justice is more often committed by women than by men; it may, indeed, be generally questioned whether women ought to be sworn at all. From time to time one finds repeated cases everywhere of ladies, who want for nothing, taking things from shop-counters when no one is looking, and making off with them.

Nature has appointed that the propagation of the species shall be the business of men who are young, strong and handsome, to the end that the race may not degenerate. This is the firm will and purpose of Nature in regard to the species, and it finds its expression in the passions of women; there is no law that is older or more powerful than this. Woe, then, to the man who sets up claims and interests that will conflict with it; for whatever he may say and do, they will be unmercifully crushed at the first serious encounter! For the innate rule that governs women's conduct, though it is secret and unformulated, nay, unconscious in its working—is this: "We are justified in deceiving those who think they have acquired rights over the species by paying little attention to the individual, that is, to us. The constitution and, therefore, the welfare of the species have been placed in our hands and committed to our care, through the control we obtain over the next generation, which proceeds from us; let us discharge our duties conscientiously." But women have no abstract knowledge of this leading principle; they are conscious of it only as a concrete fact, and have no other method of giving expression to it than the way in which they act when the opportunity arrives. And then their conscience does not trouble them so much as we fancy; for in the darkest recesses of their heart they are aware that, in committing a breach of their duty toward the individual, they have all the better fulfilled their duty toward the species, which is infinitely greater.

And since women exist in the main solely for the propa-

gation of the species, and are not destined for anything else, they live, as a rule, more for the species than for the individual, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than those of the individual. This gives their whole life and being a certain levity; the general bent of their character is in a direction fundamentally different from that of man; and it is this which produces that discord in married life which is so frequent, and almost the normal state.

The natural feeling between men is mere indifference, but women it is actually enmity. The reason of this is that trade-jealousy—*odium figulinum*—which, in the case of men, does not go beyond the confines of their own particular pursuit, but with women embraces the whole sex, since they have only one trade. Even when they meet in the street women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines. And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case; and hence it is that an exchange of compliments between two women is a much more ridiculous proceeding than between two men. Further, whilst a man will, as a general rule, always preserve a certain amount of consideration and humanity in speaking to others, even to those who are in a very inferior position, it is intolerable to see how proudly and disdainfully a fine lady will generally behave toward one who is in a lower social rank (I do not mean a woman who is in her service) whenever she speaks to her. The reason of this may be that, with women, differences of rank are much more precarious than with us and can quicker change or disappear altogether, because, while a hundred considerations decide our position in the world, only one weighs with them, i.e., with which man they have found favor; and also that they stand in much nearer relations with one another than men do, in consequence of the one-sided nature of their calling. This makes them endeavor to lay stress upon differences of rank.

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of *the fair sex* to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and

short-legged race; for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing women as the unesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretense of it in order to enhance their endeavor to please. Hence, as a result of this, they are incapable of taking a *purely objective* interest in anything, and the reason of it seems to me to be as follows: A man tries to acquire *direct* mastery over things, either by understanding them or by forcing them to do his will; but a woman is always and everywhere reduced to obtaining this mastery *indirectly,* that is, through a man, whom alone it directly wishes to dominate. And so it lies in woman's nature to look upon everything only as a means for conquering man; or, if she takes an interest in anything else it is simulated—a mere roundabout way of gaining her ends by coquetry and feigning what she does not feel. Rousseau already had declared: "Women have, in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius."

No one who sees at all below the surface can have failed to remark the same thing. You need only observe the kind of attention women bestow upon a concert, an opera, or a play—the childish simplicity, for example, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks excluded women from their theatres, they were quite right in what they did; at any rate you would have been able to hear what was said upon the stage. In our day we ought to add the *taceat mulier in ecclesia* ("Let a woman keep silent in the Church") the saying "Let a woman keep silent in the theatre," or, if we prefer, substitute the first by the second dictum, and put it up in big letters on the stage curtain.

And you cannot expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere. This is most strikingly shown in regard to

painting, where mastery of technique is at least as much within their power as within ours—and hence they are diligent in cultivating it; but still they have not a single painting to boast of, just because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so indispensable in painting. They never get beyond a subjective point of view. It is quite in keeping with that that ordinary women have no real susceptibility for art at all; for Nature proceeds in strict sequence —*non facit saltum.* And Huarte in his *Examen de ingenios para las sciencias*—a book which has been famous for three hundred years—denies women the possession of all the higher faculties. The case is not altered by particular and partial exceptions; taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thorough-going philistines, and quite incurable; hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And, further, it is just because they are philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way. Napoleon's saying—that "women have no rank" should be adopted as the right point of view in determining their position in society; and as regards their other qualities Chamfort makes the very true remark: "They are made to trade with our weaknesses and our follies, but not with our reason. The sympathies that exist between them and men are skin-deep only, and do not touch the mind or the soul or the character." They form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first; their infirmities should be treated with consideration, but to show them great reverence is extremely ridiculous and lowers us in their own eyes. When Nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly through the middle. These divisions are polar and opposed to each other, it is true; but the difference between them is not qualitative merely—it is also quantitative.

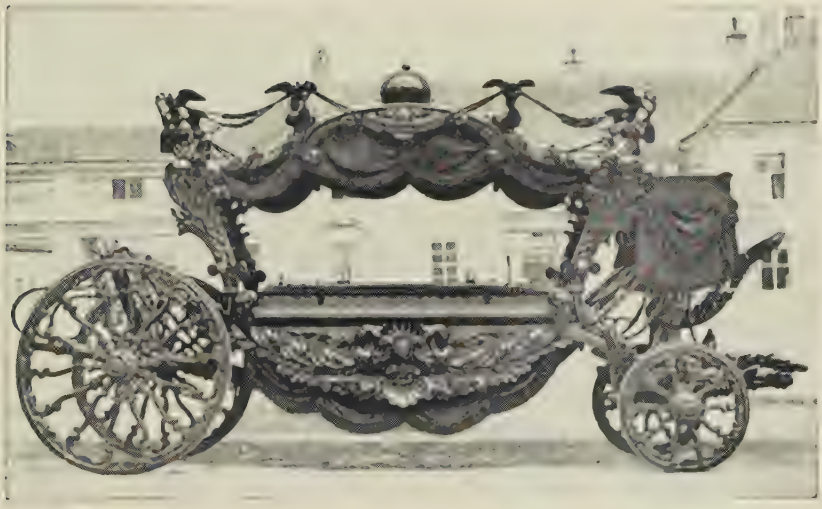
This is just the view which the Ancients took of woman, and the view which people in the East take now; and their judgment as to her proper position is much more correct than ours, with our old French notions of gallantry and our preposterous system of reverence—that highest

product of Teutonico-Christian stupidity. These notions have served only to make women more arrogant and overbearing, so that one is occasionally reminded of the holy apes in Benares, which, in the consciousness of their sanctity and inviolable position, think they can do exactly as they please.

But in the West the woman, and especially the *lady,* finds herself in a false position; for woman, rightly called by the ancients *sexus sequior,* is by no means fit to be the object of our respect and veneration, or to hold her head higher than man and be on equal terms with him. The consequences of this false position are sufficiently obvious. Accordingly it would be a very desirable thing if this Number Two of the human race were in Europe also relegated to her natural place, and an end put to that lady-nuisance, which not only moves all Asia to laughter but would have been ridiculed by Greece and Rome as well. It is impossible to calculate the good effects which such a change would bring about in our social, civil and political arrangements. There would be no necessity for the Salic law—it would be a superfluous truism. The European *lady,* par excellence, is a being who should not exist at all; she should be either a housewife or a girl who hopes to become one; and she should be brought up, not to be arrogant, but to be domestic and submissive. It is just because there are such people as *ladies* in Europe that women of the lower classes, that is to say, the great majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the East. And even Lord Byron says: "Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and the feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?"

The laws of marriage prevailing in Europe consider the

State Carriage, Eighteenth Century



Black Funeral Coach, Viennese Work, 1877

woman as the equivalent of the man—start, that is to say, from a wrong position. In our part of the world, where monogamy is the rule, to marry means to have one's rights and double one's duties. Now when the laws gave women equal rights with man they ought to have endowed her also with a masculine intellect. But the fact is that, just in proportion as the honors and privileges which the laws accord to women exceed the amount which Nature gives, there is a diminution in the number of women who really participate in these privileges; and all the remainder are deprived of their natural rights by just so much as is given to the others over and above their share. For the institution of monogamy and the laws of marriage which it entails bestow upon the woman an unnatural position of privilege by considering her throughout as the full equivalent of the man, which is by no means the case; and, seeing this, men who are shrewd and prudent very often scruple to make so great a sacrifice and to acquiesce in so unfair an arrangement.

Consequently, whilst among polygamous nations every woman is provided for, where monogamy prevails the number of married women is limited, and there remains over an enormous number or women without stay or support, who, in the upper classes, vegetate as useless old maids, and in the lower succumb to hard work for which they are not suited, or else become *filles de joie* whose life is as destitute of joy as it is of honor. Yet under the circumstances they are a necessity, and their position is openly recognized as serving the special end of warding off temptation from those women favored by fate, who have found, or may hope to find, husbands. In London alone there are 80,000 prostitutes. What are they but the women, who, under the institution of monogamy, have come off worst? Theirs is a dreadful fate—they are human sacrifices offered up on the altar of monogamy. The women whose wretched position is here alluded to are the inevitable set-off to the European lady with her arrogance and pretension. Polygamy is therefore a real benefit to the female sex if it is taken as a whole. And, from another point of view, there is no true reason why a man whose wife suffers from chronic illness,

or remains barren, or has gradually become too old for him, should not take a second. The motives which induce so many people to become converts to Mormonism appear to be just those which militate against the unnatural institution of monogamy.

Moreover, the bestowal of unnatural rights upon women has imposed upon them unnatural duties, yet a breach of which, however, makes them unhappy. Let me explain. A man may often think that his social or financial position will suffer if he marries, unless he makes some brilliant alliance. His desire will then be to win a woman of his own choice under conditions other than those of marriage, such as will secure her position and that of the children. However fair, reasonable, fit, and proper these conditions may be, if the woman consents by foregoing that disproportionate amount of privilege which marriage alone can bestow, she to some extent loses her honor, because marriage is the basis of civic society; and she will lead a life, to a certain degree, dishonorable and sad besides, since human nature is so constituted that we pay an attention to the opinion of other people which is out of all proportion to its value. On the other hand, if she does not consent, she runs the risk either of having to be given in marriage to a man whom she does not like, or of being landed high and dry as an old maid; for the period during which she has a chance of being settled for life is very short. And in view of this aspect of the institution of monogamy, Thomasius' profoundly learned treatise *De Concubinatu* is well worth reading; for it shows that, among all civilized nations and in all ages down to the Lutheran Reformation, concubinage was permitted—nay, that it was only the Lutheran Reformation that degraded it from this position. It was seen to be a further justification for the marriage of the clergy, and then, after that, the Catholic Church did not dare to remain behindhand in the matter.

There is no use arguing about polygamy; it must be taken as *de facto* existing everywhere, and the only question is as to how it shall be regulated. Where are there, then, any real monogamists. We all live, at any rate, for a time, and most of us, always, in polygamy. And so, since

every man needs many women, there is nothing fairer than to allow him, nay, to make it incumbent upon him, to provide for many women. This will reduce woman to her true and natural position as a subordinate being; and the *lady* —that monster of European civilization and Teutonico-Christian stupidity, with her ridiculous pretensions to respect and veneration—will disappear from the world, leaving only *women,* but no more *unhappy women,* of whom Europe is now full. The Mormons are right.

In India no woman is ever independent, but, in accordance with the law of Manu, she stands under the control of her father, her husband, her brother, or her son. It is, to be sure, a revolting thing that a widow should immolate herself upon her husband's funeral pyre; but it is also revolting that she should spend her husband's money with her paramours—the money for which he toiled his whole life long in the consoling belief that he was providing for his children. Happy are those who have kept the middle course —*medium tenuere beati!*

The natural love of a mother for her child is, with the lower animals as with men, of a purely instinctive character, and so it ceases when the child is no longer in a physically helpless condition. After that, the first love should give way to one that is based on habit and reason; but this often fails to make its appearance, especially where the mother did not love the father. The love of a father for his child is of a different order and more likely to last, because it has its foundation in the fact that in the child he recognizes his own inner self—that is to say, his love for it is metaphysical in its origin.

In almost all nations, whether of the ancient or the modern world, even amongst the Hottentots, property is inherited by the male descendants alone; it is only in Europe that a departure has taken place—but not, however, among the nobility. That the property which has cost men long years of toil and continued effort and been won with so much difficulty should afterward come into the hands of women, who then, in their lack of reason, squander it in a short time or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong, as serious as it is common, which should be pre-

vented by limiting the right of women to inherit. In my opinion the best arrangement would be that by which women, whether widows or daughters, should never receive anything beyond the interest for life on property secured by mortgage, and in no case the property itself, or the capital, except where all male descendants fail. The people who make money are men, not women; and it follows from this that women are neither justified in having unconditional possession of it, nor are they fit persons to be intrusted with its administration. When wealth, in any true sense of the word—that is to say, funds, houses or land—is to go to them as an inheritance, they should never be allowed the free disposition of it. In their case a guardian should always be appointed; and hence they should never be given the free control of their own children, wherever it can be avoided. The vanity of women, even though it should not prove to be greater than that of men, has this much danger in it that it takes an entirely material direction. They are vain, I mean, of their personal beauty, and then of finery, show and magnificence—that is just why they are so much in their element in society. It is this, too, which makes them so inclined to be extravagant, all the more as their reasoning power is low. Accordingly we find an ancient writer describing woman as in general of an extravagant nature. . . . But with men vanity often takes the direction of non-material accomplishment, such as intellect, learning, courage, etc.

In his *Politics* Aristotle explains the great disadvantage which accrued to the Spartans from the fact that they conceded too much to their women by giving them the right of inheritance and dower and a great amount of independence, and he shows how much this contributed to Sparta's fall. May it not be the case in France that the influence of women, which went on increasing steadily from the time of Louis XIII, was to blame for that gradual corruption of the Court and the Government which brought about the Revolution of 1789, of which all subsequent disturbances have been the fruit? However that may be, the false position which women occupy, demonstrated as it is, in the most glaring way, by the institution of the *lady,* is a fundamental

defect in our social state, and this defect, proceeding from the very heart of it, must spread its baneful influence in all directions.

That woman is by nature meant to obey may be seen by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of complete independence, immediately attaches herself to some man by whom she allows herself to be guided and ruled. It is because she needs a lord and master. If she is young, it will be a lover; if she is old, a confessor.

*Schopenhauer.

LATER WRITERS

THE period following the unity of Germany was not great in literary production save in the realm of fiction. The greatest contribution of these years lay in the music dramas of Richard Wagner (1813-1883). These were produced with much attention to detail, at the same time detail was subordinated to the *tout ensemble;* this method has left its imprint upon all subsequent dramatic presentation.

Wagner believed that in the blending of music and poetry was to be found the most perfect expression of life. He revived old mediæval epics, directing attention to their vitality and inspiration. The matchless skill with which he adapted them to his marvelous music supplied new standards for operatic productions.

The realistic novel rivaled in popularity the short story, produced by Theodor Storm (1817-1888) and the Swiss writer, Gottfried Keller (1819-1890). In the field of drama, until the end of the century, the age was devoid of excellence.

Shortly after 1880 a new movement appeared which was almost as revolutionary in effect as had been the *Sturm und Drang,* almost a century before. It was also a revolt on the part of the younger men against the mediocrity into which German literature had fallen. A group of men living in Berlin sponsored the movement, according to which old standards were swept aside and a new literature was to be created. Heinrich Hart and his brother Julius, Paul Schlenther and Otto Brahm were prime movers in this direction.

Although in its widest scope, this new impulse, known as Naturalism, was applicable to politics as well as literature, it is needless to say that it exerted little real influence in government. It was plain that a united Germany seemed to fall short of what had been once hoped for it by poets and dreamers; nevertheless, by ministering efficiently to material needs and to the comforts of existence, a well

ordered and vigilant government succeeded in lulling discontent in political directions.

As conceived by the naturalists, the sole end of literature was the exact presentation of life; no detail was too trivial to be left to the imagination. A novel was to reproduce mirrorlike the lives of the characters concerned. Language was no longer to be dignified and staid; rather, the short jerky sentences of daily speech were to be imitated. Broken sentences, popular expressions—these were to be employed. Questions of the day were to be discussed by the characters of stories and plays.

As a matter of fact, naturalism was an outgrowth of the scientific spirit which had dominated thought in the latter part of the nineteenth century; it was an attempt to apply to human nature the same rules and observances, the same microscopic investigation that was employed in the laboratory. Man, it taught, is the result of heredity plus environment; investigate these and you explain him and so can account, not only for what he has done in the past but whatever he may do in the future.

"Owing to its basic theory that the individual is determined and governed by heredity and environment, naturalism, when perfectly consistent in the application of its principles, cannot present an action that develops with a character nor an action that develops through a conflict between the wills of different characters. Further, naturalism, in the embodiments which it has received, prefers the unpleasant and morbid to the cheerful and wholesome. . . . It does not elevate and strengthen but oppresses and stifles."[1]

Many writers of the last half century have been more or less influenced by naturalism,as their productions testify; however, the doctrine as originally taught has proved to require considerable modification. There is an element in human nature that defies laboratory method and the most scientific analysis.

Naturalism at best is pessimistic, emphasizing as it does the commonplace and material aspects of existence.

The pendulum swung presently in the opposite direction, for it was impossible for all thinkers to be content to

have imagination swept permanently into the discard. The new ideal became known as symbolism. Men turned from the world of fact to a world of fancy, from seeming reality to what lay beyond. To be sure, this not infrequently led to fantastic conceptions; yet it soothed the souls of those borne down by crudity and crass materiality. Behind nebulous curtains audiences have almost seen the realm where unborn babes await their advent into a world like ours. Symbolized as a blue-bird, happiness has been seen to flit from tree to tree and proved to be near at hand—not remote and hard to find.

Classicism taught the fine restraint, so characteristic of Greek expression. Realism called attention to life as it is and facts as they are; it was corrective and productive of earnest endeavor to portray conditions as they now exist, not as they might be in a world unlike the one we know. Naturalism was an extreme form of realism, comparable to "photographic art," as though the true end of the novelist were to reproduce rather than interpret. Naturalism called attention to the importance of environment, exaggerating it for the sake of emphasis. Symbolism appeals to the mystics, of whom there are always not a few—those who for one reason or another, are unwilling to tarry in a world of stern reality, limitation and perplexity, preferring to roam, in spirit at least, in an ideality created by the imagination. Who can doubt that from these successive movements there shall finally appear a still more satisfying conception, presenting elements of truth to be found in the rest and penetrating more completely to the heart of nature and humanity?

Social democracy found an exponent in Karl Marx (1818-1883); in his monumental history of Rome, Theodor Mommsen (1817-1903) did much to further the scientific spirit of historical research, close attention being given to the sources. In the field of biography many important works appeared during the last years of the nineteenth century. Suffice it to mention Grimm's life of Michael Angelo.

Probably the greatest thinker of modern Germany has been Nietzsche (1844-1900). He was of Polish extraction,

the family name being originally Nitzschy. Beginning as a discipline of Schopenhauer, he presently broke with him entirely.

Nietzsche was an iconoclast who set out to sweep away the shams and idols of his age. Such spirits must ever work recklessly, often injuring the worthy in their endeavor to destroy the unworthy.

Schopenhauer had claimed that the *will to live* lies at the root of all human endeavor—a theory difficult to refute. He had taught resignation. This last was abhorrent to Nietzsche who felt that man should fight rather than submit; that he should struggle, not weakly offer non-resistance. Most of the so-called virtues, Nietzsche decried and none more than *altruism*. This, according to his understanding, merely perpetuated the weak and hampered the strong. He felt that a race of super-men should be nurtured, the weaklings ministering to them. Instead of adapting everything to the average—the herd—conditions should be made favorable for the development of a race of heroes, and for him a hero was one strong enough to assert himself.

In his *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, he put into the mouth of Zoroaster his own philosophy.

Nietzsche taught that men should be cheerful, not pessimistic and depressed. Matters are as they are and one should make the best of them. His brilliant style and astonishing statements won him attention as well as bitter opposition. His later life was clouded by wretched health and he finally lost his reason.

Nothing is simpler than to select a passage here and there from a writer and turn it to ridicule; it is not so easy to take his teachings as a whole and point out, wherein, if at all, lies their fallacy. Nietzsche exerted a wholesome influence in many directions, biblical study supplying an example. Due to his iconoclastic methods, people grew accustomed to the subjection of all things, sacred and profane, to the scrutiny of investigation and criticism. It is needless to say that whatever is worth preservation survives such examination.

In an outline of Germany's contributions to modern times it would be idle to attempt an analysis of Nietzsche's

teachings. Suffice it to say that they have exercised a tremendous influence upon the world of thought and that his ardent supporters are to be found today in all enlightened lands.

[1] Priest: *Hist. of German Lit.*, 321.

THE NEW IDOL*

Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: here there are states.

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears unto me, for now will I say unto you my word concerning the death of peoples.

A state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give unto you: every people speaketh its language of good and evil: this its neighbor understandeth not. Its language hath it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lieth in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it saith it lieth; and whatever it hath it hath stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it biteth, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death, indicateth this sign! Verily, it beckoneth unto the preachers of death!

Many, too many, are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it enticeth them to it, the many-too-many! How it swalloweth and cheweth and recheweth them!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: it is I who am the regulating finger of God"—thus roareth the monster. And not only the long-eared and short-sighted fall upon their knees!

Ah! even in your ears, yet great souls, it whispereth its

gloomy lies! Ah! it findeth out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yea, it findeth you out too, ye conquerors of the old God! Weary ye became of the conflict, and now your weariness serveth the new idol!

Heroes and honorable ones, it would fain set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basketh in the sunshine of good consciences—the cold monster!

Everything will it give *you,* if *ye* worship it, the new idol: thus it purchaseth the lustre of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeketh to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yea, a hellish artifice hath here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honors!

Yea, a dying for many hath here been devised, which glorifieth itself as life: verily, a hearty service unto all preachers of death!

The state, I called it, where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the bad: the state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: the state, where the slow suicide of all—is called "life."

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft—and everything becometh sickness and trouble unto them!

Just see these superfluous ones! Sick are they always; they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another, and cannot even digest themselves.

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and above all, the lever of power, much money—these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Toward the throne they all strive: it is their madness—as if happiness sat on the throne! Ofttimes sitteth filth on the throne—and ofttimes also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smelleth their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, the idolaters.

My brethren, will ye suffocate in the fumes of their maws

and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Do go out of the way of the bad odor! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Do go out of the way of the bad odor! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remaineth the earth for souls. Empty are still many sites for lone ones and twain ones, around which floateth the odor of tranquil seas.

Open still remaineth a free life for great souls. Verily, he who possesseth little is so much the less possessed: blessed be moderate poverty!

There, where the state ceaseth—there only commenceth the man who is not superfluous: there commenceth the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state *ceaseth*—pray look thither, my brethren! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Superman?

*From *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HISTORY

By Nietzsche

Consider the herds that are feeding yonder: they know not the meaning of yesterday or today; they graze and ruminate, move or rest, from morning to night, from day to day, taken up with their little loves and hates, at the mercy of the moment, feeling neither melancholy nor satiety. Man cannot see them without regret, for even in the pride of his humanity he looks enviously on the beast's happiness. He wishes simply to live without satiety or pain, like the beast; yet it is all in vain, for he will not change places with it. He may ask the beast—"Why do you look at me and not speak to me of your happiness?" The beast wants to answer—"Because I always forget what I wished to say": but he forgets this answer too, and is silent; and the man is left to wonder.

He wonders also about himself, that he cannot learn to forget, but hangs on the past: however far or fast he run, that chain runs with him. It is matter for wonder: the moment, that is here and gone, that was nothing before and nothing after, returns like a spectre to trouble the quiet of a later moment. A leaf is continually dropping out of the volume of time and fluttering away—and suddenly it flutters back into the man's lap. Then he says, "I remember," and envies the beast, that forgets at once, and sees every moment really die, sink into night and mist, extinguished for ever. The beast lives *unhistorically*; for it "goes into" the present, like a number, without leaving any curious reminder. It cannot dissimulate, it conceals nothing; at every moment it seems what it actually is, and thus can be nothing that is not honest. But man is always resisting the great and continually increasing weight of the past; it presses him down, and bows his shoulders; he travels with a dark invisible burden that he can plausibly disown, and is only too glad to disown in converse with his fellows—in order to excite their envy. And so it hurts him, like the thought of a lost paradise, to see a herd grazing, or, nearer still, a child, that has nothing yet of the past to disown, and plays in a

happy blindness between the walls of the past and the future. And yet its play must be disturbed, and only too soon will it be summoned from its little kingdom of oblivion. Then it learns to understand the words "once upon a time," the "open sesame" that lets in battle, suffering and weariness on mankind, and reminds them what their existence really is, an imperfect tense that never becomes a present. And when death brings at last the desired forgetfulness, it abolishes life and being together, and sets the seal on the knowledge that "being" is merely a continual "has been," a thing that lives by denying and destroying and contradicting itself.

If happiness and the chase for new happiness keep alive in any sense the will to live, no philosophy has perhaps more truth than the cynic's: for the beast's happiness, like that of the perfect cynic, is the visible proof of the truth of cynicism. The smallest pleasure, if it be only continuous and make one happy, is incomparably a greater happiness than the more intense pleasure that comes as an episode, a wild freak, a mad interval between ennui, desire, and privation. But in the smallest and greatest happiness there is always one thing that makes its happiness: the power of forgetting, or, in more learned phrase, the capacity of feeling "unhistorically" throughout its duration. One who cannot leave himself behind on the threshold of the moment and forget the past, who cannot stand on a single point, like a goddess of victory, without fear or giddiness, will never know what happiness is; and, worse still, will never do anything to make others happy. The extreme case would be the man without any power to forget, who is condemned to see "becoming" everywhere. Such a man believes no more in himself or his own existence, he sees everything fly past in an eternal succession, and loses himself in the stream of becoming. At last, like the logical disciple of Heraclitus, he will hardly dare to raise his finger. Forgetfulness is a property of all action; just as not only light but darkness is bound up with the life of every organism. One who wished to feel everything historically, would be like a man forcing himself to refrain from sleep, or a beast who had to live by chewing a continual cud. Thus even a happy life

is possible without remembrance, as the beast shows: but life in any true sense is absolutely impossible without forgetfulness. Or, to put my conclusion better, there is a degree of sleeplessness, or rumination, of "historical sense," that injures and finally destroys the living thing, be it a man or a people or a system of culture.

To fix this degree and the limits to the memory of the past, if it is not to become the gravedigger of the present, we must see clearly how great is the "plastic power" of a man or a community or a culture; I mean the power of specifically growing out of one's self, of making the past and the strange one body with the near and the present, of healing wounds, replacing what is lost, repairing broken molds. There are men who have this power so slightly that a single sharp experience, a single pain, often a little injustice, will lacerate their souls like the scratch of a poisoned knife. There are others, who are so little injured by the worst misfortunes, and even by their own spiteful actions, as to feel tolerably comfortable, with a fairly quiet conscience, in the midst of them—or at any rate shortly afterward. The deeper the roots of a man's inner nature, the better will he take the past into himself; and the greatest and most powerful nature would be known by the absence of limits for the historical sense to overgrow and work harm. It would assimilate and digest the past, however foreign, and turn it to sap. Such a nature can forget what it cannot subdue; there is no break in the horizon, and nothing to remind it that there are still men, passions, theories, and aims on the other side. This is a universal law; a living thing can only be healthy, strong and productive within a certain horizon: if it be incapable of drawing one round itself, or too selfish to lose its own view in another's, it will come to an untimely end. Cheerfulness, a good conscience, belief in the future, the joyful deed, all depend, in the individual as well as the nation, on there being a line that divides the visible and clear from the vague and shadowy: we must know the right time to forget as well as the right time to remember; and instinctively see when it is necessary to feel historically, and when unhistorically. This is the point that the reader is asked to consider: that the unhistorical and the

historical are equally necessary to the health of an individual, a community, and a system of culture.

Every one has noticed that a man's historical knowledge and range of feeling may be very limited, his horizon as narrow as that of an Alpine valley, his judgments incorrect, and his experience falsely supposed original, and yet in spite of all the incorrectness and falsity he may stand forth in unconquerable health and vigor, to the joy of all who see him; whereas another man with far more judgment and learning will fail in comparison, because the lines of his horizon are continually changing and shifting, and he cannot shake himself free from the delicate network of his truth and righteousness for a downright act of will or desire. We saw that the beast, absolutely "unhistorical," with the narrowest of horizons, has yet a certain happiness, and lives at least without hypocrisy or ennui; and so we may hold the capacity of feeling (to a certain extent) unhistorically, to be the more important and elemental, as providing the foundation of every sound and real growth, everything that is truly great and human. The unhistorical is like the surrounding atmosphere that can alone create life, and in whose annihilation life itself disappears. It is true that man can only become man by first suppressing this unhistorical element in his thoughts, comparisons, distinctions, and conclusions, letting a clear sudden light break through these misty clouds by his power of turning the past to the uses of the present. But an excess of history makes him flag again, while without the veil of the unhistorical he would never have the courage to begin. What deeds could man ever have done if he had not been enveloped in the dust-cloud of the unhistorical? Or, to leave metaphors and take a concrete example, imagine a man swayed and driven by a strong passion, whether for a woman or a theory. His world is quite altered. He is blind to everything behind him, new sounds are muffled and meaningless; though his perceptions were never so intimately felt in all their color, light, and music, and he seems to grasp them with his five senses together. All his judgments of value are changed for the worse; there is much he can no longer value, as he can scarcely feel it: he wonders that he has so long been the

sport of strange words and opinions, that his recollections have run round in one unwearying circle and are yet too weak and weary to make a single step away from it. His whole case is most indefensible; it is narrow, ungrateful to the past, blind to danger, deaf to warnings, a small living eddy in a dead sea of night and forgetfulness. And yet this condition, unhistorical and antihistorical throughout, is the cradle not only of unjust action, but of every just and justifiable action in the world. No artist will paint his picture, no general win his victory, no nation gain its freedom, without having striven and yearned for it under those very "unhistorical" conditions. If the man of action, in Goethe's phrase, is without conscience, he is also without knowledge: he forgets most things in order to do one, he is unjust to what is behind him, and only recognizes one law, the law of that which is to be. So he loves his work infinitely more than it deserves to be loved; and the best works are produced in such an ecstasy of love that they must always be unworthy of it, however great their worth otherwise.

Should any one be able to dissolve the unhistorical atmosphere in which every great event happens, and breathe afterward, he might be capable of rising to the "super-historical" standpoint of consciousness, that Niebuhr has described as the possible result of historical research. "History," he says, "is useful for one purpose, if studied in detail: that men may know, as the greatest and best spirits of our generation do not know, the accidental nature of the forms in which they see and insist on others seeing—insist, I say, because their consciousness of them is exceptionally intense. Any one who has not grasped this idea in its different applications will fall under the spell of a more powerful spirit who reads a deeper emotion into the given form." Such a standpoint might be called "super-historical," as one who took it could feel no impulse from history to any further life or work, for he would have recognized the blindness and injustice in the soul of the doer as a condition of every deed: he would be cured henceforth of taking history too seriously, and have learnt to answer the question how and why life should be lived—for all men and all circumstances, Greeks, or Turks, the first century or the nineteenth. Who-

ever asks his friends whether they would live the last ten or twenty years over again, will easily see which of them is born for the "super-historical standpoint": they will all answer no, but will give different reasons for their answer. Some will say they have the consolation that the next twenty will be better: they are the men referred to satirically by David Hume:

> "And from the dregs of life hope to receive,
> What the first sprightly running could not give."

We will call them the "historical men." Their vision of the past turns them toward the future, encourages them to persevere with life, and kindles the hope that justice will yet come and happiness is behind the mountain they are climbing. They believe that the meaning of existence will become ever clearer in the course of its evolution, they only look backward at the process to understand the present and stimulate their longing for the future. They do not know how unhistorical their thoughts and actions are in spite of all their history, and how their preoccupation with it is for the sake of life rather than mere science.

But that question to which we have heard the first answer, is capable of another; also a "no," but on different grounds. It is the "no" of the "super-historical" man who sees no salvation in evolution, for whom the world is complete and fulfils its aim in every single moment. How could the next ten years teach what the past ten were not able to teach?

Whether the aim of the teaching be happiness or resignation, virtue or penance, these super-historical men are not agreed; but as against all merely historical ways of viewing the past, they are unanimous in the theory that the past and the present are one and the same, typically alike in all their diversity, and forming together a picture of eternally present imperishable types of unchangeable value and significance. Just as the hundreds of different languages correspond to the same constant and elemental needs of mankind, and one who understood the needs could learn nothing new from the languages; so the "super-historical" philoso-

pher sees all the history of nations and individuals from within. He has a divine insight into the original meaning of the hieroglyphs, and comes even to be weary of the letters that are continually unrolled before him. How should the endless rush of events not bring satiety, surfeit, loathing? So the boldest of us is ready perhaps at last to say from his heart with Giacomo Leopardi: "Nothing lives that were worth thy pains, and the earth deserves not a sigh. Our being is pain and weariness and the world is mud—nothing else. Be calm."

But we will leave the super-historical men to their loathings and their wisdom: we wish rather today to be joyful in our unwisdom and have a pleasant life as active men who go forward within this prejudice and not stand still. If we could only learn better to study history as a means to life! We would gladly grant the super-historical people their superior wisdom, so long as we are sure of having more life than they: for in that case our unwisdom would have a greater future before it than their wisdom. To make my opposition between life and wisdom clear, I will take the usual road of the short summary.

A historical phenomenon, completely understood and reduced to an item of knowledge, is, in relation to the man who knows it, dead: for he has found out its madness, its injustice, its blind passion, and especially the earthly and darkened horizon that was the source of its power for history. This power has now become, for him who has recognized it, powerless; not yet, perhaps for him who is alive.

History regarded as pure knowledge and allowed to sway the intellect would mean for men the final balancing of the ledger of life. Historical study is only fruitful for the future if it follow a powerful life-giving influence, for example, a new system of culture; only, therefore, if it be guided and dominated by a higher force, and do not itself guide and dominate.

History, so far as it serves life, serves an unhistorical power, and thus will never become a pure science like mathematics. The question how far life needs such a service is one of the most serious questions affecting the well-being of a man, a people and a culture. For by excess of history life

becomes maimed and degenerate, and is followed by the degeneration of history as well.

This is how history can serve life. Every man and nation needs a certain knowledge of the past, whether it be through monumental, antiquarian, or critical history, according to his objects, powers, and necessities. The need is not that of the mere thinkers who only look on at life, or the few who desire knowledge and can only be satisfied with knowledge; but it has always a reference to the end of life, and is under its absolute rule and direction. This is the natural relation of an age, a culture and a people to history; hunger is its source, necessity its norm, the inner plastic power assigns its limits. The knowledge of the past is only desired for the service of the future and the present, not to weaken the present or undermine a living future. All this is as simple as truth itself, and quite convincing to any one who is not in the toils of "historical deduction."

And now to take a quick glance at our time! We fly back in astonishment. The clearness, naturalness, and purity of the connection between life and history has vanished; and in what a maze of exaggeration and contradiction do we now see the problem! Is the guilt ours who see it, or have life and history really altered their conjunction and an inauspicious star risen between them? Others may prove we have seen falsely; I am merely saying what we believe we see. There is such a star, a bright and lordly star, and the conjunction is really altered—by science, and the demand for history to be a science. Life is no more dominant, and knowledge of the past no longer its thrall: boundary marks are overthrown and everything bursts its limits. The perspective of events is blurred, and the blur extends through their whole immeasurable course. No generation has seen such a panoramic comedy as is shown by the "science of universal evolution," history; that shows it with the dangerous audacity of its motto—"*Fiat veritas, pereat vita.*"

Let me give a picture of the spiritual events in the soul of the modern man. Historical knowledge streams on him from sources that are inexhaustible, strange incoherencies come together, memory opens all its gates and yet is never

open wide enough, nature busies herself to receive all the foreign guests, to honor them and put them in their places. But they are at war with each other: violent measures seem necessary, in order to escape destruction of one's self. It becomes second nature to grow gradually accustomed to this irregular and stormy home-life, though this second nature is unquestionably weaker, more restless, more radically unsound than the first. The modern man carries inside him an enormous heap of indigestible knowledge—stones that occasionally rattle together in his body, as the fairy-tale has it. And the rattle reveals the most striking characteristic of these modern men, the opposition of something inside them to which nothing external corresponds; and the reverse. The ancient nations knew nothing of this. Knowledge, taken in excess without hunger, even contrary to desire, has no more the effect of transforming the external life; and remains hidden in a chaotic inner world that the modern man has a curious pride in calling his "real personality." He has the substance, he says and only wants the form; but this is quite an unreal opposition in a living thing. Our modern culture is for that reason not a living one, because it cannot be understood without that opposition. In other words, it is not a real culture but a kind of knowledge about culture, a complex of various thoughts and feelings about it, from which no decision as to its direction can come. Its real motive force that issues in visible action is often no more than a mere convention, a wretched imitation, or even a shameless caricature. The man probably feels like the snake that has swallowed a rabbit whole and lies still in the sun, avoiding all movement not absolutely necessary. The "inner life" is now the only thing that matters to education, and all who see it hope that the education may not fail by being too indigestible. Imagine a Greek meeting it; he would observe that for modern men "education" and "historical education" seem to mean the same thing, with the difference that the one phrase is longer. And if he spoke of his own theory, that a man can be very well educated without any history at all, people would shake their heads and think they had not heard aright. The Greeks, the famous people of a past still near to us, had the "unhistorical

sense'' strongly developed in the period of their greatest power. If a typical child of this age were transported to that world by some enchantment, he would probably find the Greeks very ''uneducated.'' And that discovery would betray the closely guarded secret of modern culture to the laughter of the world. For we moderns have nothing of our own. We only become worth notice by filling ourselves to overflowing with foreign customs, arts, philosophies, religions, and sciences: we are wandering encyclopedias, as an ancient Greek who had strayed into our time would probably call us. But the only value of an encyclopedia lies in the inside, in the contents, not in what is written outside, in the binding or the wrapper. And so the whole of modern culture is essentially internal; the bookbinder prints something like this on the cover: ''Manual of internal culture for external barbarians.'' The opposition of inner and outer makes the outer side still more barbarous, as it would naturally be, when the outward growth of a rude people merely developed its primitive inner needs. For what means has nature of repressing too great a luxuriance from without? Only one—to be affected by it as little as possible, to set it aside and stamp it out at the first opportunity. And so we have the custom of no longer taking real things seriously, we get the feeble personality on which the real and the permanent make so little impression. Men become at last more careless and accommodating in external matters, and the considerable cleft between substance and form is widened; until they have no longer any feeling for barbarism, if only their memories be kept continually titillated, and there flow a constant stream of new things to be known, that can be neatly packed up in the cupboards of their memory. The culture of a people as against this barbarism, can be, I think, described with justice as the ''unity of artistic style in every outward expression of the people's life.'' This must not be misunderstood, as though it were merely a question of the opposition between barbarism and ''Fine style.'' The people that can be called cultured, must be in a real sense a living unity, and not be miserably cleft asunder into form and substance. If one wish to promote a people's culture, let him try to promote this higher unity first, and work for the

destruction of the modern educative system for the sake of a true education. Let him dare to consider how the health of a people that has been destroyed by history may be restored, and how it may recover its instincts with its honor.

Front of Royal Castle and Its Gardens. Budapest

Typical Residences in Budapest

SLAVIC EUROPE

The Slavs

THE Slav population comprises one-fourth of that of Europe, while the territory controlled by them is several times the size of Europe. There are today approximately over one hundred and eighty million Slavs in Europe. They form the largest block of white population on the earth if considered as a unit. Their numerical strength, then, is in itself a sufficient reason for us to make an effort to know some essential things about them.

In the United States there are eight million Slavs, one-sixth of the total foreign element in this country. One of the main contributions of the Slavs to world civilization may be seen in the historical circumstance that they served as a bulwark against Tartar and Turk aggressions against the western world. The Russians, the Poles, the Czechs, the Serbo-Croats and the Bulgars performed this ungrateful part with undeniable credit. One may recall that the Czech, John Hus, was a valiant forerunner of the Reformation, and that for two hundred years after his death the Bohemian people fought against the whole of Europe for freedom of conscience. In art the Slavic contributions are universally known—their literatures, music, dances, painting and sculpture, are felt in every cultured community. Science too owes considerable to Slav scholars. In this country two of the foremost inventors, Tesla and Pupin, are Serbian immigrants. No open-minded person can afford to be ignorant of the Slavic portion of the human race.

The Slavs may be divided into three large groups: the Eastern Slavs, that is to say, the Great Russians, the White Russians, and the Ukrainians, or Little Russians. To the Western Slavs belong the Poles, the Czechs and Slovaks, and the Lusatian Serbs, a small remnant (perhaps about one hundred and fifty thousand) of rapidly disappearing Slavs in Germany. The Southern Slavs include the so-called Yugo-Slavs (that is, Serbs, Montenegrins, Croats, Slovenes), and the Bulgars.

Racially the Slavs belong to the Indo-European family. In the dim past they formed a racial and national unit, and although they have since differentiated, they still possess certain common traits which unmistakably distinguish them as a race. There is a decided inclination towards the brachycephalic type among them, though the roundness of the head is less marked as we advance from the Southern Slavs towards the Western and Eastern subdivisions. The Southern Slavs are usually tall, predominantly dark of complexion, eyes, and hair, while the stature diminishes among the Western and Eastern Slavs. In the same way, the Poles and Great Russians are on the whole fair and predominantly blue-eyed, as against the Southern Slavs and the Ukrainians.

The war has wrought great changes amongst the Slavs. Before the war there were four Slavic states—Russia, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro. The war has diminished considerably the size of Russia and Bulgaria, has greatly enlarged Serbia, of which Montenegro has become an integral part, has added the independent republics of Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, and has afforded a certain form of autonomy to the Ukrainians and the White Russians. Yet there still remain a number of Slavs under foreign dominion, scattered among the Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, as well as among Slavs not of their own branch. Thus the contiguity of the Slav-settled area is still disrupted by a wedge driven into its heart by the non-Slav states of Rumania and Hungary. The solidarity of the Slavic peoples is rather dubious in the light of their relations in recent times. Kinship often sharpens hostility. One need only recall the hostility between Russians and Poles, Serbs and Bulgarians, not to mention less spectacular manifestations of enmity between Serbs and Croats, Poles and Czechs, Poles and Ukrainians. One of the grave causes for cleavage among the Slavs is their religions differentiation, which seems well-nigh irreconciliable, between the Roman Catholic Poles, Slovaks, Croats, and Slovenes on the one hand, and the Greek orthodox Russians and Serbs, or Protestant Czechs, on the other. Since the end of the war several of the Slav states have dis-

played mutual territorial rivalry which hardly bespeaks solidarity.

On the other hand, there are some potent bonds which augur a union among the Slav states. In the first place, there is that most portentous link of linguistic kinship which has no parallel either among the Germanic or Latin linguistic groups. In a certain sense, this also means a cultural affinity, a bond which at times may prove more far-reaching than economical or political ties. One might enlarge on the similarity of certain physical and psychic traits among the various branches of Slavdom, but this may lead us into the quicksands of conjecture. Finally, a possible reason for Pan-Slavic unity may be found in the common fear of their neighbors, notably of the Germans, and to a smaller degree, of the Magyars and the Italians. However bitterly the Pole hates the Russian, his hatred and fear of the German are so much stronger that they may reconcile him to an alliance with Russia and other Slav states against the more civilized, and therefore more dangerous enemy. The Germans, including the Austrians and the German Swiss, present a formidable block of over seventy-five million people. This fact, coupled with the imperialistic appetite of Italy (at the expense of Yugo-Slavia) may serve as a negative cement for throwing the Slav countries into one another's arms.

Be it as it may, the Slavs present an enormous problem which cannot be ignored. Perhaps an understanding of this question will prove to be half of its solution.

NOTE: The largest Slavic unit, Russia, has been treated separately, in Part Four of Delphian Text, Modern Nations, I.

POLAND

Next to Russia, Poland is the largest Slavic state in Europe. Its present area amounts to nearly 150,000 square miles, with a population of over twenty-seven million. From 1795 to 1918, Poland possessed no independent statehood. It was split into three parts, each one subjected to a different master—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Yet the national spirit remained alive through these long years of oppression, and in 1918 the apparently dead nation rose from the ashes, and resumed its important place as the threshold of eastern and western Europe. Hemmed in by Russia on its eastern border and by Germany on its western frontier, Poland has been destined to play a significant historical rôle, in the political sense as well as in the economic and cultural.

Poland's contributions to the world are many and valuable. One need only recall John Sobieski, the rescuer of Vienna from the Turks, in 1683; Copernicus and Madame Curie, in science; Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz, in literature; Chopin and Paderewski, in music. The United States of America, aside from possessing a large Polish population, has an especial reason to remember Generals Pulaski and Kosciuszko among the heroes of the Revolutionary War.

The Kingdom of Poland

Situated in about the middle of the European Plain, Poland has never possessed any definite natural frontiers. The only genuinely "Polish" river is the Vistula, running through the center of the country. To the west Poland expanded at certain periods of its history as far as the Oder and the Elbe, taking in all of Czechoslovakia and parts of Germany. Its eastward expansion included at times all of the Ukraine, beyond the Dnieper and even the Don, while in the seventeenth century the territory of Poland came dangerously near to Moscow, and a Polish gar-

Note: In Polish words pronounce: c=ts; cz=ch; w=v; rz and sz=sh; ch=ch, as in Scotch "loch."

rison occupied the very Kremlin of Moscow. As a Slav people the Poles naturally tended in the direction of the Russians, to their east, and of the Serbs and Bulgarians to the south. But the Hungarians, the last of the Asiatic invaders to penetrate into Europe (about the tenth century), thrust a wedge into the Slavic block, and separated the western Slavs, that is, the Czechs and the Poles, from the southern Slavs, the Serbs and Bulgars. The latter had been converted to Eastern, or Byzantine Christianity, as were also the Russians and for a time the Czechs. But the Czechs eventually fell under the sway of the west, and through the marriage of one of their princesses to the king of Poland, they were instrumental in converting the Poles to Roman Catholicism. Thenceforth the Slavs presented no united front against their common adversary, the Germanic block, but became decidedly separated in their leanings and destinies. The difference between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Slavs has transcended religious bounds, assuming at times the form of a most relentless national antagonism.

At all events, having bowed to the authority of the Roman pope, the western Slavs became participators in the fortunes of western Europe. It meant that, unlike Russia and the Balkan Slavs, they enjoyed the advantages of that German-Latin civilization which one somewhat mistakenly calls European, and, at times, even more sweepingly, just *Civilization.* It meant, concretely, that the western Slavs shared in such upheavals as the crusades, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and their concomitant movements and currents. They adopted the Gothic style of architecture, later the Renaissance, and still later the baroque style. The universities of Cracow and Prague rivaled Padua and Bologna as seats of learning. In a word, their religious affiliation afforded them a membership in the family of nations, which for a long time acted as a unit, as consolidated Christendom.

On the other hand, the western Slavs early in their history collided with their German neighbors, and, despite their religious congeniality, the conflict between them became bitter and uncompromising. The Austrian Haps-

burgs swallowed up the Czechs and other Slavs who came within their reach. The northern Germans by the eleventh century practically annihilated the Slavs who occupied the eastern part of present-day Germany, and moved close to Poland's borders, hovering over them as a constant menace. The Poles were to learn early in their history as a Christian state how frail a security religious bonds were in international relations. In 1226 a Polish prince was simple enough to invite the Teutonic Knights of the Cross to combat the pagan Prussians, who were of the same Baltic stock as the Lithuanians and Letts. The Teutons performed their task thoroughly; they practically wiped out the Prussians, and later adopted their name. But the Poles have rued the day when they invited the Teutons to come to their help, for these Knights settled definitely in what is known as East Prussia, and proceeded to block Poland's access to the Baltic Sea and to harrass it in many other ways. For two centuries the Poles waged wars against the Knights, and finally triumphed over them with the help of the Lithuanians in the battle of Grunewald (1410). But East Prussia remained the outpost of German advance, and it ultimately fell to the Hohenzollerns, the sworn enemies and butchers of Poland. At the same time there went on a peaceful Germanization of the country, especially on its western border. Germans practically monopolized city commerce and trade, laid their stamp on municipal administration, and enjoyed self-government even in the old capital, Cracow, where the city records were kept in German. To be sure, in the course of time the German settlers became assimilated with the native element.

It was apparent, then, that in the West the Slavs had to face the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, who represented a better organization and a stronger civilization. The Polish state could expand only eastward, with the Baltic in the north and the Black Sea in the south as the termini of its traditional ambition for a borderline "from sea to sea." About 1240 the Tartar hordes invaded the south of Russia and the southeast of Poland. For nearly five centuries Poland was engaged in intermittent conflicts with the Tartars, and later with the Turks, the masters of the

Black Sea till the end of the eighteenth century, when they had to yield to Russian arms. In its effort to hold the northern sea-outlet, the Baltic, Poland encountered the opposition of the Teutonic Knights, and later of the Swedes, Prussians and Russians. To offset the encroachments of the Knights of the Cross, Poland sought the aid of another victim of their aggression, Lithuania. In 1386 the queen of Poland, Jadwiga, married Prince Jagello of Lithuania, and through this personal union Poland became one of the largest European powers. Lithuania was a spacious land with ill-defined borders, sparsely settled by a semi-Pagan people with a strong admixture of Russian blood, language, and religion. At his marriage Jagello became Roman Catholic, and then he proceeded to convert his people, with fire and sword, to the same faith. Thus western Christianity gained a foothold still further in eastern Europe. The co-operation of Lithuania was naturally of great help to Poland both against its northern and western foes and against Russia, the Tartars, and the Turks, in the east and southeast.

From the foregoing it is evident what dangers beset Poland's development and very existence. Surrounded by enemies on every side, with no natural barriers to discourage invasions, Poland could hold its own only on condition of its supreme inner strength and of the relative weakness of its neighbors. As we shall presently see, the political and social structure of Poland made its disintegration and ultimate downfall scarcely avoidable. On the other hand, the situation in regard to its neighbors proceeded to grow worse. It is true that two of its enemies, Sweden and Turkey (including the Tartars) were reduced toward the end of the eighteenth century to a humble position, which dictated them a defensive rather than an aggressive attitude. But these enemies were humbled by none other than Russia, a formidable adversary whose power increased in proportion to the growing weakness of Poland. From the time of Peter the Great (1689-1725) Poland was forced to become practically a vassal of Russia. In the west its sorry plight was exploited by the still powerful empire of Austria and by that once puny duchy of Prussia which grew prodigi-

ously into a militant and pugnacious kingdom. Throughout the eighteenth century Poland presented a luring morsel for those three neighbors who knew well the low state of its resisting power. Only mutual jealousy explains their dilatory policy with regard to the gobbling up of the ripe fruit. Finally, in 1772, Catherine of Russia, Frederick of Prussia, and Maria Theresa of Austria, jointly tore off and partitioned about one-third of Poland. The civilized world looked on indifferently at this highway robbery. The Poles realized their mortal danger, and made some desperate attempts at reorganizing the state on a sound basis, but their good intentions came too late. The neighbors were bent on thwarting all such efforts which might give strength to their prey. Twenty years after the first partition, in 1793, followed the second, and when this provoked the unhappy uprising of Polish patriots under the leadership of Kosciuszko, the three powers decided to bring an end to their cat and mouse game. In 1795 the last partition took place. Poland ceased to be a state, and the conquerors made vigorous efforts at destroying it also as a nation, but to no avail.

We must now survey briefly the internal life of Poland during the period of its political independence.

Until the fourteenth century Poland was divided among a large number of princes, whose mutual strife and jealousy helped to weaken the state. It fell to a foreigner, King Vaclav of Bohemia, who won also the crown of Poland, to consolidate under his rule the greater part of Polish lands (in 1300). His two immediate successors, Wladyslaw the Short, and his son, Casimir the Great, were among the most efficient Polish kings of native origin. Under Casimir the Great, 1333-1370, the Kingdom acquired solidity and strength in a very promising degree. This shrewd king definitely turned from the west to the east. He yielded some important territory to the Germans, but on the other hand he annexed Red Russia, or Galicia, with its Ukrainian population. Then he turned his attention not to external expansion but to internal organization. Cities and villages were given considerable privileges, trades and crafts were encouraged, roads and bridges were built,

THE FERENC JÓSEF QUAI ON THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE
The main promenade of Budapest

BUDAPEST ON THE DANUBE
Barefoot peasants returning from the market are frequently seen in this city

finances were stabilized. The influx of Jews from other countries, where they suffered persecution, was encouraged, and Casimir granted them many liberties and favors, with the view to making use of their experience in business and banking. He also had the laws codified and unified, putting a stop to the authority of German courts over Polish jurisdiction. In his endeavor to consolidate the state, to centralize the government, and to solidify the economic structure of the country, Casimir expressed his platform in the phrase: "One king, one law, one currency." He also raised the cultural level of Poland quite perceptibly. The university of Cracow was established in 1364, and before long it became an important center of learning. Schools were improved and increased in number, the knowledge of Latin spread among the gentry, and study in foreign universities was encouraged. During Casimir's reign arts and crafts flourished, wooden buildings gave place to brick, and especially the capital, Cracow, acquired an aspect of splendor. The Drapers' Hall, the royal palace, and the cathedral—the most interesting monuments of Cracow architecture to this day—were founded under Casimir.

The chief misfortune of Poland consisted in the fact that its fate depended in a large measure upon the personality of the monarch. There were not many monarchs of the stamina and tact of Casimir the Great, and consequently there could be no continuity of endeavor and achievement. The power of the king was limited by two factors—the church and the gentry. While the influence of the church was not an unmixed evil, and was in a sense even enlightening at times, the rôle of the gentry was invariably pernicious. As a class it was out of proportion numerous, jealous of its authority, and narrowly selfish. The king had to curry favor with the gentry, and particularly with the nobility, the great magnates, possessors of tremendous estates and limitless resources in serfs and money. They exercised their power to elect the king, and were prone to control his reign after his accession. Whenever the king needed military or financial support, the gentry used the opportunity for wrestling further concessions, privileges, and exemptions, totally disregarding the inter-

ests of the state and of the other classes of the people. One can readily see what a delicate situation the king had to face, and what superior qualifications were required of him to cope with it.

The union between Poland and Lithuania, achieved through the marriage of Jadwiga to Jagello, added great strength to the state and gave it a long line of comparatively successful kings. Under the Jagellonian kings (1386-1572) the united kingdom reached its highest achievements, both in its foreign relations and in its internal development. Also the Hungarian, Stefen Bathory (1576-1586), contributed greatly to the final flash of Poland's splendor and prowess. The sixteenth century saw the golden age of Polish culture, which was influenced by the Italian Renaissance and by the Reformation movement. For the first time the Polish language became a successful rival to Latin, and it displayed its force and beauty in the prose of Rey, the poetry of Kochanowski, the sermons of Skarga.

But at the same time the inherent malady of the state grew in intensity. The gentry acquired ever broader privileges at the expense of the impoverished townspeople and the bondaged peasantry. On the surface, Poland presented one of the most advanced states in regard to constitutional government. It had an upper chamber, the Senate, and a lower, the Sejm, the latter enjoying a decided superiority of power. There were three outstanding evils in this system, however. In the first place, the franchise was granted to the gentry alone, ignoring the other classes completely. In the second place, the members of Sejm did not in fact represent the nation, for they were delegated by the provincial Sejms, with definite mandates dictated by local interests. Now the provincial Sejms were usually controlled by the high aristocracy, the all-powerful magnates who had no difficulty in manipulating the election of delegates. Thus the central Sejm, in the capital, consisted largely of adherents and agents of the few great families of the upper nobility. Finally legislative activity was hamstrung by the absurd privilege of *Liberum veto*, that is to say, a single dissenting vote in the Sejm could annul the results of a whole session.

Through the larger part of the seventeenth century Po-

land was ruled by kings of Swedish origin, the Vasas. That was a period of the country's unbroken decadence, economically, politically, morally, and culturally. Bigotry and intolerance in religious matters and the predominance of Jesuits put a stop to the broadmindedness of Polish society, and affected detrimentally educational conditions, the quality of literature, and the general spiritual level of the nation. The tactlessness of the church and the narrow selfishness of the gentry were responsible in a great measure for the intermittent warfare in the southeast, with the Ukrainians and Cossacks. In 1596 the church made a dexterous effort at gaining the alliance of the Ukrainians, by converting them to the Uniat church, which permitted them the observance of Greek Orthodoxy but required their allegiance to the pope of Rome. But the Polish clergy and gentry defeated the purpose of this diplomatic compromise, in that they treated the Uniats as inferiors and exploited them mercilessly. The Ukrainians rose in rebellion time and again, with varying success but with invariable results of ruin and devastation for both sides. Gogol, in *Taras Bulba,* and Sienkiewicz, in *With Fire and Sword,* portray these wars from the Ukrainian and the Polish point of view, respectively. In 1667 the Ukraine annexed itself voluntarily to Moscow. This date marks not only the loss by Poland of a large and fertile province with a river system flowing to the Black Sea, but also the end of Polish expansion eastward and the change of Russia's defensive policy to that of aggression against its western neighbor.

During the same period Poland had to wage war against the Turks and the Swedes. The last brilliant victory of Polish arms was gained by King John Sobieski (in 1683), who chivalrously rescued Vienna from the Turkish siege. The Hapsburgs repaid their deliverers with black ingratitude, which they later showed also toward Russia, who saved their throne in 1848. After Sobieski's victory Poland ceases to play an independent part in European politics, but is chiefly used as a pawn by its neighbors—now Russia, now Sweden, now Prussia, now Austria. The major part of the eighteenth century is marked by the most incapable and humiliating rule of Poland's German kings, who were at the same

time, kings of Saxony. In 1764, the patriotic aristocracy succeeded in electing to the throne a Pole, Stanislaw Poniatowski, who proved to be the last king of Poland. During his reign the country revealed its highest virtues and its basest vices. One portion of society rose in a supreme effort at saving the nation from imminent destruction. Under the leadership of their enlightened king the true patriots engaged in a feverish activity of reforms and improvements in many fields of national life, from industry and agriculture to art and education. Aware of the paralyzing effect of their political order on all efforts and endeavors, this group finally carried through the Sejm a most revolutionary measure—the new Constitution of May 3, 1791. This day has been celebrated by the Poles as their greatest national holiday, the final expression of their national wisdom and vitality. The chief points of that Constitution were the abolition of the *liberum veto* privilege, and the institution of a hereditary kingship in place of an elective. Thereby the anarchy of gentry whims, arbitrariness, and corruption was curbed, and a chance for normal political activity was opened.

But it was precisely this latter possibility that was resented by Poland's neighbors, who were hovering over their prey and trying to accelerate its complete prostration. Their scheme found support in the inner disintegration of Poland. In the first place, not all the gentry were as patriotic as those responsible for the Constitution of May 3. A group of aristocrats, bitterly opposed to the liberal reforms, plotted against their country with its enemies and invited the intervention of foreign armies, to the ultimate undoing of Polish independence. Russia, Prussia, and Austria gained by the disunion of the country, and partitioned it, meeting with but a slight resistance. For—and this brings us to the second cause of Poland's disintegration—whence could resistance come? The gentry was both small in numbers and disunited. The other classes were largely indifferent, as a result of the narrow selfishness of the ruling class. The peasants and the townspeople, ignored and abused by the gentry for generations, saw no reason for taking sides in what appeared to them as a

family squabble among the aristocrats. Even the Constitution of May 3, 1791, failed to enlist the sympathies of the broad masses, for though it decreased the power of the small gentry, limiting the franchise to bigger property owners, it left practically unchanged the status of the peasants and the other classes. The leader of the last Polish insurrection, Kosciuszko, proved not only a good general but also a wise statesman. He realized the importance of winning the whole-hearted support of the peasantry, and he therefore recruited them as equal citizens into his revolutionary army, and proclaimed a series of liberties and privileges for the tillers of the soil. Indeed, Kosciuszko became a popular, truly national hero, and he succeeded in arousing the enthusiastic aid of the common people. It was too late, however. The body of Poland lay prostrate, and the talons of the three expectant eagles plunged deep and tore it to pieces. Poland was no more. There remained only a memory and a lesson.

Partitioned Poland

From 1795 to 1918 Poland remained dismembered and subjected to three oppressors, who had in common the determination to frustrate all hope for its resurrection. Among the Poles there always existed a certain number of patriots who refused to regard their nation as dead, and who from time to time succeeded in kindling the flame of insurrection among their countrymen against their conquerors. These attempts, as we shall see, proved futile. As long as Russia, Prussia, and Austria retained their power, there was no hope for the reunion of Polish lands. Indeed, when the three empires collapsed, in 1917-1918, Poland emerged again into statehood. It was natural therefore that during the Napoleonic wars many Poles joined France, in the hope of disrupting their enemies and thus gaining the independence of their country. Napoleon made good use of the gallant Polish legions, employing them in most dangerous situations, and sending them to such remote territories as San Domingo, where most of them perished from disease or by the sword. To be sure, he showed his good will to them, by creating out of Prus-

sian Poland the Duchy of Warsaw, under the king of Saxony, with some semblance of independence. But the price paid for this luxury was high, and the Duchy proved ephemeral. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, Poland was definitely partitioned among its three neighbors under conditions which, in substance, remained unchanged for more than a century, until the Treaty of Versailles.

During these long years of oppression the Polish emigrants, chiefly in Paris, were an important factor in keeping the spirit of their countrymen alive. The exiles included, at any rate during the first half of the nineteenth century, Poland's noblest sons—statesmen, warriors, historians, artists, musicians, and certainly its best writers. These men commanded the respect and attention of their compatriots, wherever these might be, and they also served as spokesmen of their people before the western world, arousing interest in their cause and sympathy with their struggle. Deprived of material power, Poland managed to keep its place in the civilized world mainly through its spiritual contributions. In its darkest years Poland spoke to the world through its Chopin, its Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasinski, its Sienkiewicz, Orzeszko, Prus, its Wieniawski, Paderewski, Moniuszko, its Reymont and Żeromsky.

We must now give a brief outline of how the three parts of Poland fared during their long captivity.

By the Congress of Vienna, Russia received the major portion of Poland, with Warsaw as its center. Emperor Alexander I, while remaining the autocratic and absolute tsar of Russia, assumed the title of King of Poland, with his authority limited by a Sejm and other local prerogatives. This so-called Congress Kingdom made considerable progress in the economic and cultural development of the country during the fifteen years of its existence, in spite of the ever-tightening grip of Russian autocratic methods upon local life. The reactionary policy of the Holy Alliance made itself felt throughout Europe, with Metternich as its moving spirit, and Alexander I as his obedient tool. The Paris revolution of July, 1830, stimulated the Warsaw Poles to rise against Russia. The insurrectionists were naïve enough to hope for the support of

western Europe, particularly of Prussia and Austria. Needless to say, this support was at best platonic, and the uprising was ruthlessly quelled by the Russian troops. Emperor Nicolas I used the insurrection as a pretext for the suspension of the liberties and privileges granted to Poland by the Congress of Vienna, and gradually the Kingdom was brought to the status of a province in the Russian empire, subject to all the oppression of an autocratic regime. Moreover, the Russian authorities began to discriminate against the Polish language and the Roman Catholic church, and endeavored to force the Uniats back into Greek Orthodoxy, in a word—they inaugurated a policy of Russification. Still the Poles preserved a certain measure of self-government, which even greatly increased during the early years of the reign of Alexander II, who succeeded his father in 1855. In 1863 the Poles rose again and for the last time against Russia. The results of this uprising were politically disastrous to Poland. Thousands were killed in battle, or executed, or exiled to remote Siberia, estates were confiscated and transferred to Russians, and the persecution of everything Polish assumed a brutal frankness and ever-increasing proportions. One of the reasons for the failure of both the uprisings of 1830 and of 1863 was the comparative indifference and aloofness of the peasants. The gentry did not follow the wise policy of Kosciuszko, and did not take the initiative to liberate their serfs and thus to gain their loyalty. It is true that the revolutionary manifesto of 1863 declared the peasants free, but this reform came too late to show any perceptible effect on the attitude of the peasants, aside from the fact that it was hardly complied with by the gentry. In 1864 the Russian government undertook the part of liberator, and freed the Polish peasants with considerable allotments of land taken from their former masters.

After the unfortunate uprising of 1863, Poland's gentry no longer played the part of the sole spokesman of the country. Broken materially through executions, confiscations, and exiles, this class which had dictated the destinies of their country for many centuries, and was responsible for its final loss of independence, now lost also its moral

predominance. The romantic gentry was supplanted by a practical middle class. The failure of the rebellion, and its failure to enlist the actual support of western Europe, in particular, convinced the majority of the Poles that their armed struggle against Russia could augur nothing but futile bloodshed and worse oppression. They decided to settle down and do what was possible under the circumstances. Economically Poland made great progress during the last fifty years under Russia. It became the chief industrial center of the empire, and it also furnished an unproportionally large number of Russia's experts along technical lines. Politically the Poles were only a little worse off than the Russians themselves. In addition to the all-Russian lack of elementary liberty of action and expression, the Poles suffered persecution as a suspected nationality. While they filled important posts, civilian and military, in the empire, they were replaced by Russians in Poland proper. Russian became the official language, and even Polish history and geography had to be taught in Russian. The University of Warsaw was to perform the mission of a Russificatory institution. The Roman Catholic church was curbed in its activity, and was discriminated against in favor of Greek Orthodoxy. The very name of Poland was officially non-existent; part of it was designated as the Northwestern Province, while its main portion, with Warsaw, received the name of the Vistula Province. Obviously, the tsar's government intended to obliterate everything which reminded the Poles of their historical past, and to transform them into cowed Russian subjects.

The struggle of Poland against this intention was, in the main, manifested in two currents—the Socialistic and the so-called National-Democratic. One of the leading figures in the P. P. S. (Polish Socialist Party) has been Joseph Pilsudski, now (1927) marshal and would-be-dictator. This party has been more nationalistic than socialistic, in practice at any rate. Its members fought against the Russian government by revolutionary means, not refraining from occasional murder of officials. As against this open disloyalty toward Russia, the National Democrats adopted a policy of semi-loyalty, sending its members to the Russian parlia-

ment (Duma) after the revolution of 1905, and endeavoring to gain partial concessions and alleviations by peaceful parliamentary methods. Led by Roman Dmowski, the National Democrats carried on a skillful campaign both at home and abroad, their slogan being in effect "Poland for the Poles." While their activity in the Russian Duma, despite all their opportunistic haggling and maneuvering, proved quite futile, they gained considerable success at home, and are to this day the strongest political party. Its nucleus is the middle class, and in general it appeals to the chauvinistic and narrowly Roman-Catholic sentiments of the people. One of the party's spectacular feats has been its effective anti-semitic propaganda, resulting in a widespread hostility toward the Jews and in an organized boycott of Jewish establishments.

That part of Poland which fell to Prussia, known as Posnan or Posen, is chiefly agricultural. Under German methods of efficiency the province gained a good deal in such aspects of civilization as sanitation, schools, roads, and the like. On the other hand, Prussia was less likely to tolerate a foreign element within its national organism than either Russia or Austria. Bismarck in particular resented any such obstacle toward German unity, and he inaugurated a campaign of depolonization which continued with ever increasing bitterness till the very end of the war. The Germanization of the province was to be thorough. The Polish language was driven out from public usage, and even religious instruction to school children had to be given in German. The administration was prevailingly in German hands. At the same time the government tried to drive the Poles off their soil, by heavily subsidizing German colonists and persecuting Polish farmers in a variety of ways. For four decades the German Imperial machine applied its formidable power to crush the recalcitrant Poles, and failed utterly. With united efforts the native farmers held on to the soil, and effectively frustrated the colonizing scheme of the government. In fact the subsidized German farmers either lost their identity by becoming Polonized, or felt so uncomfortable amidst their inhospitable neighbors as to sell out their holdings and flee. As to their language and re-

ligion, the more these were persecuted the stronger grew their hold on the people, in the same way as in Russian Poland. The Poles have regarded the Germans as more deadly enemies than their other oppressors, seeing in them the successors of their ancient foe, the Teutonic Knights, the implacable historical antagonists of Slavdom.

The story of Austrian Poland, or Galicia, falls into two periods—from the partitions to 1867, and thereafter until the Treaty of Versailles. During the first period the policy of Austria was similar to that of Russia and Prussia, that is to say, it aimed at the complete subjection and ultimate obliteration of the Polish spirit. When the Poles attempted rebellion, the Austrians used their customary method of ruling through the division of their enemy's forces. Thus, in 1846, Metternich succeeded in egging on the Galician peasants against their masters, the gentry, and a terrific massacre took place, in which Poles were both the victims and the assassins. In the revolution of 1848, the pan-Slavic congress at Prague was torn by mutual strife among the various Slav groups, to the joy of Austria, which was saved from disruption by the disunion of its nationals and by the armed intervention of Nicolas I of Russia. The net result was that the city of Cracow, which by the Congress of Vienna had certain autonomous rights, was now deprived of all privileges, and became an Austrian town.

Austria's policy changed only in the eighteen sixties, after it was beaten by Prussia and deprived of leadership in the German states. It was then, in 1867 and after, that Vienna relaxed its rigid centralization, Hungary was given relative independence, and other provinces were also granted certain local freedom. Galicia received autonomous rights, a local parliament, and a native administration. It became the sole free center of Polish political and cultural activity. Cracow, with its ancient university and monuments of national history, served as the heart and the brains of the scattered Poles. Galicia was a pledge for the survival of Poland, and therefore a thorn in the sides of Russia and Prussia and a whip over them in the hands of Austria. At the same time Austria did not relinquish its traditional method of "rule through division," and it

knew how to weaken the Polish element through sharpening its conflict with the Ukrainian or Ruthenian element, which forms the majority of the population in East Galicia. Austrian statesmen deliberately encouraged the Ukrainian movement both in order to plant the seed of secession across the border, in the Russian Ukraine, and with a view to curbing the Polish power in Galicia. The Polish gentry in East Galicia gave many and good reasons for discontent among the peasants, who were prevailingly Ukrainian and Uniat. In the University of Lwów (Lemberg) there were constant clashes between Polish and Ukrainian students and faculty on questions of language and subject-matter. This conflict grew in intensity with years, assuming at times the form of actual warfare, and is today one of the most difficult problems confronting the Polish Republic.

During the Great War the Poles presented a divided front. Aside from the fact that they were forcibly recruited into three different armies, their sympathies and loyalties were by no means uniform. While the Prussian Poles entertained no illusions with regard to the possible advantage of a German victory, the Poles of Russia faced a dilemma. On the one hand they were aware of the brutality and intolerance of the tsar's rule, but on the other hand the Russian supreme commander, Grand Duke Nicolas, issued a stirring manifesto, in which he appealed to all Slavs, and to the Poles in particular, to unite against the common German oppressor in the name of their independence. The hopes aroused by his promises were further strengthened by the fact that the leading European democracies were aligned on the side of Russia. The prevailing Polish sentiment was probably inclined toward Austria, whose rule they had found most friendly and congenial. Joseph Pilsudski, who had known Russian prison and exile, organized Polish legions in Austria, and led them against Russia. At the same time loyal Poles formed legions in Russia, and on the western front too there appeared Polish legions. Thus for the first time in history Poles found themselves fighting on opposite sides in an international conflict, with one common aim in mind—an independent Polish state. Before long both sides were to be disappointed in their hopes.

When the Russian troops occupied Galicia they hastened to introduce their methods of Russification, and when forced to retreat, they devastated the country without mercy. On the other hand, the Germans and Austrians, into whose hands all of Poland fell eventually, failed to live up to the expectations of the Poles. They did form some semblance of a state in what was Russian Poland, and promised more autonomy in Galicia, but their good will was half-hearted. Later Pilsudski's legions were forced to disband, and their leader imprisoned in a German fortress. Fortunately for the Poles, the victory of the Allies spelled the establishment of an independent Poland. In the councils of the victors one voice was particularly strong for Poland, and this was the voice of President Wilson. A century and a quarter of subjection and humiliation drew to an end: Poland was resurrected.

Poland Today

The victorious Allies resolved to restore the independent state of Poland. The question arose as to whether the limits of the new state should be decided ethnographically and be confined to territories with a predominantly Polish population, or whether the size of Poland before the first partition should remain unchanged. A compromise was arrived at in the end, and today, after certain modifications caused by subsequent wars and treaties, Poland's territory is about as large as it was at the time of the second partition, in 1793—approximating three-fourths of the area of France. The lands taken by Austria and Germany have been restored completely in the west and south, but on the east only parts of Lithuania, White Russia, and the Ukraine have been retained by Poland. In the north, the port of Danzig, the only outlet to the Baltic Sea, has been internationalized, while a narrow strip of land leading to it from the south, and known as the Danzig Corridor, has been given to Poland. This Corridor separates the eastern half of Prussia from the western, and is a source of constant aggravation for Germany. On the whole the Polish frontiers are as precarious as they have always been, and the new state has an extremely delicate task in establishing normal relations with its neighbors. In fact, since the

Versailles Treaty, Poland has had armed conflicts with Czechoslovakia, Germany, and Lithuania, and a costly and sanguinary war with Russia. The chief ally of Poland is France, who is eager to have a strong aid on Germany's east in case of war. France has had to support the Polish military organization financially and otherwise, but of course the bulk of the burden falls on the shoulders of the Polish people. The upkeep of an army of at least 275,000 men in peace time and of a constabulary force eats up about 60% of the state budget.

It is evident from this survey of Polish history, how vitally important it is for Poland to maintain satisfactory relations with its neighbors, unless it be strong enough to defy them. Until recently the rulers of new Poland have shown a bellicose pugnacity toward Russia, Germany, and Lithuania, which can be hardly warranted by the internal strength of the republic. One must remember that more than one-third of its population is non-Polish, and that this element cannot reasonably be expected to cherish loyal feelings for the ruling majority. The Poles, it appears, have learned little from their own bitter experience of long years of oppression, and they are using the same harsh methods against their national minorities which their recent masters employed in the futile hope of destroying the Polish nation. The Germans, the Jews, the White Russians, the Great Russians, and the Ukrainians are discriminated against in every way, and are therefore prompted to present a united front in opposition to the government. Particularly bitter is the attitude of the Ukrainians in East-Galicia, against whom the Poles waged actual warfare in 1919. Subjected by force of arms, the Ukrainians refuse to reconcile themselves to the situation, boycott the state institutions, and carry on an unrelenting propaganda against their conquerors. The other nationals endeavor to fight their oppression constitutionally, and in the Sejm they form a solid block of opposition. Unless and until the government comes to a tactful understanding with the national minorities, the republic will suffer from an organic weakness which may prove fatal in moments of foreign complications.

Poland has an extremely democratic constitution. The two houses of parliament, the Sejm and the Senate, are elected on the basis of universal franchise and proportional representation. The power of the president is greatly limited. On paper the citizens of Poland are probably the freest in the world, but in reality personal liberty is curtailed there not less, if not more, than in the majority of European countries since the war. One of the difficult tasks of the new state is the unification of the until recently separate parts of Poland, which had acquired different habits and customs under the three different systems of social, economic, political, and cultural relations. To cite one example, there existed three codes of law—Russian, German, and Austrian, aside from the *Code Napoléon* introduced in the Duchy of Warsaw and still extant there in a large measure; now these laws have to be codified uniformly. Furthermore, in view of their past experience and training, the citizens of Poland's divers localities are not equally ripe for independent political activity. The crisis of parliamentarism is nowhere so evident as in Poland. The present Sejm has thirty-two political parties (there are, in addition, twenty-five parties not represented in parliament, and thirty-five political organizations of Polish youth), of which 164 members belong to the right, 55 to the center, and 225 to the left. No one party commands a sufficient majority, and there is no chance for normal legislation. Although the majority of the deputies and of the press are for the dissolution of the Sejm and appointment of new elections, this sensible step cannot legally take place because the constitution provides that the Sejm may be dissolved only if two-thirds of its members so desire. In default of constitutional means, revolutionary methods are apt to be employed for the remedy of the situation. Thus in May, 1926, Marshal Pilsudski headed a military revolt, forced the president and prime minister to resign, and had the Sejm elect a new president. It is expected that the constitution will be amended so as to give greater power to the president of the republic, enabling him, among other things, to dissolve parliament.

Economically the country has gone through severe

trials. One must remember that at least two-thirds of the land lay in the area of actual warfare, and were traversed time and again by advancing and retreating armies which left waste and ruin in their wake. The marked improvement of conditions is partly due to the aid of the Allies but chiefly to the country's own natural resources. Poland is largely agricultural, and, with the help of good crops, will weather any storm. It is also rich in coal, iron, oil, zinc, and timber. The recuperation of the country depends upon the general policy of its government. Peace with its neighbors is essential for the normalization of its economic conditions, and the sooner Russian and German markets are regained, the sooner will Poland stabilize its finances and solve the grave unemployment problem. Thus far the efforts at stabilizing the currency were both ineffective and painful, because they produced great misery through the rise in prices on commodities, and because they were made by means of foreign loans which necessitated the mortgaging of such national assets as the tobacco and liquor revenues. Incidentally, such international reconciliation will do away with the plausible need of a large standing army, and the terrific burden of militarism will thus be eased.

Educational conditions have greatly improved since the end of the war. Poland has today six universities, eleven academies of college standing, twenty-seven thousand elementary schools, and one thousand secondary schools. There are forty thousand college students, of whom ten thousand are women. After generations of suppression, Polish culture has once more gained a chance to develop freely along national lines. The world is again open to the contributions of Polish art and science. Indeed, at the Paris exposition of applied and decorative arts, in 1925, the Polish pavilion attracted the widest attention and the highest commendations. At home a vigorous campaign is carried on for the spread of education among children and adults. The growing factor in the public life of Poland is the new peasant. Already the peasants form the majority in the Sejm; Witos, a peasant, has been thrice prime minister; another peasant, Rataj, is president of the Sejm. The

president of the Liberation group in the Sejm, a peasant, Stolarski, self-taught, and modest, though author of an important book on the Polish village, is typical of the new generation. "Tell your friends in America," he said to me, "that the peasants of Reymont's novel, *The Peasants,* are at least twenty years behind the time. It is we who represent modern Poland," and he pointed at himself and his comrades.

Unfortunately the national minorities complain bitterly about numerous obstacles and limitations imposed by the authorities on their cultural endeavors, despite the constitution. They claim that in this respect (as well as in others) their conditions have grown much worse since Poland gained its independence.

Polish Literature

The two great periods in Polish literature took place in the sixteenth century and in the nineteenth century. The Poles refer to the first period as the golden age of their history. Indeed, that was the time of Poland's splendor, material as well as spiritual. The air was full of currents engendered by the Renaissance and the Reformation, which affected public life in its various forms. Among other things the usage of the vernacular began to be encouraged, and for the first time Polish prose and verse claimed their place by the side of Latin. The three prominent figures of that age were Nicolas Rey (1509-1569), John Kochanowski (1530-1584), and Peter Skarga (1536-1612).

Rey was a Calvinist, a broad-minded and jovial country gentleman, who used his native tongue with graceful facility in flowing verse. The poetic quality of his works is rather doubtful, but they abound in racy wit and pointed descriptions of contemporary life and society. Rey also translated the Psalms and wrote on biblical and religious themes. Though he was fond of narrating anecdotes and jokes, often of too robust a quality, most of his writings are hued with a decided tint of moralizing didacticism.

The greatest of them all was John Kochanowski, a gentleman of a broad European education, a typical humanist, and a poet by grace of God. He studied and travelled in

THOMAS C. MASARYK (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA
On the lawn of his castle in southern Slovakia with the author

SOME BAVARIANS AT OBERAMMERGAU

Italy and France, and his decision to write in the vernacular was influenced by the poetry of Petrarca, Ariosto, Tasso, and by that of Ronsard whom he met in person while at Paris. Kochanowski continued to write in elegant Latin, but his chief value lies in his magnificent Polish verse which has rendered him the title of prince of poets among his compatriots. His version of the Psalms of David has made this Hebrew poetry a part and parcel of the national heritage of Poland, where children know them by heart, and adults draw from them religious strength. The death of his gifted little daughter, Ursula, was the cause of his book of "Complaints," elegies of incomparable lyrical power and melodious beauty. Among the large variety of his productions stands out the short drama "The Dismissal of the Greek Envoys" (available in English), an episode from the story of Troy, written in a classical manner but none the less movingly lyrical for that. In attacking the Trojan vices, and in Cassandra's prophecy of doom, Kochanowski had in mind the present and future of his own Poland. He combined happily the poet and the patriot, and aside from his literary activity he performed the office of secretary to the king.

In spite of its glowing splendor, Poland of the sixteenth century showed signs of inner corruption and inevitable decay. The narrowness of the gentry's greed for power, and their blind pursuit of pleasure and luxury regardless of the interests of the nation and the state, could not but augur disaster. Among those who had the clear vision to realize the menacing situation, was the Jesuit priest Peter Skarga, whose court sermons before the king and the Sejm are the crowning glory of Polish prose during that golden age. With the force and fervor of the prophets of Israel, Skarga denounced the mighty of the land for their selfishness and oppression of the poor and lowly, and two hundred years before the dissolution of the Polish state he had the wisdom and audacity to foretell this end in the following words:

> A foreign enemy will come upon you, will take advantage of your internal discord, and say: "Your hearts have become divided, now you will be ruined." These internal strifes will bring you into a captivity, in which all your

> freedom will be lost, and abased. Great countries and principalities, which had become united with the crown, will fall off and be torn away, and you, who once ruled other races, will, like an abandoned widow, become a mockery and sport for your enemies.

There followed two hundred years of external and internal disintegration. As a reflection of life, literature during that period was inane, unoriginal, gaudily macaronic, and quite insignificant. Only toward the end, under the last king, Poniatowski, did the national spirit of Poland rise in a supreme effort of creative power, but the highest literary achievements came a generation later. The first important period of Polish literature, the Kochanowski time, came at the height of Poland's external splendor. The second great period of its literature took place during the lowest ebb of Poland's national existence, approximately 1820-1850, the time of the three Romantic poets, Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), Julius Slowacki (1809-1849), and Sigismund Krasinski (1812-1859).

Polish Romanticism, in addition to the traits of other European schools of Romanticism, was imbued with a peculiarly accented nationalism. Poland was dismembered and subjected to foreign oppression. Civilized Christendom looked on with the attitude of a Pilate at the shameless international robbery committed by three Christian monarchs. The conquerors were bent on blotting out the very name of Poland and on forcing the Poles to forget their language, traditions, and memories. The attempted revolts were crushed with ruthless cruelty, resulting in the infliction of exile, torture, or death on the participants, and in further persecution and humiliation of those allowed to stay amidst the ruins. It was only natural for this national calamity to affect the tone and contents of Polish literature.

To be sure, the note of nationalism was present in nearly all Romantic literatures, but in Polish Romanticism this note was both predominant and hued with a plaintive Messianism. "O mother, six times pierced unhappy mother!" the words of Krasinski, were the leading motive of that literature. The sufferings of Poland acquired the significance of the Golgotha. "O Lord," cries Mickiewicz, "al-

ready I see the cross. How long, how long yet shall my nation endure it? Lord, have pity on Thy servant, give him strength that he may not fall down and expire on the way. His cross has arms so long that they stretch out over the whole of Europe; it is made of three nations which are as dried up as three withered trees. They drag my nation away, there it is, there on the throne of sacrifice. The crucified one says: 'I thirst,' and *Ragusa* (Austria) offers him vinegar, and *Borus* (Prussia) refreshes him with gall, and his mother, freedom, who stands at the feet of the cross, lifts her head and weeps. . . . And see, the Muscovite soldier runs up and thrusts his spear into his side." The agony of Poland was to instruct and ennoble other peoples —this was another common motive. "Thy people has been given to other races to eat, for the renewal of their blood," wrote Krasinski. At the suppression of the uprising of 1830, Garchynski exclaimed: "O my nation! As the Savior's wounded head forever compressed its bloody image upon a veil, so wilt thou, my nation, stamp the bloody image of thy fate upon the whole of this generation. Thou wilt throw this generation into the face of Europe as it were Veronica's veil, and the history of thy suffering will be read thereupon. And the time will come, ye nations of Europe, when your eyes and thoughts will be fixed as if by enchantment on the bloody image of the crucified nation." This sense of national martyrdom and its significance for humanity is expressed most potently in Mickiewicz's *Books of the Polish Nation and of the Polish Pilgrimage.** Written in a biblical style, breathing the spirit of true Christianity, tolerance and high idealism, these books have truly become the bible of the Polish people, giving them strength and courage during the bitterest years of oppression. With the fire and dignity of a prophet, Mickiewicz exhorts his compatriots to bear their dark fate with humility and forbearance, to serve as an example to other nations, to live as a Messiah, a Christ among them. . . . "The nations shall be saved not through the old law, but through the merits of a martyred nation, and they shall be baptized in the name of God and freedom. And whosoever is baptized thus is your brother." Today

*Available in English.

resurrected Poland has far to go before it can live up to the lofty ideals of Mickiewicz.

Mickiewicz's sentiments are not always permeated with the Christian spirit. A good many of his writings are steeped in gall, and suggest no note of forgiveness or tolerance. His romantic poetic drama, *Konrad Wallenrod,* may be interpreted as a sermon of vengeance. His hero is a Lithuanian disguised as a German, who enters the service of the Knights of the Cross, becomes their master, and finally betrays them to the Lithuanians. Konrad's tutor, an old Lithuanian bard, nurses his holy passion, and extolls treason and murder as proper means for combating the enemy. In the song of Alpujarra he tells of the Moorish chief, Almanzor, who flees from his plague-stricken camp, gives himself over to the Spaniards, protests his friendship for them, and when they hail and embrace him he infects them with the plague. Thus the means are justified by the aim, and the aim is primarily—vengeance. In the poem "Forefathers" the hero cries: "My spirit was silenced, my song lay in the grave, but my genius smells blood, thirsts for blood. Yea, vengeance, vengeance! Vengeance on our executioners! Vengeance, if God will, and whether God wills or not!"

A similar note rings in the works of Slowacki, another magnificent poet of that age. With tremendous force he describes the sufferings and torments of his compatriots in dungeons and on the frozen plains of Siberia, and with ironic bitterness he denounces the pope of Rome who washed his hands at the sight of Poland's crucifixion, and even praised Tsar Nicolas I, and preached to the Poles submission to authorities. In despair Slowacki, too, sings of vengeance by all means. His "Lambro" and "Kordjan" breathe this sentiment and exalt murder and deception as methods of struggle against the enemy. Slowacki was more radical in his theories than either Mickiewicz or Krasinski, and he believed in the efficacy of mass revolts, however cruel and bloody. "Do not believe," he argued with Krasinski, "that the divine idea unfolds itself only under the direction of angels; God often allows it to be born in blood, and He sometimes sends it with Mongols."

In contrast to these notes of vengeance and uncompromising hatred, the muse of Count Krasinski was dedicated to the ideal of Christian love. His heart also bled at the sight of his country's tragedy, and he lamented it in profoundly moving verses. But he rejected hate and strife as unworthy and futile methods. In *Irydion** Krasinski's hero, a Greek, is brought up with the conviction that he has a sacred duty to avenge Rome. For the same purpose Irydion's sister becomes the emperor's mistress. Thus far we meet with the familiar sentiments of passionate vengeance and unscrupulous means that are justified by the end. But Irydion's plans are thwarted by the Christians. He flees, and is shown a vision of later Rome, the Eternal City, which rises from the ashes again and again, despite destruction and apparent annihilation. In the end the would-be avenger reappears in Rome, in 1830, where amidst the ruins of pagan antiquity he hears a voice that belongs to the followers of the conquering Galilean: "Go north, in the name of Christ, and stop first in the *land of graves and crosses.* Thou mayst know it by the silence of its warriors, and the melancholy of its little children. Thou mayst know it by the huts of its poor, destroyed by fire, and the palaces of the exiles, which have been laid waste. Go there and dwell among the new brethren whom I give to thee. This shall be thy second trial. For the second time thou shalt see the object of thy love pierced through, and in the death struggle, the sufferings of thousands of souls shall be contained in thy heart." Naturally, Krasinski's message appealed to his compatriots much less than those of Mickiewicz and Slowacki. Krasinski's lofty idealism was regarded as sheer cowardice by some of his contemporaries; at best it was deemed impracticable. In order to preserve their national existence, in face of persecution and suppression of everything Polish, the Poles had to fight desperately, not so much in the open as secretly, and consequently they could not avoid employing stratagem and deceit. The situation was summed up in Mickiewicz's poem:

*Available in English.

To A Polish Mother

O Polish mother, if the radiant eyes
Of genius kindle in thy darling's face,
If even in his childish aspect rise
The pride and honor of his ancient race.

If, turning from his playmates' joyous throng,
He runs to find the bard and hear his lays,
If with bowed head he listens to the song
Of ancient glory and departed days.

O Polish mother, ill must be his part!
Before the Mother of Our Sorrows kneel,
Gaze on the sword that cleaves her living heart—
Such is the craven blow thy breast shall feel!

Though peoples, powers and schisms a truce declare,
And though the whole wide world in peace may bloom,
In battle—without glory—must he share,
In martyrdom—with an eternal tomb.

Soon bid him seek a solitary cave
And ponder there—on rushes lay his head,
Breathe the foul vapors of a hidden grave,
And with envenomed serpent share his bed.

There will he learn to hide his wrath from reach,
To sink his thought as in the abyss profound,
Slyly to poison with miasmic speech,
And humbly. like the serpent, kiss the ground.

A child in Nazareth, our Savior mild,
Fondled the cross whereon he saved mankind:
O Polish mother, I would have thy child
Thus early learn what playthings he will find.

His young arms load with chains, his body frail
Full soon have harnessed to a barrow, so
Before the headsman's ax he shall not pale,
Nor at the swinging halter crimson grow.

Not his to venture like a plumed knight
And plant the holy cross on pagan soil,

Nor like a soldier of new faith to fight
In Freedom's cause, and for her sake to toil.

One day an unknown spy will challenge him,
A perjured court his adversary be,
The jousting-field, a secret dungeon grim;
A powerful foe the verdict will decree.

And for the vanquished man as monument
The gallows-tree will rear its sullen height;
For glory—but a woman's tears, soon spent,
And fellow patriots' whispered words by night.[1]

Though it may strike the reader as narrowly nationalistic, Polish Romanticism is one of the glorious contributions to world literature. In Poland itself, the greatness of Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasinski, has remained unrivalled. It is worth citing the judgment of the celebrated European critic, George Brandes, who has made a profound study of Poland and its literature:

> There is no bird which in strength of wing and power of flight can rival the eagle. Fitly is it called the king of birds. There is no bird, which in unblemished whiteness and quiet dignity of movement can rival the swan. Fitly is it called the symbol of noble purity. The peacock cannot fly like the eagle, nor sail like the swan, but neither of them can come near it in the incomparable splendor of its plumage.
>
> Mickiewicz is the eagle, Krasinski the swan, Slowacki the peacock among the winged spirits of Poland.[2]

Aside from its contents, which is highly emotional and often mystically religious, Polish Romanticism has created works of magnificent form. The poetry and prose of its three great representatives remain to this day jewels of art, and I need not apologize for treating this period at greater length than any other literary period of Poland. The rarest achievement of that school, Adam Mickiewicz's masterpiece, *Pan Tadeusz*,* is free from gall and hatred, from mysticism and moralizing. It is the only† successful epic

* Available in English.
† Serbian ballads are anonymous and "artless."

song of modern times, rich in Homeric descriptions of the Lithuanian backwoods and their easy-going Polish gentry. Romantic literature prefers the distant past or the nebulous future, but Mickiewicz's epic pertains to the poet's own lifetime. It takes place in 1811-1812, and vividly echoes contemporary events, ending in a major key with the advent of Napoleon's army, whose invasion of Russia appeared to the Poles as the coming of the deliverer. But though one is aware of the national issue throughout the book, one finds no bitterness even in the portrayal of Russian characters. A spirit of kindly tolerance sweeps the epic, and a fine humor suffuses the story, mollifying grievances and assuaging conflicts and differences. Mickiewicz rises here as an objective master, and attains heights in his description of nature and delineation of character, happily blending Romanticism with Realism. *Pan Tadeusz* is the most precious possession of modern Poland, and occupies an exalted place in world literature.

As elsewhere, Romanticism in Poland was superceded by Realism. Polish Realists cannot compete, however, with their predecessors, and they have not produced any world important writers who would equal the Russians, for example. Only some of them need be mentioned in this brief survey.

A record of Polish life through the larger part of the nineteenth century may be found in the novels of Kraszewski (1812-1887), who was not only prolific, having written more than five hundred volumes, but also exceedingly versatile and protean. Of second rate quality, his novels, stories, essays, plays, and other forms of composition, gave expression to views ranging from Voltairean liberalism to bigoted Roman Catholicism and general reactionarism.

The most prominent writers of the next generation were Eliza Orzeszko (1842-1910), Boleslaw Prus (1847-1912), and Henry Sienkiewicz (1846-1915). Madame Orzeszko wrote stories and novels based chiefly on contemporary life, in which she described with fine sympathy the conditions of the lower as well as of the middle classes. Her Jews, her peasants, her small gentry are treated with a warm understanding and with considerable skill. Boleslaw Prus (his real

name was Alexander Glowacki) was perhaps the greatest realistic writer in Poland. Like Orzeszko, he attacked social problems with a great deal of breadth and tolerance. His *Outpost* is a little masterpiece of peasant life, incidentally presenting a characteristic page from the story of German colonization in Poland. His numerous stories abound in powerful descriptions of modern Poland, and reveal frequently a delightful sense of humor. His novel, *Children,* pictures with fine sympathy the youthful Polish revolutionists who were engulfed by the Russian revolution of 1905. Sienkiewicz is chiefly known for his historical novels, though his short stories are artistically superior to his longer works. His visit to California resulted in several stories and in his *Letters from America.* Aside from *Quo Vadis,* a novel from the time of early Christianity in Rome, Sienkiewicz gained a particularly warm place in the hearts of his countrymen through his trilogy dealing with Polish history. The first part, *With Fire and Sword,* deals with the Cossack uprisings, the second, *The Deluge,* with the Swedish wars, and the third, *Pan Michael* (*Wolodyiowski*), with the Turkish wars. All three stories present Poland during the fateful seventeenth century, when the state was threatened on every side. Sienkiewicz succeeds in portraying mass action and in occasional characterization. He is prone, however, to idealize his heroes, especially if they be Poles, and present the enemies in unrelieved black. Later he wrote his novel, *The Knights of the Cross,* dedicated to the fifteenth century struggles between Poland-Lithuania and the German knights. He left unfinished two other novels, *On the Field of Glory,* dealing with John Sobieski and his rescue of Vienna, in 1683, and *The Legions,* from the time of Napoleon's wars. In these novels one finds the same merits and flaws as in his others. They are not great works of art, and are not strictly true to historical facts, but they possess a fervor and glamor that lend them a fascination. The Poles valued them particularly for their power to arouse patriotic feelings in the readers, reviving the glory of the past, and reminding them of the former independent existence of Poland. Sienkiewicz's novels from contemporary Polish life lack the glamor of the past, and

have a much lesser appeal, especially because of the author's ill-concealed intolerance. Unlike Prus, he viewed the participation of the Poles in the revolution of 1905 (in his novel, *Whirlpools*) without sympathy or understanding.

Stanislaw Przybyszewski (born 1868) brought a new note into Polish literature, that of "Art for Art's Sake." Disregarding moral or national problems, he has employed his magnificent prose for the expression of man's individuality, the Nietzschean Self, in all its latent possibilities and veiled impulses. Sex plays a determining part in his novels and dramas, and not in any lascivious or crudely naturalistic manner, but as a tragically fatal force which overrides all other thoughts and emotions, subdues the intellect and tramples religion. Przybyszewski has had more influence outside of his country than any other modern Pole, especially in Germany and in Russia. Such of his novels as *Homo Sapiens* and *Children of Satan,* and also his *Poems in Prose,* have found numerous imitators both as to their subtle form and intricate demoniacal contents. At home Przybyszewski's fiction and essays on art have had a refreshing effect, arousing a reaction against the reigning Utilitarian tendencies in art.

One of Przybyszewski's admirers was Stanislaw Wyspianski (1869-1907), painter, poet, playwright. His language, his drawings and stained-glass windows in the Cracow cathedral, reveal a symbolic form akin to that of Przybyszewski's productions. But, unlike Przybyszewski, Wyspianski was an ardent patriot, and his work is unthinkable without the flaming love for Poland and its people that permeates it. As a dramatist, his success with his countrymen is second only to that of the excellent author of comedies, Count Alexander Fredro (1793-1876).* His plays *The Wedding, Deliverance, The Legion,* and others, draw poignantly Poland's past and present, and usually imply a summons to fearless activity on behalf of the martyred motherland. He has written also a number of plays based on Greek antiquity.

The winner of the Nobel prize, Wladyslaw Reymont (1868-1925), has portrayed the industrial and agricultural

*See Bibliography.

life of Poland. In his novel, *The Promised Land,* he takes the reader to the centre of Polish textile industry, the city of Lodz, which grew with amazing rapidity from a small village to a humming Manchester. Reymont pictures the various groups of Lodz society, their ambitions, achievements, greed and mutual jealousy. In his next work, *Peasants,* Reymont uses a much wider canvass and in a more thorough manner. The novel is divided into four parts, according to the seasons of the year, and it presents rustic life in all its manifestations. The peasants are drawn carefully and in detail, with remarkable impartiality. One sees them full-length, in their backward environment, with their narrow horizons, and with their eternally human passions and emotions. The novel is a valuable record of the life of the Polish peasants at the beginning of the twentieth century.

A few weeks after the death of Reymont, Poland lost another important realistic novelist, Stefan Żeromski (1864-1925). Next to Prus, he was probably the biggest writer of modern Poland. His novels deal both with the historical past and the present. He is less guilty of exaggerations than Sienkiewicz, and is more masterly in coping with social problems. In his novel, *Labors of Sisyphus,* he shows the futility of the efforts of the Russian authorities to stamp out Polish culture through a denationalized school system. In a number of plays he dwells on Russian oppression before and after the revolution of 1905, and in his story, *The Faithful River,* he draws a moving picture of the uprising of 1863. To the very end his pen reflected contemporary currents of Polish life, and it must be said to his credit that his pen did not always flatter the prevailing sentiments of his compatriots.

[1] Translated by G. R. Noyes and Miss J. Parish, in *Konrad Wallenrod and other writings of Adam Mickiewicz. See* Bibliography.

[2] Poland, by George Brandes.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The republic of Czechoslovakia has been born out of the ashes of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It comprises the provinces of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovakia, and Subcarpathian Russia, an area of more than 54,000 square miles. The Czechs and the Slovaks, who form the majority of the population (about fourteen million in all), are very much alike racially and linguistically, and are jointly responsible for the name of the new state. One must remember, however, that Czechoslovakia is not altogether a "new" state, since it had had an old and eventful history before it finally succumbed to the Hapsburgs, in 1620. After centuries of subjection to foreign rulers and apparent national death, the Czechoslovaks have risen once more to statehood, and have resumed their important part in the destinies of Europe.

The importance of their role becomes obvious as soon as we glance at the map of Europe. Czechoslovakia is situated at the very heart of Europe, and borders on Rumania, Poland, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It resembles a long arm thrust into hostile elements, the westernmost Slavic outpost. While from east to west the distance of the republic is about 594 miles, its extent from north to south never exceeds 175, and in places is only 45 miles. Thus one can see at once that the new state is exposed to attack and invasion, and can be traversed by a hostile army within an hour or so. Furthermore, its central and vulnerable location has made especially acute the historical conflict between the German and Slav types of mind. For some ten centuries this conflict has raged on the territory of Czechoslovakia, the balance inclining most of the time in favor of the German side and the Germanized Mongols—the Magyars. The Slovaks remained subdued by the Magyars for nearly a thousand years; the Czechs had to resist German influences even while they enjoyed political independence,

NOTE: In pronouncing Czech names, remember that c = ts; č = ch; ch = Scotch ch as in "loch"; ř, and ž = š in treasure; s = sh; cz in Czech = ch.

but from 1620 the process of Germanization was carried on with ruthless thoroughness. The resurrection of the Czechoslovak state and culture in our time is one of history's amazing feats. Let us have a brief account of this interesting story.

Independence and Downfall

According to such authoritative scholars as Niederle, Czechoslovakia was populated by Slavs centuries before Christ. Historical records begin, however, much later. There is a dim rumor of a Bohemian state in the seventh century of our era, under a certain Samo. A host of popular legends, whose national value is often higher than that of historically proven facts, centers around the Princess Libuša, who is credited with the founding of the city of Prague, some time in the eighth century. The democratic predilections of the people become evident in the story of Libuša's marriage to a plowman by the name of Přemysl, ("mysl" means thought), who upon being summoned from the field to the throne insisted on taking along his peasant boots, as a perpetual reminder to his successors of their humble origin. The Přemysl dynasty existed for some six hundred years, the male line coming to an end in 1306 (through the female line it continued in the Luxemburg dynasty). One of the Přemysl princes, Borivoy, and his wife, Ludmila (later canonized), were the first Christian rulers of Bohemia, and were supposed to have been baptized by St. Method, during the second half of the ninth century.

Method and Cyril had arrived, in 863, in Moravia from Saloniki, at the invitation of Prince Rostislav.* The great Moravian empire was a powerful state at that time, and the conversion to Greek Orthodoxy of the Moravians and their kindred Czechs and Slovaks would have strengthened the cause of the eastern church considerably. Cyril and Method preached in the Macedonian Slav dialect which was then apparently well understood by all Slavs, since the differentiation of the Slavic languages did not take place till much later. In this respect the Saloniki missionaries, and their subsequent disciples, had a tremendous advantage over the emissaries of Rome, whose Latin tongue was alien to the

* See also the chapter on Bulgaria.

Slavs. Their success in Moravia augured the spread to other Slavic countries and the securing of a block of coreligionists, from the Balkan Slavs through Moravia, Bohemia, Slovakia, to Poland and Russia. But the Roman Catholic clergy of Germany regarded the "intrusion" of the Byzantine missionaries with unrelenting hostility, and endeavored to thwart their work by all means, fair or foul. The clergy had the support of the secular authorities, and consequently the German princes waged intermittent wars against the Moravians and Bohemians. The victory of the Roman Catholic element in this struggle became decisive, when the Asiatic Magyars established themselves in what is now called Hungary, destroyed the great Moravian state, and absorbed most of Slovakia for a period of a thousand years. This event, which took permanent form early in the tenth century, has been regarded by Bohemia's foremost historian, Palacky, as "the greatest misfortune that has befallen the Slavic world during thousands of years." The Magyar wedge has separated the Czechs from the Slovaks, and what is more important, the northern and western Slavs from the southern Slavs, thus removing the possibility of a solid Slavic block in Europe. With the conversion of the Magyars to Roman Catholicism, the united German-Magyar forces imposed their faith on their Slav neighbors, both in the east and in the south. To this day there is a religious gulf between the Slovenes, Croats, Czechoslovaks and Poles, on the one hand, and their Greek-Orthodox brothers, the Serbs, Bulgars, and Russians, on the other hand.

After the fall of the Moravian state, Bohemia remained the strongest Slav kingdom in Central Europe. For a time the people and the rulers vacillated between Paganism, Roman Catholicism, and Greek Orthodoxy. The grandson of Prince Borivoy, Vaclav or Venceslas (sung in the English carol as "good King Wenceslas"), was murdered by his brother in 935, for his Christianizing efforts. Vaclav has been canonized, and is the patron saint of Bohemia. His brother was forced by Germany to restore Christianity, and eventually Bohemia went Roman Catholic, only here and there preserving remnants of Greek Orthodoxy, with the liturgy performed in the Slavic tongue. The Přemysl

kings were now members of the European Christian family, and as such they enjoyed both the advantages and responsibilities of their position. There were times when the king of Bohemia waxed strong enough to join to his crown those of Poland, Hungary, and Silesia, and to have a voice in the affairs of Germany. Such an honor exacted a high price. To be in a position to meddle in their neighbors' business, the kings of Bohemia needed large armies, which in those days they could obtain through granting land to warrior chiefs. That meant the creation in their democratic country of a nobility class and of its inseparable feature, a class of serfs. At the same time, as a member, and occasionally leading member, of that messy institution—the Holy Roman Empire, dominated by German princes—the king of Bohemia was expected to appear in a legitimate measure German. Consequently the German language, German names and manners prevailed at the Court of Prague and among the nobility, German ladies became the wives of Bohemian princes, bringing along their retinues and priests, while the clergy was largely of German nationality, who despised everything Slavic and endeavored to Germanize their flocks. Furthermore, the rulers of Bohemia permitted, and often vigorously encouraged, German immigration, and as a result considerable German settlements sprung up in town and country. The grandeur of the state was acquired at the price of national individuality.

Among the kings of the Luxemburg dynasty, who ruled Bohemia after the extinction of the male Přemysl line (1306), John and his son Charles are especially worth mentioning as characteristic contrasts. King John was a romantic knight, who spent his time rushing from land to land on Quixotic errands, and paying scant attention to his Bohemian subjects. His career was tied up with all European problems, crusades in Lithuania, battles in Poland, Italy, Hungary, France. He met with an heroic death at Crécy, fighting on the side of France against Edward III and the Black Prince. When advised to follow the example of the French and retreat, King John is reported to have exclaimed: "So will it God, it shall not be that a king of Bohemia flies from the battlefield!" Though totally blind, he

directed his knights to lead him to where the Black Prince stood, and he charged into the very thick of the English ranks. He was killed, and with him the flower of Bohemian nobility was slaughtered.

His son, Charles IV, who was both King of Bohemia and Holy Roman Emperor, seldom left Prague, and during his long reign (1346-1378) a veritable Bohemian renaissance took place. Charles revived the usage of the national language in public and private life, and showed a marked interest in the Slav world in general. Thus in a letter which he wrote to Tsar Stefan Dushan of Serbia concerning an alliance against Turkey, he spoke of their common nationality and language. He established a Benedictine monastery where the Slavic language was to be used, as well as the Cyrillic alphabet; among the monks there were many from Croatia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia. Palacky suggests that Charles aimed at the unification of the Latin and Greek churches. He was beyond doubt a learned man, of broad vision, rare tact, and great energy. The city of Prague owes him its broad streets and squares, its magnificent Charles Bridge, its celebrated castle, numerous churches and monasteries, among them the cathedral of St. Vitus, and most important of all, its university. Founded by him in 1348, the university of Prague was the oldest institution of learning in Central Europe, and it soon became one of the most important centres of intellectual and religious activity on the continent. It is only natural that Charles IV should have become endeared to the Czechs, and it is perhaps as natural that for this very reason he should have been treated with reserve by the Germans. Emperor Maximilian summed up the German attitude toward Charles IV, in describing him as "the father of Bohemia, but the step-father of the Holy Roman Empire."

Under Charles' son, King Venceslas, Bohemia lived through the fatal Hussite upheaval, which ultimately resulted in the country's downfall. Europe was at that time ripe for a cleansing of the Roman church, and it was only due to a combination of circumstances that the reformation movement broke out in Bohemia first. The mercenary practices of the church, and the gross immorality of the clergy

A Typical Country Scene in Czechoslovakia

The Royal Castle

Begun in 1303, and finished during Maria Theresa's reign, is to be seen across the Charles Bridge, which dates from 1169, and has often been destroyed by heavy floods of the Vltava. Note the crucifix, one of the many on the streets of Prague

from its head to its rank and file, became so rampant that sporadic outbursts of protests reverberated through Europe, protests that were stigmatized as heresies and punished as deadly sins by the church authorities. In Bohemia there appeared bold preachers even during Charles' reign, who exposed the evils of contemporary life in vehement terms. We are told of a Moravian monk, Milič, who so powerfully arraigned the luxury-loving dignitaries of the church and the government, that under his influence Charles IV, in 1363, renounced his life of splendor and comfort and decided to live in poverty and in accordance with the gospel. Other preachers and writers of the time, such as Conrad Waldhauser, Thomas Štitny, and Matthew Janow attacked the prevailing customs of the day, the mediæval prejudices and superstitions, the distortion of the original teaching of Jesus, and the numerous pagan ceremonies that had attached themselves to the church. The success of John Hus was, then, neither sudden nor amazing.

John Hus was born about 1370 in the village of Husinec. He studied at the university of Prague, and about 1400 he was ordained a priest. Two years later he was elected rector of the university, and appointed confessor to the queen. He eloquently defended the views of Wyclif, which had been condemned by the church, and gained numerous adherents to his ideas among the Czech nobility, masses, as well as students and faculty. The religious issue assumed before long a national aspect, the line of cleavage lying between the Germans and the Czechs. The followers of Hus expressed the national antagonism to the higher German clergy and their contemptuous treatment of Bohemian sentiments and culture. The struggle became especially bitter at the university of Prague, where a peculiar statute enabled the German students to dominate the elections and management. King Venceslas finally changed the statute, the Czechs acquired a majority, and the Germans in protest left Prague (about five thousand students and professors). From that time on the university became the centre of the reform movement headed by Hus.

Christian Europe was living through trying years at that time. The Papal controversy was becoming a scandal.

Two popes, and for a while even three popes, claimed simultaneously the exclusive vicarage of Christ on earth, and proceeded to excommunicate one another. Corruption and simony were the order of the day, and ecclesiastic authority sank ever lower in the eyes of the masses. Wyclif's ideas toward the purification of the church, expounded by Hus and his followers, found a ready appeal among the Bohemian people. When the emissaries of Pope John XXIII arrived at Prague, and began to peddle indulgences on the market place, calling on the faithful to contribute to a crusade against the supporters of a rival pope, Hus and Master Jerome condemned this commerce at a huge meeting at the university. The pope excommunicated Hus, forbidding all intercourse with him and denying him a Christian burial. Hus acceded to the king's request, and left Prague for the country, where he continued to preach to big crowds in the open fields. The gist of his message was to the effect that the bible is the only true source of Christianity. The popularity of Hus with all classes of the Czech people became alarming in the eyes of the established church, and Hus was summoned to appear before the Council of Constance, at which the papal conflict and other ecclesiastic matters were to be discussed. King Venceslas was confident that Hus would prove his innocence of the alleged heresy, urged him to go in the company of a group of Bohemian nobles who were to guard him. Venceslas' brother, Emperor Sigismund, whose career was based on duplicity and Macchiavellian methods, played a dishonest part in this case too. He gave Hus a safe conduct, guaranteeing his personal security at Constance and during his journey. As soon as Hus arrived at Constance, he was arrested (1414) and kept in prison throughout the deliberations of the council. He was accused of a variety of heresies and ordered to recant, but they did not permit him to defend himself or explain his views. They condemned him to death, and in 1415 he was burned at the stake, his loud prayers rising above the flames. John Hus became a martyr, a saint and a hero in the eyes of the Bohemian people, to whom he remains to this day a symbol of personal integrity and ardent nationalism.

If the Papists intended to put an end to anti-papal heresy

by executing its champion, they soon learned of the grave mistake they had committed. The death of John Hus aroused the wrath of the Bohemian nation, and served to cement the opposition into a formidable force. A protest against the burning of Hus, signed by several hundred nobles and knights, was sent to the council at Constance. The signatories declared their determination to defend to the utmost the freedom of professing Christianity according to the Scripture. The council summoned these heretics to appear before its judgment. It goes without saying that after the experience of Hus, his followers failed to obey the summons, and proceeded to organize their forces for the inevitable struggle. Indeed, the new pope, Martin V, proclaimed the recalcitrant Bohemians heretics, that is, outlaws among Christian nations. For more than two centuries the Czechs remained in opposition to the authority of the pope.

Let us now have a glimpse at the main religious currents in Bohemia during this most significant period of its history. As it often happens, the followers and disciples of Hus went far beyond their teacher in their theories and practices. The two chief groups of the Hussites were the Utraquists and the Taborites. The first were more moderate, their basic tenet being the belief that the holy communion may be administered in both kinds, "sub utraque," hence the name Utraquists; they were also called Calistines, from the communion chalice. To the Utraquists belonged the nobles and knights and they had the official support of the university of Prague, which solemnly proclaimed Hus a holy martyr for the faith of Christ, and announced that communion in both kinds was essential for the salvation of the soul. The Taborites were more extreme. They rejected all the sacraments, with the exception of baptism and communion, recognized the Bible as their only authority, and preached a thorough simplification of life and religion. These had a great following among the common people, especially the peasants, and as against the aristrocratic Prague they founded a number of new settlements in the country under such biblical names as Horeb, Zion, Jordan, and the like. One of these now towns, Tabor, became most important, and gave its name to the whole group. The

Taborites acquired an extraordinary leader in Žižka, (1378-1424), who despite a physical shortcoming—he lost one eye in an early battle, and later an arrow made him totally blind—proved the most brilliant general of his time, and practically invincible. With his peasants and artisans, poorly munitioned and inexperienced, Žižka held at bay the armies of the empire, which time and again pounced upon Bohemia at the command of the pope and the emperor. Aside from the skilful tactics of Žižka, the success of the Taborites was due also to the religious fervor with which these "warriors of God" fought in defence of their faith. They went to battle singing hymns, in full confidence of their right, and dying joyfully for what was to them true Christianity. It was owing to the prowess of these fanatical warriors that Bohemia successfully defied isolation, universal hostility, and a number of crusades proclaimed by the pope of Rome and carried out by the majority of European states under the leadership of the Holy Roman Emperor. The Hussite movement, aside from the spiritual uplift it signified, meant also the revival of a burning patriotism and nationalism, since the Czechs rightly associated their Roman Catholic adversaries with the German lords and princes, to whom religious heresy was a pretext for crushing a Slav state.

Unfortunately for the Czechs, there was no unity in their own ranks. On the one hand, there was constant friction between the aristocratic, moderate Utraquists and the democratic, radical Taborites. On the other hand, within the Taborites themselves there were formed extreme fanatical currents, dissatisfied with the compromising tactics of their leaders. On one occasion Žižka had to quell internal dissension with great cruelty, burning fifty men and women, who "gaily laughing walked into the flames, boasting that they would that very day take their meal with Christ in heaven." (Palacky). There is no doubt that in their devotion to their cause the Taborites were as guilty of atrocities as their Roman-Catholic enemies. As a reaction against prevailing callousness and interminable bloodshed, there grew among the Taborites a sentiment of pacifism and non-resistance, inaugurated by the Bohemian forerunner of Leo

Tolstoy, Peter Chelčicky (born about 1390, died about 1460). In his writings, of which more will be said in the chapter on literature, he opposed violence and coercion in any form, and he personally gathered around him a group of adherents, or "brethren." The idea spread, and soon the Bohemian and Moravian Brothers became a considerable force in the nation. Their extreme pacifism had to be modified, owing to the horrors of incessant warfare which Bohemia was to face, and the so-called "Unity of Bohemian Brothers" formed a militant patriotic party, endeavoring to reconcile the teaching of the Prince of Peace with the necessity of wielding a sword. The "Unity" eventually supplanted the Taborites, who were practically exterminated by the Utraquists in a bloody battle (1434). A German historian thus comments on this battle: "Thus these Bohemians could only be conquered by other Bohemians; they who proved themselves invincible to all Germans, and had spread the terror and glory of their name through the whole world."

The victorious Utraquists tried to bring an end to the state of incessant fighting in and outside of their country. Indeed they succeeded in bringing a patched-up peace to their war-weary land. In 1436, Emperor Sigismund assumed the crown of Bohemia, practically sanctioning those very demands of the Bohemians which had caused the wars and crusades waged against them by the Roman Catholics for more than twenty years. The famous four Articles of Prague, defended by the Utraquists since 1420, were now officially accepted. The second and third Articles are especially worth noting: "2. The sacrament of the body and blood of God shall in the two kinds, that is in bread and wine, be freely administered to all faithful Christians according to the order and teaching of our Savior. 3. The priests and monks, according to secular law, possess great worldly wealth, in opposition to the teaching of Christ. Of this wealth they shall be deprived." The Bohemians had thus won the freedom of practicing their beliefs at a terrific price.

The peace was obviously a temporary compromise, as far as Rome was concerned. From 1436 to 1620, the year

of Bohemia's fall, there was an intermittent conflict between the people of Bohemia and their kings, who also represented Rome. For with one exception these kings were all Roman Catholic. This exception was George Podebrad, the only Utraquist king who ruled the country, from 1458 to 1471. It goes without saying that the pope of Rome was never reconciled to the existence of a heretical state in the very heart of Europe, and that he made repeated efforts at breaking down its stubborn resistance. George Podebrad, the first Czech on the throne of Bohemia since the Premysl kings, was to have a full dose of the pope's wrath; he was excommunicated, and became involved in prolonged wars with Hungary, Germany, and a league of Bohemian nobles supported by Rome. After the death of George, the kings of Bohemia were once more Roman Catholics, till 1918. The Hapsburg dynasty possessed the Bohemian crown uninterruptedly from 1526 to the end of the World War, but until 1629 Bohemia was federated to Austria only through a common king, otherwise remaining an independent state, constantly struggling against the encroachments of king and pope.

The spread of Lutheranism during the sixteenth century once more made the religious issue extremely acute in Europe. Luther's teaching was basically similar to that of Hus; Luther is quoted as saying: "We are all Hussites." It was natural therefore for the Bohemian people to side in their majority with the Reformation movement. What seemed strikingly amazing to the Czechs was the fact that so many German states, their erstwhile religious enemies, were now practicing the same heresies: communion in both kinds, the denial of the pope's authority, and the acceptance of the Bible as the supreme source of authority! Unfortunately, in the division of Europe between the Protestants and Catholics, Bohemia happened to be ruled by the Hapsburgs, the most irreconcilable upholders of papal authority. The Jesuit Order, established in Bohemia in 1556 by the emperor's order, did its very best in sharpening the edges of the conflict between the Austrian king and his Czech subjects, and to sow discord among the various groups of the population. The Thirty Years' War in

Europe was started in Prague, in 1618, when the Bohemian nobles revolted against the Hapsburg king for his illegal repression of their religious and national liberties. Two years later the fatal battle on the White Mountain took place, as a result of which Bohemia lost its independence, and remained an Austrian province for nearly two centuries.

It is interesting to note the reasons for the easy and thorough defeat of the Bohemian army in 1620, while under Zizka the Bohemians were well-nigh invincible. When Bohemia faced the opposition of nearly all of Europe, it could throw in the field an army of peasants, ardently devoted to a cause that meant to them national and religious freedom from the hated German landlords, princes, and clergy. By 1600, the great majority of the Bohemian peasants had become bonded serfs, under a feudal system imported from Germany. Consequently these wretches were indifferent to the squabbles of the gentry, in which the part of the common people did not go beyond that of cannon fodder. The Bohemian army consisted now chiefly of mercenary troops, and though the same held true about their adversaries, the latter had better organization and greater resources. While Bohemia opened the long European war between Protestants and Catholics, at the White Mountain the united Catholic "Liga" did not face a united Protestant league. In vain did Bohemia expect help from Protestant German princes, from the Netherlands, from the king of England, finally from Venice, and even from Turkey! In fact, the Protestants themselves, in Bohemia as in Germany, lacked unity, bitter animosity reigning between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, aside from the somewhat independent stand of the "Unity of Bohemian Brethren."

After the battle of the White Mountain the triumphant Hapsburgs took vengeance on the stubborn Bohemian people. The leaders of the national movement were executed before the town hall of Prague, and for many years their heads remained exhibited on the square as a warning. At the request of the Jesuits, Roman Catholicism was declared the only Christian religion that would be tolerated, this in a country that was almost entirely non-Catholic! The

masses of the people were simply forced to return to the Roman church, while the nobility and learned classes had to leave their native land, and their property was confiscated. When the Thirty Years' War came to an end, by the peace of Westphalia (1648), Bohemia did not profit by it, for the Hapsburgs declared that they "would continue the war rather than allow the presence of a single Protestant in Bohemia or Moravia." At the end of that terrible war, Bohemia lay prostrate, her towns and villages ruined, her population diminished to one third, her best citizens killed or exiled, and her estates distributed among foreign servants of a foreign ruler. Bohemia seemed dead and buried.

Subjugation and Liberation

The rest of the story of Czechoslovakia can be told briefly. Although in 1627 the Hapsburgs confirmed the Constitution of Bohemia, which recognized it as a separate state with a separate Diet, connected with the Austrian empire only through the person of the emperor, the independence of the country died with the battle of the White Mountain. Two centuries of governmental suppression of Bohemian culture, language, and traditions bore their fruit. Toward the latter part of the eighteenth century the country was thoroughly Catholicized and Germanized. The native language persisted only among the uneducated masses, while the middle and upper classes were either racially non-Bohemian or assumed a German aspect. During the reign of that typical "benevolent despot," Emperor Joseph II (1780-1790), there was a slight relaxation of the oppressive regime. The "Toleration Act" permitted the existence of Protestants in Bohemia, though the "Bohemian Brothers" were not afforded this privilege. The Bohemian language was also given some recognition, in that chairs for its study were established at the universities of Vienna and Prague, and a Bohemian newspaper was allowed to appear. But with the death of Joseph II, his reforms were gradually reduced to nothing, and the Absolutist regime became even more oppressive than before, denying personal liberty to the Czechs, and suppressing their language. It is

remarkable that despite these repressive measures, the revival of nationalism, which took place about that time throughout Europe, found a distinct echo in Bohemia. A handful of cultured Czechs and Slovaks (Dobrovsky, Jungmann, Kollar, Šafařik, Palacky, of whom more will be said in the next chapter) stirred the ashes of their national past, freed themselves from the shackles of German culture, and built a monumental literature in the fields of Bohemian philology, archæology, history, and poetry. The efforts of these few men were responsible for the resurrection of a seemingly dead nation. Into the dry bones of a Germanized and cowed people they breathed the spirit of devotion to their historic traditions, to their language and literary treasures. The world was startled to learn of the existence of Bohemia, when during the revolutions of 1848, the historian Palacky, invited to represent his country at the Frankfort parliament of the German Confederacy, made this memorable reply: "I am not a German but a Bohemian, belonging to the Slav race. Whatever talent I may possess is at the service of my own country. My nation is certainly a small one, but it has always maintained its historical individuality. The rulers of Bohemia have often been on terms of intimacy with the German princes, but the Bohemian people have never considered themselves as Germans." Indeed, Palacky soon presided over the first Slavic congress that met at Prague, representing practically all Slav nationalities of Europe. Though that congress brought no practical results, it served as a further incentive for Czech nationalism.

The formation of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, in 1867, did not improve the lot of the Czechoslovaks. On the contrary, henceforth they were to experience the more vehement hostility of the dominant elements, the German and the Magyar. The Slovaks, who had been under Magyar rule since the tenth century, suffered in particular after the so-called Ausgleich of 1867. The Hungarian government inaugurated a policy of ruthless Magyarization, suppressing Slovak institutions and sentiments, discouraging and persecuting Slovak schools and publications, and mercilessly crushing all attempts at political initiative in

Slovakia. After 1875, there existed not a single Slovak secondary school, while their primary schools were reduced from about two thousand in 1869 to four hundred in 1911. Between 1896 and 1908, five hundred and sixty Slovaks were imprisoned and heavily fined for their political views. The same situation existed in Subcarpathian Russia, where 90 per cent of the population were illiterate as a result of the Magyar suppression of native schools. No wonder that the migration of Slovaks and Ruthenians (Subcarpathian Russians) to the United States assumed ever bigger proportions.

As for the Czechs, their resistance to the Germanization policy of the imperial government waxed stronger during the nineteenth century, and gradually brought results. After 1879, the Czechs were represented in the Vienna parliament, and their political parties carried on a stubborn and consistent policy of wresting concessions from their opponents by all sorts of parliamentary methods, not the least of these being systematic obstructionism, or filibustering, as it is called in this country. Early in the eighties the University of Prague was divided into a German and Czech university, thus reviving the ancient center of Bohemian learning, which once more became the focus of national creative activity. One of its prominent professors from the start was Thomas G. Masaryk, now the president of the republic, whose versatile scholarship and rare spiritual and intellectual integrity contributed in a large measure to the noble status of Bohemian public life. About the same time the National Theatre was built at Prague through popular contributions, which has been the pride of the nation and the centre of its artistic activities. Czech music gained a world recognition, the names of Smetana and Dvořak becoming household words with music lovers. Czech painting, sculpture, architecture, and literature grew in volume and importance, and by the outbreak of the World War the cultural entity of Bohemia was an indisputable fact, however repressed the country remained politically.

During the war the Czechoslovak leaders openly sympathized with the kindred people of Serbia, and they created

a pro-Allies sentiment which had significant consequences. Whole regiments of Czechoslovak soldiers deserted for the Russian side, on the eastern front, and for the Italian side, in the southwest. Czechoslovaks entered in large numbers the French Foreign Legions, and they supported the Allied cause wherever they happened to be. Professor Masaryk left the country, and engaged in a vigorous organization of anti-Austrian forces abroad. He was declared traitor by the government, and sentenced to death. In Paris, London, Washington, and Petrograd, Masaryk worked indefatigably toward the supreme goal of his life—the establishment of his country's independence. It is due largely to his efforts that at the Allied councils the demands of the Czechoslovaks were recognized. At the end of 1918, the Republic of Czechslovakia was officially proclaimed, and by the final arrangements it was to include the lands of Bohemia, Slovakia, part of Silesia, and Subcarpathian Russia. Thomas Masaryk was elected first president. There is hardly any doubt that as long as he lives Masaryk will enjoy the love and respect of his fellow-countrymen, as the man who contributed most to the liberation of his country, and to its high place among the nations of the world.

Czechoslovak Literature

Of the old Czechoslovak literature, composed shortly after the introduction of Christianity, there have been preserved some religious hymns and chronicles, partly in Czech and partly in Latin. Particularly notable is the Latin history of the Czechs, *Chronica Bohemorum,* by Cosmas of Prague, who lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Written in an elegant style, this work starts from the Tower of Babel and covers an enormous ground, combining facts with legends. Later on there appeared epic poems, popular romances and tales, suggested by French and German sources, such as *Alexander the Great, Tristram and Iseult,* and others. In the fourteenth century national notes begin to sound, as in the Chronicle of Dalimil, written in Czech, in which an anti-German sentiment is expressed and an appeal to cling to their own people and traditions. It is then too that the forerunners of Hus make themselves

felt in stirring sermons and treatises. Thomas Štitny, influenced by the fiery oratory of Milič, produced a number of religious and philosophical books, in which he criticized severely the prevailing evils. A disciple of Thomas Aquinas and other medieval scholastics, Thomas Štitny was the first to treat such subjects in a robust Czech language. Of the other preachers and writers of that time, we shall mention only John Hus himself, whose sermons (collected under the title *Postilla*), tracts and letters reveal the fine personality of their author. He was a true son of the people speaking their language and their thought, appealing to their conception of a simple, righteous, peaceful, and genuinely Czech life. When reading his letters or sermons, one realizes why he has enjoyed such a magnetic power over his countrymen, why the name of "Master John" is to this day so dear to every Czech.

The most important writer of the Hussite period is Peter Chelčicky. He was a peasant, and because of his ignorance of Latin he was denied admission to the University of Prague. He became, however, quite influential in the Prague circles. In 1419, the Taborites presented to the Prague scholars and teachers their doubts as to whether it was right for them to defend the teaching of Christ by the sword. Peter was the only man to answer categorically that it was wrong, since all violence and bloodshed were un-Christian. Outraged by the slaughter and atrocities which took place before his very eyes, and in which the Taborites themselves excelled, Peter left Prague, and returned to his village. There he meditated, and wrote down his thoughts in *Postilla*: *Interpretations of the Gospel,* and *The Net of True Faith.* In the emperor and the pope he saw the two main enemies of Christianity, because both of them destroyed the spirit of humility and love, replacing them by pomp, luxury, and violence. The original simple teaching of Christ had become corrupted by unnecessary ceremonies, superstitions, and excrescences, most of which were borrowed from Paganism. Peter anticipated Tolstoy by four hundred and fifty years in denouncing the state as a Pagan institution, and declaring it un-Christian to support the government, the army, the Church, or any

institution based on coercion. Again, like Tolstoy, he recognized the peasant and workman, living by the labor of their hands, as worthy of emulation by a true Christian. He also preached universal brotherhood, regardless of races and creeds, and opposed to war and violence the Sermon on the Mount and its "I say unto you, That ye resist not evil."

Peter's teaching was naturally too lofty and impractical for an age of hatreds and wars. His followers were forced to compromise, and to combine militant patriotism with as pure a Christian faith as was expedient. The "Unity of Bohemian Brothers" proved the most cultured and idealistic national force to the end of the Thirty Years' War. Their literary output during those years, years of flourishing Renaissance in western Europe, was limited to religious topics, travel descriptions, and historical chronicles and memoirs. Life in Bohemia was too arduous, too fraught with danger and menace, to afford the leisure for the creation of pure literature. One of the most notable achievements of the "Unity" was the new translation of the Bible, published in the sixteenth century in the Moravian village of Kralice. The "Kralice Bible" has had a great effect on the development of the Bohemian mind, and its style influenced the revived Bohemian literature during the nineteenth century. After the battle of the White Mountain the "Bohemian Brothers" were forced to leave the country. They went to Protestant Germany or Poland (where tolerance prevailed until the Jesuits took the upper hand), where for some time they carried on their activity, but eventually vanished.

In the exiled "Brothers" Bohemia lost practically its brains and conscience. Foremost among these great Czechs was John Amos Comenius (Komensky), the last Bishop of the "Unity" (1592-1670). His life was full of sorrow and tribulations; he lost his books and other possessions, and he lost his wife and children. He wandered through Poland, Germany, Holland, England, Sweden, Hungary. Despite his vicissitudes, there was no bitterness in his feelings. He wrote more than one hundred volumes on a variety of subjects, chief among them being pedagogy and "pansophy" (universal knowledge). His educational views have

not lost in importance even at this day. But his most valuable work is the *Labyrinth of the World and Paradise of the Heart,* an allegory wherein the author concludes from his personal experiences as to the vanity of earthly aspirations. It abounds in poignant observations on contemporary life, and is imbued with lofty moral sentiments. Though the Peace of Westphalia showed clearly that Bohemia could not hope for independence or religious freedom as long as the Hapsburgs remained in power, Comenius was not altogether disheartened. In his "Bequest of the Dying Mother of the Unity of Brothers" he wrote (1650): "I also believe before God that after the passing of the storms of wrath, brought down upon our heads by our sins, the rule over your own possessions will be restored to you, O Czech people!" Two hundred and sixty-eight years later, Masaryk opened his speech before the National Assembly at liberated Prague, with these words of John Comenius.

During the next long period of oppression there hardly existed any Bohemian literature. The Jesuits were in charge of the national soul, and they did a thorough job in eradicating things Bohemian and supplanting them with German-Latin things. The amount of Bohemian works burned by the Jesuits can not be computed. Even books written in German and Latin were subjected to such a draconic censorship that the *Bohemian Chronicle* by Pope Pius II was found too favorable to the Czechs, and destroyed. The results of the Jesuit activity can be seen from the fact that the first Czech scholars who headed the national revival at the end of the eighteenth century, could express themselves only in Latin or German! Thus Gelasius Dobner (1719-1790), called the "father of Czech history," wrote his valuable historical researches in Latin. Joseph Dobrovsky (1753-1829), regarded as one of the greatest Czech scholars, used the German medium for his remarkable works in Slavic and Czech philology and history. These pioneers helped to arouse the dormant national spirit, but generations of the Hapsburg-Jesuit regime had deprived them of their mother tongue.

With Joseph Jungmann (1773-1847) the national lan-

guage awakened along with the national spirit. Among his chief works were a *History of Czech Literature* and a monumental *Dictionary of the Czech and German Languages.* In 1811 he translated Milton's "Paradise Lost." Another pioneer was John Kollar (1793-1852), born in a Slovak village and educated in Protestant Germany. He bitterly denounced the Germanization and Magyarization of Bohemia and Slovakia, and in consequence was persecuted by the authorities. His chief work was *Slava's Daughter,* a book of poems, in which his personal love affair became sublimated to a passionate yearning for the alliance of all Slavs and their liberation from their oppressors. In a pathetic elegy he deplored the passing of the Slavs from a large part of Europe, accusing chiefly the Germans for having exterminated them in body and in spirit: "Oh, ye by-gone ages, surrounding me as with night! Oh country that art an image of glory and shame! From the treacherous Elbe to the plains of the faithless Vistula, from the Danube to the devouring waves of the Baltic—there resounded once the harmonious language of the brave Slavs, but it is mute now, having been silenced by hatred." One should note, however, that in his Pan-Slavic sentiments Kollar did not lose sight of humanity, and his outlook was as broad as that of another Slavophil, Dostoyevsky. "Whenever you say *Slav,* think of man," was one of Kollar's epigrams.

Another Protestant Slovak was Pavel Šafařik (1795-1861), who contributed greatly to Slavic philology and early history. Finally, among these pioneers one must mention František Palacky (1798-1876), a Moravian Protestant, who distinguished himself both as historian and statesman. He was also instrumental in the organization of the oldest scientific quarterly in Bohemia, and of the National Museum. The historical writings of Palacky, aside from their informative value, possess a high idealism which has greatly ennobled the spirit of Czech literature and public activity. His monumental "History of the Czech People in Bohemia and Moravia," brought up to the year 1526, is imbued with the philosophy that the power of man as well as of nations depends on one's yearning after God. Palacky

pointed out that in the past his people enjoyed strength and prosperity, whenever they were devoted to a high ideal, and that their misfortunes arrived when selfishness and materialism prevailed. Hence the implication clearly indicated that the nation's future likewise depended on the degree of its idealism and integrity in private and public activities. Palacky stressed the importance of educational preparedness for his people, before they could engage in independent political action, and to this effect was his last speech, delivered one month before his death. "Now," he said on that occasion, "it is necessary to educate ourselves and to work in accordance with our enlightened minds. Feeling that my death is very near, this is the only legacy which I leave to my nation." The influence of Palacky on his compatriots has been invaluable; one may trace it to the present leader of Czechoslovakia, President Thomas Masaryk, in whose scholarly productions, eloquent speeches, and energetic activity one is aware of the same lofty idealism and faith in humanity and its inherent goodness.

Literature proper developed in Czechoslovakia with great speed during the nineteenth century. Among its foremost authors, whom I shall mention briefly in this chapter, we must place the young poet Karel Mach (1810-1836), whose poem "May" is regarded as the first great poetic product of modern Bohemia. Byronian in its melancholy, the poem possesses an authentic national charm in its style and descriptive features. The importance of this poem may be seen from the fact that the group of writers, which arose at the end of the fifties, has been known as the "generation of May." Of these the most prominent man was John Neruda (1834-1891), a writer of verse and short stories on national and universal themes. Among the earlier authors one must note Božena Němcova (1820-1862), a poetess and novelist, who described with keen sympathy the rural life of Bohemia and Slovakia. It was natural for the greater part of Czechoslovak literature to bear a distinct social message, since it was the chief outlet for the suppressed national sentiments.

A reaction from too narrowly nationalistic motives appeared during the seventies, in the "Lumir" group,

General View of Prague, on the Vltava River

Statue of Huss, With Týn Church in the Rear

This church was begun in 1360, but its completion was delayed by the Hussite Wars. The Utraquists kept it until 1621

whose members aspired after universal standards. They steeped themselves in Oriental and European literatures of all ages, and enriched their own literature with new world motives. Their most typical representative was Jaroslav Vrchlicky (1853-1912), whose versatility and productivity were extraordinary. He left about two hundred and fifty volumes of poetry, drama, stories, critical essays, and translations from foreign poets—French, Italian, English, Spanish, German, Magyar, Persian, Chinese, Polish, Norwegian. In view of the astounding quantity of his works, their quality could not help being rather uneven. Yet he remains a giant monument to Bohemia's creative and cosmopolite genius of modern times. His melodious lyrics are gems in world poetry, and have found in late years some ambitious translators into other languages (notably the brilliant Russian poet, Balmont).

Another important member of the "Lumir" group was Joseph Sladek (1845-1912). After graduating from the University of Prague, he went to the United States, journeyed along the Mississippi, trapped around Lake Michigan, and became an admirer of American freedom and energy. On his return to Prague, he taught English at the university, and published a collection of verse. He especially distinguished himself as a translator. Aside from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," he translated other English, American, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Russian, French, and Spanish poetry and prose. His principal undertaking was the translation of Shakespeare, and he succeeded in rendering thirty-two of his plays into good Czech. One must also mention two other members of "Lumir," Julius Zeyer (1841-1901) and Svatopluk Čech (1846-1908). Zeyer was a restless globe-trotter, and his prose and verse are saturated with foreign atmosphere, Russian, Japanese, Irish, Chinese, Scandinavian, Palestinian, Greek, Spanish, Tunissian, and so forth. His cosmic characters and problems express in reality his personal experiences and longings. Čech was less exotic and more concerned with the political and social issues of his country. Patriotic and radical, Čech wrote some of the finest Slavic poetry in sentiment and lyrical force.

The outstanding Czech novelists are Alois Jirašek (born 1851) and Joseph Machar (born 1864). The former has written chiefly historical novels, vividly portraying the Hussite period and more recent times. During the World War he inspired his countrymen with fervent patriotism and determination to win freedom. Machar has been a prolific author of verse and prose, dramas and novels. In a simple powerful style he has attacked the Church and the state, as well as the shortcomings of his own people, though his patriotism is intense. In later life Machar has attempted an ambitious epic cycle, "The Conscience of the Ages," in which he traces the story of mankind from the earliest times to Napoleon. He expresses a Nietzschean point of view, preferring the Greek-Roman outlook to the Judeo-Christian one.

Since the nineties of the past century, poetry has prevailed over prose in Czechoslovakia. Antonin Sova (born 1864) and Otakar Březina (born 1868) are still the foremost poets of the country. Both of them began as individualists and introspective lyricists in the symbolist-decadent vein prevalent during the nineties nearly everywhere. Both of them have sounded a more social, patriotic note in late years. During the war a number of Czechoslovak writers were actively engaged in arousing national sentiment among the soldiers and the civilians, and many of them were severely penalized. One of these, Victor Dyk, wrote from an Austrian prison some powerful verse, admonishing his people to stand firm in defense of their national issues. He also wrote one of the best war books, "Or," in which he presented the eternal dilemma: to enjoy peace at any price, pleasure and comfort, *or* to risk everything for a higher aim. The achievement of national independence, as a result of the war, naturally inspired the poets with a note of exaltation, which had an almost Messianic hue.

In conclusion one must mention the young Czech playwright, best known in English-speaking countries, Karel Čapek. In his novels, stories, dramas, essays, journalistic articles, Čapek (sometimes in collaboration with his brother Joseph) is a keen observer of modern life, which he

depicts with a great deal of humor. Such of his fantastic dramas as "R.U.R.," "Insect Life," "Makropulos," have had a universal success because of their reference to our modern industrial age, regardless of country or race. While the author's conclusions are obviously far from optimistic concerning our contemporary life, his outlook is not altogether hopeless, and one feels beneath his skepticism a good-natured smile, as if he wished to say to us: "After all, life is a glorious adventure!"

THE BALKAN SLAVS

The Balkan Peninsula

THE southern branch of the Slavs occupies the larger part of the Balkan peninsula and some adjacent territories. The fate of these Slavs has been so closely interwoven with that of other European races that it cannot be treated as an isolated phenomenon. One must bear in mind that by its very geographical position the Balkan peninsula has played a tremendous historical rôle, serving as a link between Europe and Asia, and, in a more immediate sense, between the eastern Mediterranean area and Asia Minor. It was here that the ancient Greeks held sway from about 1500 B. C. to 200 A. D., vainly attempting to unite the various tribes as a state, but succeeding at any rate in Hellenizing them culturally to a greater or smaller degree. The superior organization of Rome, appearing on the stage at the beginning of the third century before Christ, not only unified the peninsula as a Roman province, but gradually intensified its importance in the empire. Constantine the Great, realizing the growing weakness of Rome, both from internal disintegration and from threatening invasions of the Barbarians, finally moved the capital, in 328 A. D., to the site of the ancient Greek colony of Byzantium, where he built the Second Rome, Constantinople. The magnificent city on the Bosphorus forms a bridge between two continents and a logical centre for international intercourse. The wisdom of Constantine's step is proven by the circumstance that the eastern empire survived the western by a thousand years. At the same time one must note that in about the sixth century Constantinople becomes the centre of a state which is quite distinct from Rome and is known as the Byzantine Empire. The geographical situation of the new capital, and the intense intermingling of races and creeds which went on constantly at that part of the Mediterranean world, produced a peculiar blend of the Orient and the Occident in Byzantine statehood and art. The religious schism which divided Christianity into a west-

ern and eastern Church deepened further the gulf between Rome and Byzantium and their respective adherents. With the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, in 1453, that gulf was not bridged, and Moscow became in a sense the Third Rome in the eyes of Greek Orthodox Christians. Politically the Balkan peninsula after that date remained a unit, a thoroughly subjected province of the Ottoman Empire. This unity began to collapse only in the nineteenth century, with the decay of the Turkish power and the revival of nationalistic sentiments among its Christian subjects.

The Balkan peninsula served as a magnet for invaders even before the Persian wars and the exploits of Alexander the Great. In the third century A. D. the migratory wave from across the Danube began to increase in its impetus. The invaders were for the most part Asiatic nomads, with plunder as their main object. But by the sixth century a new element appeared among these—the Slavs, who were also caught in the torrent and pushed on to the Danube by the onrush of Mongol tribes from Central Asia. A three-cornered struggle developed on the peninsula, with the Byzantine emperor, the Mongols, and the Slavs taking part in it. The emperor frequently tried to use one group of invaders against another, at times even going the perilous lengths of inviting some distant savage chieftain from across the Black Sea to combat an undesirable element within the empire. The struggle against the Slavs proved futile chiefly because they differed from the Mongol intruders in that they were settlers, colonizers, determined to stay on the occupied land, raise cattle and cultivate the soil.

By the year 700, approximately, the Slav settlements in the peninsula had become so numerous and powerful that the Byzantine emperors were forced to abandon all hope of dislodging them. On the contrary, they began to realize the value of the Slavs both as a sturdy agricultural element and as a buffer against the Mongol invaders. Accordingly, the Slavs were ultimately granted official tolerance as subjects of the empire, paying tribute for the privilege of cultivating the soil of the peninsula. The relations between the Byzantine Greeks and the Slavs were seldom wholly cordial,

however. Though Constantinople exerted an enormous influence over the Slavs, it failed to absorb them, and therefore regarded them as a stubborn element, foreign racially and linguistically, and politically restive and mistrustful. True enough, whenever an opportunity rose, the Slavs revolted against their masters, and at times even succeeded in turning the tables and collecting tribute from Constantinople. Such opportunities were offered by the ebbing periods in the evershifting fortunes of the Byzantine empire. The downward course of the empire usually coincided with the upward tendency of the Balkan Slavs, and *vice versa.* The lack of unity and consolidation among the Slavs prevented them from becoming a formidable and lasting power, which would command the respect of the Byzantines, as well as of the Turks and Austro-Hungarians in later times.

Driven on by the Asiatics from their probable home east of the Carpathian Mountains, the Slavs who crossed the Danube southward waxed in numbers exceedingly and became the predominant race on the Balkan Peninsula. The original inhabitants, the so-called Illyrians, were pushed westward, into what is known today as Albania. The interior of ancient Greece was so abundantly permeated by the Slav intruder that to this day the Greeks have a considerable element of Slav blood flowing in their veins. As to the Romans, or Latinized colonists, whom the invaders found through the larger part of the peninsula, they practically disappeared in the midst of the newcomers. Only a small remnant of these Romans preserved their entity by fleeing north of the Danube, later to emerge as the nucleus of that strange national mixture known as the Rumanians.

But the victorious Slav settlers failed to present a solid block against their neighbors. In the first place, their social system, based on families and clans, discouraged unity on a large, national scale. In the second place, the Slavs were separated from one another by the rugged mountain ranges which criss-cross the interior of the peninsula. Thus the southern Slavs fell in the course of time into four groups. The eastern part of the peninsula is occupied by

the Bulgars, and the western part by the so-called Yugo-Slavs, that is the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes. The Serbs and the Bulgars were more immediately under the influence of Constantinople, hence they adopted Eastern Christianity, or Greek Orthodoxy. The Croats, and particularly the Slovenes, found themselves in the proximity of Germanic and Latin states, and accordingly they became converted to Roman Catholicism, the ruling faith of western Europe. On the other hand, the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, though differing in religion, have preserved a unity of language and traditions, especially the former two. The Bulgars, as we shall see presently, had a strong admixture of Mongol blood, and in language likewise they came to differ more and more from their western Slav neighbors.

With these preliminary remarks we may now take up the two branches of the Balkan Slavs, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, individually.

Bulgaria

To the Turkish Conquest

The Bulgars were an Asiatic tribe, probably related to the Huns and the Avars. They are mentioned by writers in the fifth century as living in the plains to the north of the Black Sea, and also further to the northeast, at the confluence of the river Volga with its tributary, Kama (the word Bolgar, Bulgar, may have been a variant of Volgar, the dweller of the Volga). After several sporadic incursions into the Balkan Peninsula, the Bulgars finally, in 679, invaded and occupied the territory between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains. They subdued the earlier settlers, who were mostly Slavs, and employed them as soldiers in their intermittent battles against the Byzantine Greeks. During the eighth century the power of the Bulgars weakened considerably, owing to their system of elective monarchy, and the mutual jealousy and strife of their numerous chieftains. But toward the end of that period a mighty chief, Krum, united the Bulgars to the north and south of the Danube, and began to harass seriously the Byzantines. In 809 he captured from them the important city of Sofia (the Roman "Sardica"), the modern capital

of Bulgaria. Three years later he fought them in a sanguinary battle, won a decisive victory, and slew their emperor. In 813 he besieged Constantinople, but having no fleet, he was to learn that no success on land would yield control over this wonderful guardian of the Bosphorus straits. He proceeded with his preparations, but death overtook him, in 815, bringing to an end one of the first attempts at capturing Constantinople, attempts whose name came to be legion, and whose fate was that of Krum's attack, with two notable exceptions—Venice and Turkey.

Meanwhile, during the first two hundred years of the Bulgars, Balkan experience, a curious ethnic phenomenon had taken place. The victorious Bulgar invaders, Mongol in features and by language, gradually merged with the prevailing majority of their Slav subjects, intermarried with them, adopted their language and customs, and practically lost their identity. Of the Bulgars there has survived only the name; perhaps, too, a faint Mongol trait which to this day distinguishes the Bulgar from his western neighbor, the Serb. At any rate, the first Slav state on the Peninsula was established by the Bulgars.

In the ninth century most of the southern Slavs were converted to Christianity. Rome and Constantinople competed keenly for the honor of saving the heathen Slavs. The victory of Byzantine Christianity through the larger part of the peninsula (and later, across the enormous Russian plain) was due not only to its relative proximity but also to the work of Cyril and Method. These two brothers, Greeks from Saloniki, were sent by the Byzantine emperor to Moravia, in 863, in answer to the request of the king of Moravia for Christian missionaries. Cyril is credited with having equipped himself for the purpose with a new alphabet (an adaptation of the Greek) and with a translation of portions of the Gospels into the Slav tongue. The converted Slavs were not only exhorted in their own language, but were permitted to address their new Divinity in words which they understood. It is remarkable that in an age when only Greek and Latin were recognized as fit languages for Church service, the Roman Pope approved of the work

of Cyril and Method, and explicitly sanctioned the Slav liturgy. To be sure, Moravia was soon forced by the German princes to abandon eastern Christianity in favor of Roman Catholicism, and the Latin language and alphabet replaced their Slav equivalents. The same fate was shared by other western Slavs—the Poles and the Czechoslovaks, and by the westernmost branches of the southern Slavs—the Croats and the Slovenes. Yet the comprehensibility of the new faith, preached and performed in the common mother-Slavic, must have served, without doubt, as an important factor in winning for the eastern Church the majority of the southern and eastern Slavs. The so-called Cyrillic alphabet is still used by the Russians, Bulgarians, Serbs and Montenegrins. The work of the brothers, Cyril and Method, has performed a tremendous cultural service for the Slavs, aside from its religious import, and presents the foundation of Slav written literature.

Bulgaria's conversion took place under Prince Boris (852-888). In 863 the Byzantine emperor invaded Bulgaria and forced on Boris a treaty, one of whose points was his acceptance of Greek Orthodoxy. That the conversion of Boris was not whole-hearted was evidenced by the fact that he proceeded to negotiate with Rome, and that Roman bishops were dispatched to Bulgaria, where they remained till 867. Constantinople won in the end, both because it was near enough to exert a decisive influence and because it offered the Bulgarian Church the right of maintaining its own archbishop and ten bishops, demanding only that they recognize the supreme ecclesiastic authority of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople. In 870 Bulgaria was definitely and wholly baptized as Greek Orthodox, armed force being used against those who were recalcitrant or vacillating. One must not overlook, however, the likelihood of this conversion finding a popular response among the Bulgarians, a considerable number of whom had been already favorably inclined toward the magnificent Church of their next door neighbor. Again, one ought to take into account the advantageous point of Eastern Christianity for the Slavs, in that it was offered to them in their own language.

Under the son of Boris, Simeon (893-927), Bulgaria

reached its height of power and expanse. Educated in Constantinople, Simeon combined the cultured statesman and the patriot. Accordingly, he was instrumental in spreading knowledge and written literature among his people, on the one hand, and in carrying on a series of campaigns against Byzantium, in an effort at supplanting its hegemony on the peninsula by that of Bulgaria, on the other hand. He brought nearly the whole of the Balkan Peninsula under his sway, not only subjecting the Serbs, but forcing even the Greeks to pay tribute to him. He made the Bulgarian Church completely independent, by raising the archbishop to the rank of patriarch, and crowned himself "tsar of the Bulgars and autocrat of the Romans" (Greeks). The Byzantine emperor employed the usual policy of his predecessors, in instigating one barbarian enemy against another. On this occasion he hired the Magyars against the Bulgars. The Magyars were one of those numerous Asiatic tribes that pushed westward from their homeland to the northern shore of the Black Sea. When they attacked the Bulgars, Tsar Simeon defeated them thoroughly, and forced them to abandon their settlement on the river Pruth and to move to the middle Danube (895). The Magyars assimilated the surrounding Germans and Slavs, became European and Roman Catholic, but unlike the Bulgars, they preserved their language in its basic elements. The Magyars, or Hungarians, as they came to be called, have served as a wedge, separating the southern Slavs from the other Slavs to the north, and thus preventing the formation of a contiguous Slav block.

After the death of Tsar Simeon, Bulgaria began its downward course. The large empire proved brittle, its cohesion dependent chiefly on the strong and wise personality of its monarch. Simeon's immediate successors failed to check the centrifugal tendencies of the Bulgarian chieftains and the restive vassals. In 963, a revolt took place under a Bulgar noble, Shishman, who managed to tear off the western half of the empire and established it as an independent state. The diminution of Bulgaria's size and power signalized the revolt of the subject Serbs and Greeks, and the invasion of foreign troops. Again the

Byzantine emperor employed a distant foe against a close neighbor, this time the heathen Russians, recently organized into a state under viking princes. Their savage leader, Svyatoslav, lustily performed the task for which he was hired, and thoroughly subdued eastern Bulgaria. He rather liked the conquered country, and entertained the thought of moving his capital from Kiev on the Dnieper to Pereyaslavl on the Danube. This prospect did not appeal to the Byzantines, and they made a vigorous effort to rout their recent mercenaries and send them flying to their home across the Black Sea.

The son of Shishman, Tsar Samuel, had the ambition of reviving the empire of Simeon, and for a time it seemed that his plan was well on the way to fulfillment. He reunited all of Bulgaria, defeated the Byzantine army, and gained control over the larger part of the peninsula. But eventually his star failed him, his army was beaten by the emperor, Basil II, who gained the appellation of "Bulgar Slayer" by his ruthless severity against the vanquished. In 1014, Basil II blinded fifteen thousand Bulgar captives, and sent them home to tell the eloquent story of war's fortune. Four years later he definitely annexed Bulgaria to Greece.

For nearly two centuries Bulgaria lay prostrate and apparently dead. Then, in 1186, the brothers, John Asen and Peter, led a revolt whose success proved that though the Bulgars had been politically crushed, they kept nationally alive through their language and traditions. Seven centuries later they were to demonstrate once more the undying fire of nationalism nurtured by oppression and spiritual independence. John Asen and Peter, and later their younger brother, Kaloian (handsome John) ruled a reunited Bulgaria from their new capital, Tirnovo, dealing blow after blow to the progressively declining Byzantine empire. In 1204, the year of the fourth crusade and the fall of Constantinople to the Latin "crusaders," Kaloian was crowned tsar by the head of the Bulgar Church assisted by the legate of the Pope of Rome. But, as before, the rise of Bulgaria was due largely to the personal stamina of its ruler, which could not be expected to remain a permanent

feature in this world of change. Most of the tsars perished from violence, victims of jealousy, rivalry, and unfaithfulness. The last strong and cultured Bulgar tsar of the second empire was John Asen II, after whose death, in 1241, the country was plunged into anarchy. Internal dissensions were coupled with invasions of Magyars and Tartars, from south Russia, and with perpetual wars against Byzantium and Serbia. The latter had meanwhile grown powerful and predominant on the peninsula. In 1330 the Serbian tsar, Stefan Dechansky, dealt a decisive blow to the Bulgars at Kustendil, from which they never recovered. Half a century later the most formidable enemy of the southern Slavs, the Turks, put the finishing touch to the tottering state. Finally, in 1393, the Turks incorporated Bulgaria as part of their empire, razed Tirnovo to the ground, annihilated the reigning dynasty, and carried off the patriarch. Bulgaria ceased to exist, and was practically unheard of until the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Serbia

To the Turkish Conquest

In the course of the sixth century the Slavs crossed the Danube in considerable numbers. Approximately by 650, the Yugoslavs of today (Serbs-Croats-Slovenes) occupied more or less solidly the territory bordered by the Danube in the north, the Adriatic in the west, and by the vague and ever shifting frontiers of Greece in the south and Bulgaria in the east. For nearly four centuries these Slavs lived in family units (so-called "zadruga") and clans, ruled by zhupans, or chiefs, whose number was large and authority purely local. The mountain chains crossing their territory made communications difficult, and thus performed a dual rôle; on the one hand, the inaccessibility of the country discouraged foreign aggression and invasions, but on the other hand, physical barriers in the interior of the land caused isolation and clannish conservatism. As late as 1914, the Yugoslavs presented six political divisions. During the ninth century the Slavs were converted to Christianity which helped to develop a mutual sense of kinship among them. But in the west they encountered strong

Latin-Germanic influences, political and religious, and as a result fell away from their Greek Orthodox brothers and adopted Roman Catholicism. The Austrians and Hungarians gradually gained control over the Slovenes, the Croatians, most of the Dalmatians, and some of the western Bosnians, so that by 1100, approximately, these practically lost their political independence. We shall therefore deal chiefly with Serbia proper and its destinies till the Turkish conquest.

The Bulgarian rulers, Boris and Simeon, in their endeavor to expand in every direction, encroached on the lands occupied by Serbs, thus disturbing their peaceful existence as herders and ploughmen. The Serbs joined the Greeks against their common enemy. After the fall of the first Bulgar empire, in 1018, the Byzantine emperors, instead of rewarding the Serbs for their loyalty and help, began to oppress them, intending to subjugate them as completely as they had just done with the Bulgars. The Serbs resented such treatment, and rose in arms. Throughout the eleventh and twelfth centuries they waged war against their oppressors, with varying success. As long as the scattered clans fought individually, bound by no central authority, Byzantium could treat this guerilla warfare lightly. But the common cause served as a unifying factor, and gradually the chieftains became consolidated under "grand zhupans," namely the grand zhupan of Zeta, on the Adriatic coast, about where modern Montenegro is situated, and the grand zhupan of Rashka, in the mountainous interior, around Novy Bazar (also in Bosnia there appeared a grand zhupan toward the twelfth century). Aside from the Greeks, the Magyars from the north pushed ever further down toward the Adriatic, giving the Serbs an additional cause for unification in self-defense.

It was Stefan Nemania, Grand Zhupan of Rashka, who succeeded in consolidating the Serb clans under his central authority. For over thirty years (1165-1196) he ruled over the united state, fighting intermittently against Byzantium. While his wars brought him no tangible gains, they served as a cement for binding the separate units into a national state. In this task Stefan Nemania was greatly assisted

by the Church. He and his successors strove to raise the dignity and influence of the reigning religion by erecting magnificent cathedrals and chapels in various parts of the country, whose sumptuous marble walls, Byzantine frescoes, and noble proportions have survived to this day as an extraordinary monument of the mediæval architecture and religious painting. The son of Nemania, Sava (later canonized), renounced the world and entered a monastery on Mount Athos. The prestige of the Church was still further heightened when Stefan Nemania himself abdicated in favor of his son, Stefan, and joined Sava at the Mount Athos monastery, where he died three years later (1199). In its turn, the Church threw its moral force in support of the Nemania ambitions, glorified their centralizing policy, and sanctioned the hereditary feature of their dynasty which existed two hundred years. The Church of Serbia gained from the weakness of Constantinople after the fourth "crusade," and had Sava consecrated archbishop by the Greek patriarch. Politically, too, Serbia utilized the misfortunes of Byzantium; it declared its independence, and in 1217 Grand Zhupan Stefan was crowned king by the legate of the Pope of Rome! But King Stefan felt the need of obtaining the sanction of the Greek Orthodox Church. Accordingly he had the Patriarch authorize a second coronation, which Archbishop Sava performed in 1222 in a solemn orthodox manner.

As we have seen in the case of Bulgaria, the power of one Balkan state grew in proportion to the weakness of the remaining Balkan states. Although not all the Nemania kings possessed the vigor and tact of the first Stefan (they were all named Stefan), and they were at times unable to check internal strife and rivalry among the chiefs, Serbia during their reign was, on the whole, the predominant power on the peninsula. The second Bulgar empire showed unmistakable signs of disintegration, and its virtual collapse came in 1330, when Stefan Dechansky defeated the combined Greek-Bulgar army at Kustendil. The tsar was slain in battle, and Bulgaria became Serbia's vassal. The northern enemy, Hungary, was then engaged in desperate conflict with Venice over the control of the Adriatic. As

to Constantinople, it was dying a hideous death, helpless, decayed, and torn by civil war over dynastic questions.

The height of Serbia's power was reached under Stefan Dushan (1331-1355). At the age of twenty-two he killed his father, Stefan Dechansky (who had been blinded in his youth by his own father), and launched into a series of victorious wars against his weakened neighbors. He doubled the area of Serbia, adding to it Macedonia, Albania, and Thessaly. His ultimate goal was of course Constantinople, but, having no fleet, he had hardly a chance for the realization of his dream. The story has it, though, that his early death, at the age of forty-six, was caused by the Greeks who poisoned him while he was on his way to Constantinople. Stefan Dushan severed the last bonds which held his country tied to Byzantium, by declaring the Serbian Church independent and creating a patriarchate at Ipek. In 1346 he had the patriarch crown him "Tsar of the Serbs, Greeks and Bulgars" at the new capital of Skoplje (Uskub), in Macedonia. Another of his accomplishments was the issue of the "Zakonik," a code of laws, from which we can draw a fairly clear picture of Serbian society in the fourteenth century. The influence of Byzantine Greece is manifest in many aspects of the "Zakonik," especially in the prerogatives of the tsar, whose magnitude shows how far Serbia had traveled from the democracy of the grand zhupans toward monarchic despoty. Yet the "Zakonik" limits the authority of the tsar by an assembly of church dignitaries and nobles. The warlike nobility possessed large estates, worked by peasants, the bulk of the population, who were partly serfs, partly freemen. The one purely Slavic institution which remained unchanged for centuries and which persists to this day, is the "zadruga," or the community of kinsfolk living together and ruled patriarchally by the eldest member of the family.

The large number of landed nobility created a feudal state, with the usual quarrels and rivalries of a class greedy for power and possessions. No sooner had Stefan Dushan died, when his large empire began to fall to pieces, foreign subjects seceding, and local zhupans vying with one another and with the central authority for power. These conditions

coincided with the appearance on the stage of a fresh invader, the terrible Turk. Back in 1071 the Turks won their first victory over the Byzantine armies, and ever since that event they were gradually and persistently approaching Constantinople, devouring portion after portion of the Byzantine possessions in Asia Minor and in Europe. In 1354 the Turks entrenched themselves on the European side of the Dardanelles, and, although they did not capture Constantinople until a century later, its fate as well as the fate of the whole peninsula was sealed from that very moment. Ten years later the Turks had their first taste of the resistance of Serbia, the only Balkan state which still commanded respect. That encounter showed that, though formidable, the Serb forces were disunited. In 1366 the Turks moved their capital to Adrianople, and from there launched their further attacks against the Balkan Slavs. In 1371 they defeated thoroughly the southern Serbs by the Maritsa river, and shortly after that the last of the Nemania sovereigns died. The final heroic effort on the part of the Serbs came in 1389, in the celebrated battle on the Field of Kossovo. Led by Prince Lazar, the Serbs, joined by other Christian warriors from the peninsula, manifested for once a spirit of unity in face of the common danger. But this determination came too late, and even then the unity was far from complete, several Slav chieftains having aligned themselves with the Moslems, voluntarily or through coercion. In the bloody battle perished, beside Prince Lazar and Sultan Murad, the flower of Serbia's nobility. Although the complete subjugation of Serbia took place only in 1459, it was the battle of Kossovo which has been regarded as the decisive blow to Serb national independence. Kossovo Day has given rise to the most potent Serb poetry and song, and has been commemorated year after year as an event of national mourning and as an occasion for glorifying Serbian heroism and unity.

The Slavs Under Turkey

The Mongol invaders of the European continent eventually lost their identity and merged with the surrounding Christian population, as in the case of the Bulgars and

Cracow, Poland's Old Capital, Showing Its Ancient Castle, Wawel, from the Vistula Side

The Gratchantisa Church Near The Kossovo Plain
One of Serbia's magnificent medieval churches of the XIV century

Magyars, or became subject to the native inhabitants, as in the instance of the Tartars in Russia. The Turks alone have followed neither example. For six centuries they have maintained an independent Moslem state amidst hostile Christendom, and the numerous crusades and wars, including the last world war, have failed to dislodge the Crescent from the city of Constantine. They deserve our attentive study, however brief it must be.

It was in the middle of the eleventh century that the first clash between the Byzantine Greeks and the Mongol horsemen known as Seljuk Turks took place in Asia Minor. Although the Christians were worsted, and the Turks founded the sultanate of Rum with Konia (Iconium) as its capital, the Seljuk power did not augur to last longer than many other ephemeral Mongol states. In fact, toward the latter half of the thirteenth century the Turks had split into a number of petty units, and seemed on the verge of being submerged under the fresh Mongol wave of Ghenghis Khan. But in 1289, one of the Turkish chieftains, Osman, began to consolidate his power, and succeeded in conquering and converting a large portion of Asia Minor. His followers, the Osmanli or Ottomans, in the corrupted Occidental version, absorbed the native population, which was chiefly Greek. This fact may explain both the Caucasian exterior of the average Turk, and the comparatively durable and efficient statesmanship of these mixed "Eurasians."

With Constantinople as their base, the Turks pushed on their conquests in every direction, becoming masters of the Mediterranean in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and of southeastern Europe, just east of Vienna as far as the river Don in Russia (at the death of Soleyman the Magnificent, 1566). As far as the southern Slavs were concerned, they were incorporated definitely by the Turks in a few successive stages—Bulgaria in 1393, Serbia in 1459, Bosnia in 1462. Zeta (Montenegro) and the Republic of Raguza on the Dalmatian coast, were the only Serb homes to have enjoyed a certain independence before the advent of the nineteenth century. For the first time in its history, the Balkan Peninsula was thoroughly united under one central authority, and during the next five hundred years it knew comparative

peace and tranquility. Certainly the Balkan peoples had less bloodshed and mutual destruction under the Turks than in the five preceding centuries, or since their liberation, the cruelties of the Turkish régime notwithstanding. To be sure the price of that peace was political death and humiliating subjection. The vanquished had the alternative of accepting the Moslem faith and thus acquiring all the privileges of the ruling race, or of clinging to their Christian religion, in which case they were reduced to the status of "rayah"—literally, flock of sheep. Since only an insignificant portion of the Slavs followed the former road, we may regard the Balkan Slavs under Turkish dominion as overwhelmingly rayahs.

Let us enumerate the main disabilities which the rayahs had to suffer as infidels and inferiors. They were not allowed to possess or carry arms, to own horse or camel, to wear ornaments or any but simple clothes. When meeting a Moslem, the rayah was to dismount from his mule or ass and stand still till he passed by. A rayah's testimony before a Moslem judge was worthless. Though the Turks did not interfere in religious matters, and practiced broad toleration, the Christians were enjoined from an ostentatious display of their faith. Thus burials had to be performed at night, the ringing of church bells was forbidden, and the repair of churches required a special permission from the authorities. The rayahs were taxed more heavily than the Moslems, the heaviest burden being that of the "harach," the per capita tax, from which the Moslems were exempted. The most oppressive feature of the Turkish regime was the "devchurme," the tribute of children imposed on the Christian population, chiefly on the Serbs. Every four years or so Turkish officials would appear in Slav villages and pick out the physically and mentally superior boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. These would be taken to Constantinople and trained with great care for military and administrative functions. The more capable youths were educated in special colleges, and upon graduation received responsible posts. Even the highest position in the state, that of the grand vizier, was occupied six times by Serbs. But the majority of the

abducted boys formed the sultan's standing army, the Yeni Cheries or Janissaries as they came to be called by Christians. Strong of body, ascetic in their mode of living (they were forbidden to marry), and inoculated with a fanatical devotion to Islam and the sultan, the Janissaries remained for centuries the fiercest and well nigh invincible army in Europe. Needless to say, the Slavs dreaded the loss of their sons who were turned into ruthless renegades, and many a loving parent would maim his child in order to render him ineligible for the Janissaries.

On the other hand, the rayahs were allowed a considerable amount of freedom in their internal affairs. The Slavs preserved intact their ancient institutions and customs. Every Serbian village elected its headsman, and a group of villages had their "knez," or prince. The zadruga was also unaffected by the alien yoke. In their mutual relations and disputes the Christians were able to ignore the Turkish authorities, and to seek counsel and redress among their own secular and spiritual heads. It was the policy of the Turks to give every church authority and jurisdiction over its adherents, as far as their internal affairs were concerned. Consequently the Christian rayahs could enjoy the protection of their priests, bishops, and patriarch.

It is to be noted, however, that the lot of the different Christian rayahs was not identical. The worst fate befell the Bulgars, whose proximity to Constantinople exposed them to a more thorough supervision and oppression. The Rumanians had distance and the Danube between them and their masters. Also the Serbs were less easily harrassed than the Bulgars, because they were more remote and less accessible, owing to their mountainous interior. Of all the rayahs the Greeks were the most privileged ones. A seafaring and commercial people, and of long experience in statesmanship, the Greeks shortly after their subjugation managed to make the best of the situation by profitably selling their services to the Turks. In the course of time the Greeks had in their hands most of Turkey's trade and commerce, waxed rich and influential, and succeeded in occupying many important offices of administration. As Turkey went the way of all empires, and the ruling race

began to suffer from satiety, indolence and decay, the gigantic lumbering machine of the state became corrupt from top to bottom. Offices were bought by the highest bidders, the successful purchaser in his turn trying to compensate himself by selling subordinate offices, and so down to the lowest rung in the endless bureaucratic ladder of the state. Naturally it was the people, and especially the inferior rayahs, who had to pay the price of this unholy game, and indeed they were fleeced mercilessly by big and petty official alike. In these muddy waters the Greeks fished with considerable success. From their headquarters at Constantinople, known as Phanar, they wielded a tremendous influence over the affairs of the state, and with the use of their great wealth they controlled the high and remunerative offices of the empire, especially those among the rayahs. Thus the "Panariotes," as these Greek appointees were called, eventually monopolized the governorship of Rumania ("hospodar," was the title), and for many centuries they bought and sold all important church offices, from the patriarchate and bishoprics to lower clerical posts.

From the year of the Turkish conquest, 1393, until 1787, the Bulgar Church was headed by the patriarch of Ochrida, in Macedonia. In 1459, the Serbian patriarchate of Ipek was abolished, and the Serbian Church was also brought under the rule of Ochrida. In 1557, while the grand vizier of Turkey was one of these abducted Serbs, the Ipek patriarchate was reestablished. The Phanariotes managed to buy the Ochrida and Ipek seats most of the time. Finally, in 1767, all Christian matters were concentrated in the hands of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople, and his rivals were definitely abolished. The conduct of the Greek patriarchs and bishops toward their Slav flocks was on the whole disgraceful and not a whit superior to that of the Moslem taskmasters. Aside from the atrocious economic pressure exercised by them, the Greek clergy attempted to destroy all Slav sentiments among the Bulgars and Serbs, persecuting them for using their native languages and endeavoring by means of violence to supplant these by the Greek tongue, even in church services. Is it to be wondered that the Slav rayahs often preferred the purely material oppression of

the Turk to the high handed rule of the Phanariote, which combined material and spiritual tyranny? It goes without saying that the Rumanians shared the fate of the Slav victims of the Phanariotes.

Viewing the humiliating and wretched conditions of the rayahs, we cannot help admiring their religious fortitude. By the simple act of conversion to the Islam the Christian might be raised from the position of a crushed pariah to that of a privileged superior. Yet the number of those who yielded to this temptation was comparatively insignificant. To these belong to this day the Bosnian "begs" (nobles), who are Serbs by language, the Pomaks in the Rhodope mountains, who speak Bulgarian, and about one-half of the Albanians. The case of the Bosnian converts deserves special attention, as a result of the Bogomil heresy. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the teaching of a Bulgar priest, Bogomil (lover of God), spread through the Balkan peninsula, and gained numerous followers. Akin to the Manichæan heresy in its dualistic conception of the universal order, Bogomilism in its practical application was an effort at spiritualizing the observance of Christianity, and might be grouped with such currents as that of the Albigenses, of John Wycliffe, John Hus, and of the more successful Luther and Calvin. The Bogomils were ascetics, vegetarians, opponents of priesthood, church images and symbols, of all violence, of marriage and race propagation. They were severely persecuted on the Peninsula, as well as in England, where under the name of Paulicians, they were branded with hot irons by the order of Henry II. But the ruler of Bosnia in the twelfth century, Kulin, favored Bogomilism, and gave it official sanction in his state. The Bogomil Bosnians faced the hostility of Christian Europe, and persecution by the Greek Orthodox Church as well as by Roman Catholicism (the pope of Rome gave his blessing to a crusade against Bosnia launched by Hungary). Embittered by the Greeks and Latins alike, exasperated by their violent methods of saving sinful souls, the Bosnian nobility failed to show sufficient fervor in resisting the Moslem invaders. Indeed, there were cases of Bosnian strongholds voluntarily delivered to the Turkish besiegers. The

Bosnian nobility embraced in large numbers the Mohammedan faith both because of the advantages it offered, and because in its simplicity and democratism it was much closer to Bogomilism than the contemporary Christian Church, with its pompous luxury and elaborate hierarchy.

In addition to the alternative of accepting the Islam or remaining a rayah, there was a third way open for the conquered Slav of the peninsula, namely flight. A considerable number of Serbs migrated westward, to the Dalmatian coast, or north, into southern Hungary. The latter wave increased especially after the fall of Belgrade and the victory of Soleyman the Magnificent over the Hungarians at Mohacs (1526). This Hungarian territory became so thoroughly Slavonized that after the World War it was allotted to Yugoslavia as an ethnically Serbian unit (the districts of Banat, Srem, Bashka, etc.). Beside these regular emigrants, who permanently settled in new lands, there existed bands of Serbian rovers, brigands and pirates, so-called Hayduks and Uskoks. The Hayduks hid in the wooded mountains of Serbia, while the Uskoks made their abode on the coasts of Croatia and Dalmatia. In the eyes of the people these adventurers had the grace of Robin Hoods, friends of the oppressed and bloody avengers against the Turks. The Hayduks and Uskoks occupy an important place in the national poetry of the Yugoslavs.

Slav Uprisings and Liberation

Let us take a brief glance at the situation of the South Slavs at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Croats and Slovenes were subjects of the Hapsburg monarchy, as were also those Serbs who migrated to southern Hungary after the Turkish conquest, in especially large numbers during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Bulgars and the bulk of Serbia, including Bosnia and Herzegovina, belonged to the Ottoman empire. Dalmatia was a Venetian dependency, then, after a brief Napoleonic interval, it was annexed by Austria, at the Congress of Vienna. Napoleon put an end to the independence of that curious Dalmatian port of Raguza, or Dubrovnik, which had existed for centuries as a more or less free city republic,

and as a somewhat Italianized centre of Slav culture. There remained only one practically independent South Slav state, the little province of Zeta, which came to be known as Crna Gora, or by its Italian name of Montenegro (black mountain). Situated in the mountain fastnesses between Cattaro and Lake Scutari, this Slavic community defied the persistent onslaughts of the Turks, and though, at times, it was forced to pay tribute and acknowledge the suzerainty of the sultan, it was never actually subdued. It was a military democracy, ruled by hereditary princes, until beginning with 1515, the Bishop of Cetinje combined the spiritual and secular authority under the title of Vladyka. Eventually this office was secularized, and from 1696 to the end of the World War Montenegro was ruled by the Petrovich princes, descendants of Bishop Danilo. In 1799, the Sultan of Turkey was obliged to sanction officially the independence of the Montenegrin principality.

After the death of Soleyman the Magnificent, the empire of Turkey began to follow the historical course of other empires, the course of disintegration and decay. The majority of the succeeding sultans were indolent and pleasure loving, incapable of coping with the complex and lumbering state apparatus. Neither was the Turkish army any longer so carefully picked and so unreservedly loyal to the padishah as formerly. The Janissaries became corrupted, and eventually proved a menace rather than a dependable prop for the ruler. The defeat of the Turkish army at Vienna, in 1683, by the combined Polish-Austrian troops, marked the end of the long Ottoman predominance in southeastern Europe. A counter-offensive was inaugurated by the Christian states, in which Russia and Austria became the chief protagonists and rivals. The European, and later Asiatic and African possessions of Turkey began to dwindle gradually and persistently, and as during the Byzantine period, the weakness of Constintinople signalized the falling away of one dependency after another. The Balkan Peninsula, for five centuries silent and submissive under the Crescent, displayed in the nineteenth century its traditional centrifugal tendencies. Serbia, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, and last of all, Albania, wrested their freedom

from the tottering oppressors, proving to the world that though downed and subdued, they were not nationally dead.

Without going into the details of the heroic struggle for independence on the part of the South Slavs, we shall note the most important stages of this long and painful process. The first leader of the rebel Serbs was Kara George, or Black George, a man of the common people, at one time a hayduk, and later a dealer in swine. From 1804 to 1813 he carried on a series of brilliant campaigns against the Turks, supported by the patriotic peasantry. The odds against him were stupendous, and in the end they overwhelmed him, and he fled to Austria. The victorious Turks overran Serbia and displayed a passionate brutality in wreaking vengeance on their rebellious subjects. The rayahs were tolerated as long as they submissively let themselves be shorn, but as soon as they showed any sign of restiveness they were punished for their impudence without mercy. As the strength of Turkey was sapped by internal corruption, its government grew more and more incapable, and it showed more and more frequently the symptom of weakness and diffidence, namely, terrorizing cruelty. The Christian population, naturally, suffered most from this state of affairs, but at the same time this dual condition of Turkey's weakness and cruelty goaded them on to revolt, in the hope of throwing off the intolerable yoke. In 1815, a Serbian knez, or local chieftain, Milosh Obrenovich, once more raised the banner of revolt, which proved successful, in view of the generally complicated European situation at that time. With Russia insisting more and more vigorously on concessions, the sultan was forced to terminate his vacillations and procrastinations by acknowledging Milosh as hereditary prince of Serbia, and granting his country a considerable measure of self-government, under the sovereignty of Turkey (1830-1834). Among other things, the Serbian Church was freed from the hateful Greek Phanariotes.

Thus the miracle happened and resurrected Serbia was to advance, however slowly and gradually, toward the attainment of its national dream—the restoration of the empire of Stefan Dushan, and the unification of its scat-

tered sons. The task has been extremely difficult, both because of external obstacles (the resistance of Turkey, and the rivalries and intrigues of Russia and Austria), and because of internal jealousies and dissensions. A bloody feud raged between the families of the two national heroes, Kara George and Milosh. The Obrenovich dynasty ruled the country through the larger part of the nineteenth century, the last two, Milan and Alexander, bringing nothing but disgrace to their state. In 1903, King Alexander and his wife were brutally killed by a band of conspirators, and Peter Karageorgevich ascended the throne. His son, Alexander, is the king of Yugoslavia today.

The case of Bulgaria was somewhat different from that of Serbia. Swallowed up by Turkey, in 1393, the Bulgars were reduced to thorough subjection, and of all the rayahs they were the most wretched and oppressed. The proximity of Constantinople favored closer supervision and more constant repression than was feasible in the more remote and inaccessible Serbia. That the Bulgars were not completely Ottomanized was due to their staunch adherence to Christianity. But even in matters of religion they were threatened with annihilation, because of the rigorous Hellenization carried on by the Phanariote clergy. The Bulgarian language was suppressed, and the Bulgars were officially registered as Greeks; in fact they came to regard themselves as such.

Then the general wave of nationalism, produced by the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, reached even to the Turkish-Greek province of Bulgaria. In 1835, the first Bulgarian school was established by a patriotic merchant, and it was followed by an educational movement which brought astonishing results, notwithstanding, or perhaps owing to, persecution by the Turkish authorities and the Greek clergy and laity. Newspapers sprang up abroad, chiefly in Wallachia (Rumania), and a general literary and linguistic revival was inaugurated, breathing life into the dead bones of the nation. Yet every attempt at rebellion was swiftly and ruthlessly quelled by the Turks, followed by such acts of vengeance as were apt to terrorize the Bulgars and discourage them from further attempts. The

national spirit, however, drew fortitude from the growing signs of Turkey's decay and from the examples of Serbia and Greece, both of which had recently gained relative independence. Again, there was Russia, hammering at the power of Turkey ever since the reign of Peter the Great, and appearing as the spokesman for its Balkan coreligionists. In 1870, Russia forced the sultan to grant Bulgaria a national church, in the form of an exarchate, whose authority extended to the Danube vilayet (district) and to those parts of Macedonia where two thirds of the population desired to acknowledge the revived Bulgar Church.

It was but natural for the Greek patriarch at Constantinople to protest vehemently, and to excommunicate the exarch. The new national church not only robbed the Greeks of the Bulgarian spoils, but it also threatened to win over the population of Macedonia. In past history the possession of Macedonia was essential for the mastery of the Balkan peninsula, because it controlled the road from north to south and boasted the valuable port of Saloniki. Hence this province has been the bone of contention of all Balkan nationalities, and to this day it is the despair of diplomats, philologists, and ethnologists. The population is so hopelessly mixed that it is impossible for an impartial investigator to decide as to whether they are predominatingly Bulgar, or Serb, or Greek, not to mention the minor elements of Wallachians, Albanians, Turks, Jews, and others. One thing is certain, however; through their church, schools, and other educational activities, the Bulgars, ever since 1870, have succeeded in Bulgarizing the majority of Macedonia's Christians. The Serbs and the Greeks emulated the Bulgars, but they have not been able to supplant them. As a result of the World War, Macedonia has been divided between Greece and Serbia; one need not be a pessimist to expect grave trouble from that quarter. In fact, clashes have already occurred there, and in 1926, Bulgaria was warned by its neighbors that it would be held responsible for the unrest among the Macedonian Bulgars.

But to return to our story. In 1875 the Serbs of Herzegovina rose against their oppressors, and within a short

time they were joined by Bosnia, Serbia and Montenegro. The hopes of the Bulgars rose, but before they had a chance to organize their forces, the Turk irregulars, the terrible Bashi-Bazouks, fell upon their villages and perpetrated such beastly atrocities that the whole civilized world gasped, and even England, whose official policy favored Turkey, protested its indignation. Finally, Russia declared war against Turkey, and with the aid of the Rumanians and the Balkan Slavs, it dealt the sultan a few decisive blows, as a result of which he agreed to sign the San Stefano peace (1878). By that treaty the European possessions of Turkey were limited to Albania and a small strip of land back of Constantinople, while the bulk of the peninsula was to compose a big Bulgarian state. England and Austria suspected that Russia intended Bulgaria as a tool for its imperialistic designs, and they vigorously protested against the San Stefano treaty. Russia was forced to have the matter revised by the Berlin Congress, at which it was diplomatically beaten. The size of Bulgaria was greatly diminished, the authority of the sultan was propped up, England received for its "services" the island of Cyprus, and Austria became the "protector" of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was evident that Turkey, the "sick man of Europe," would be artificially kept alive by the Christian powers because of mutual jealousy and the fear of losing the "balance of power." It also appeared clear that the rightful heirs to the possession of the "sick man," that is, their former owners, would have to face formidable rivals among their traditional "protectors," notably Austria and Russia. These two factors must be considered in connection with the all-European policy toward Turkey during the last one hundred years.

After 1878, Bulgaria made rapid strides forward. For nearly ten years it struggled against its "liberators," the Russians, who were tactlessly crude in their effort to reduce the new state to a colony of the tsar. In 1885, the province of Eastern Rumelia joined Bulgaria, in defiance of the Congress of Berlin, which had assigned the province to Turkey. Serbia felt uneasy about the growing neighbor, and attacked Bulgaria, led by its profligate King Milan. Though

young and inexperienced, and though abandoned at the last moment by the Russian military instructors and officers, the Bulgarian army proved victorious, and even pursued the Serbs into their own territory. Austria intervened and forced Bulgaria to sign a peace by which Serbia went unpunished for its unprovoked attack. This victory raised the prestige of the young principality. Shortly afterward, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a relative of the Russian tsar and a loyal friend of Bulgaria, abdicated, unable to endure the intrigues of Russia. In 1887 Bulgaria elected as prince, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, whose son, Boris, is reigning now.

We have thus seen how during the nineteenth century Turkey was forced to release its hold on the Balkan Slavs. While Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria (and the non-Slav states of Greece and Rumania) proceeded to gather strength, the Ottoman power continued to disintegrate under a corrupt and obsolete regime of an autocratic sultan. In 1908, the young Turks performed a military revolution, overthrew the reigning sultan, and proclaimed a series of liberal reforms. The new order was greeted by the world, but it also served as a signal for the further disintegration of the empire. Thus Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria crowned himself tsar, and disclaimed all dependence on Turkey. Crete united with Greece. Macedonia revolted, and so did Albania. Austria-Hungary definitely annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, which had been under its protectorate since 1878. In 1911, Turkey had to fight Italy over Tripoli, and lost it. One year later, Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Greece formed a Balkan federation, attacked Turkey, and won a series of victories on land and on sea. By the Treaty of London, May 1913, Turkey retained in Europe only Constantinople with a small strip of land back of it. But now the victorious allies began to quarrel over the spoils. Serbia and Greece aligned themselves against Bulgaria, and they were supported by Rumania, which came at the eleventh hour to demand a piece of the Turkish pie. Bulgaria attacked Serbia, but was severely beaten by the allied troops, and was forced to sign a new treaty, at Bucharest, by which it gave to

Rumania a part of Dobrudzha, and sanctioned the division of Macedonia between Greece and Serbia. Meanwhile Turkey profited from these dissensions, and reoccupied some of the lost territory. Bulgaria had to agree to the loss of Adrianople and part of Thrace to Turkey. The chief winners were Serbia and Greece, whose territory almost doubled. But the hope for concord and peace on the Balkans was once more frustrated. The wars of 1912-1913 served merely as a prelude to the world war which broke out in the summer of 1914, with Serbia and Austria as the initial incendiaries.

The antagonism between Serbia and Austria was of an old standing. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina dealt a blow to Serbia's nationalistic ambition of a greater Serbia. Furthermore, Austria prevented Serbia from getting an outlet on the Adriatic, in 1912-1913, and had fought it financially. Austria regarded the growth of Serbia with alarm, for two reasons. In the first place, a strong Serbia was apt to attract the support of its sons under the Hapsburgs, that is, the Croats, the Slovenes, the Serbs of southern Hungary, and the Bosniaks and Herzegovinians. In the second place, an independent Serbia was a stumbling block for the German-Austrian plan of a Berlin-Bagdad railroad. That plan called for a continuous line of communication between the North Sea and the Gulf of Persia, with railroad points at Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, Constantinople, Bagdad. But Belgrade was the capital of recalcitrant Serbia!

On June 28, 1914, the memorial day of the Kossovo battle, the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary was assassinated at Serayevo, the capital of Bosnia, under circumstances which pointed to the guilt of Serbia. The government of Austria sent Serbia an ultimatum, which obviously could not be accepted; Russia mobilized in protest; Germany declared war against Russia and France, and the conflagration spread rapidly. Of the Balkan states, Turkey and Bulgaria joined the Central Powers (Bulgaria was promised Macedonia), Rumania eventually went over to the Allies, while Greece failed to keep its agreement with Serbia (owing to the influence of King Constantine,

brother-in-law of the kaiser). Montenegro, of course, fought on the side of Serbia.

We need not discuss the development of the war. Suffice it to say that on September 30, 1918, Bulgaria was the first to bow before the Allies: it sued for peace, and Tsar Ferdinand abdicated in favor of his son, Boris. Serbia, invaded several times during the war, decimated and reduced to ruins, had the satisfaction of becoming the centre of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, or Yugoslavia. The Allies approved of a greater Serbia, at the expense of Austria-Hungary, and in part, of Bulgaria. Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, southern Hungary, and Montenegro, have been incorporated as integral parts of Yugoslavia. The kingdom has now about fifteen million inhabitants, and occupies an area of over 106,000 square miles. It faces some difficult internal problems, such as the conciliation of the Roman-Catholic Croats and Slovenes, who resent the centralization of authority in Greek-Orthodox Belgrade. It must also cope with foreign questions arising out of the new frontiers bordering on Hungary and Italy. As an Adriatic state Yugoslavia faces Mussolini's Italy, and it must be on guard. Furthermore, it has a strong Moslem element to consider, German and Magyar minorities, and a pro-Bulgar population in Macedonia.

Bulgaria has been reduced in size, and is surrounded by enemy neighbors. Its population amounts to some four million, but fortunately it is a uniform Bulgar Greek Orthodox element. Bulgaria is free from the problem of racial or religious minorities, consists of a healthy peasant people, and may look forward to recuperation and reconstruction. The most promising symptom in Balkan politics may be seen in the ever growing sentiment for an alliance between Serbia and Bulgaria. A unified Slav block would insure peace and normal conditions on the peninsula, which would then perhaps cease to be the source of constant alarm in world politics.

The Literature of the Southern Slavs

Written literature among the Slavs began with their conversion to Christianity. The effect of Byzantine influ-

ences on the art and thought of those Slavs who accepted Greek Orthodoxy has been profound and lasting. The magnificent Serbian cathedrals built during the Middle Ages, and their religious paintings, show their unmistakable indebtedness to Byzantium. The literature of Bulgaria and Serbia, from the end of the ninth century and through the mediæval period, was prevailingly Byzantine in form and content. Nearly all of their writers were connected with the church, and they regarded devotionally such labor as translation from the Greek, or occasional emulation of the Byzantine original. It was a comprehensive literature, including, aside from purely theological matters, a large variety of secular subjects treated under the church lens. Thus it contained numerous treatises on geography, history, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, rhetoric and grammar. There was also an abundance of apocryphal writings and popular romances concerning Alexander the Great, the Trojan wars, Sir Tristram, and other historical and legendary subjects, whose fantastic treatment appealed to the mediæval mind. In addition to the Byzantine lives of saints, the southern Slavs composed biographies of their own saints and rulers, some of which possess genuine warmth and fine style. Toward the end of that period (1349) there appeared the Serbian "Zakonik" or legal code, an important literary and historical monument.

From the latter part of the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, Bulgaria and Serbia existed under the Turkish yoke, producing hardly any written literature. Only the Serbian cities along the Dalmatian coast on the Adriatic showed signs of literary life during the Renaissance Period. Particularly active in this respect was the city republic of Raguza or Dubrovnik. Having preserved comparative independence till the very time of Napoleon, Dubrovnik kept in close commercial and cultural touch with Italy, especially with Venice. To this day Italian influence is felt in the architecture and customs of Dalmatia, most notably in Dubrovnik. Renaissance literature of the Italian stamp found an echo in the contemporary literary circles of Dubrovnik, in a great variety of form, from Petrarchan verse to tragedy and comedy which recall Dante and Tasso.

Late in that period, Gundulich (1588-1638), in an epic poem, "Osman," gave expression in a style of the age to a feeling of Serbian nationalism, which was surprising at a time when so little of the Serbian nation seemingly survived. Until the end of the eighteenth century whatever appeared in the Yugoslav language bore a regional character—Croat, Slovene, Dalmatian, and the like, but none of national unity.

On the threshold of the nineteenth century, the new currents of political and philosophic thought aroused everywhere, among other things, a general interest in national traits and institutions, and a revival of folklore. Even the scattered, disunited, and politically dead southern Slavs were affected by the prevalent wave. Alongside of political uprisings which gradually led to liberation from the Turkish oppressor, there arose among the southern Slavs a small group of literary men, perhaps half a dozen in all, who performed the difficult task of reviving the spirit of the nation. Of these, Obradovich (1742-1811), a self-made man, extensive traveler and student, was a typical eighteenth century moralist, who strongly appealed to his countrymen. He pleaded eloquently for the unification of the severed parts of the nation by means of a uniform educational system and general cultural activity. His ideas were enhanced and brought nearer realization by another self-made Serb, Vuk Karadzich (1787-1864), the most important intellectual figure among the resurrected southern Slavs. For fifty years Karadzich labored in the field of national linguistics and literature, and among his stupendous achievements one may mention the unification of all local dialects into one literary language, the simplification of the Cyrillic alphabet, the publication of a Serbian grammar and dictionary, and the indefatigable collection of folk-songs, ballads, tales, and proverbs. His reforms met with vigorous opposition on the part of conservative circles, but eventually his views were universally accepted and officially sanctioned. One cannot over-estimate the effect of Karadzich on the cultural life of the Yugoslavs.

Karadzich's greatest contribution, not only to his own country but to world literature, was his publication of the national songs and ballads (to which, incidentally, the Bul-

gars also laid claim). Their first appearance in print (in 1814) aroused great enthusiasm throughout Europe, which even grew in intensity when additional volumes were published at intervals. Translations and emulations appeared from the pens of Grimm and Goethe, Nodier and Mérimée, John Bowring and Owen Meredith (Walter Scott began the translation of "Hassan Aga"), Pushkin and Mickiewicz. Indeed, folk-poetry has been the most powerful and happy expression of the Yugoslav mind, and has not been excelled, or even paralleled, by contemporary nations. The southern Slavs have shown a peculiar aptitude for composing songs after a fixed pattern (ten syllabic lines, unrhymed, with a pause after the fourth syllable) on various occasions. Of anonymous origin, these songs commemorate historical events, local happenings or national issues; or they may be of a personal nature and refer to such everyday occurrences as birth or death, marriage and love; or again, they may be an expression of some Christian or Pagan legend. It is most astonishing that while the printing press has put an end everywhere to the creation of anonymous oral literature, in Yugoslavia such compositions continue to appear even today, their unknown authors singing of recent battles and heroes or of more intimate subjects.

The glory of Yugoslav national poetry belongs to the epic ballads, in which you find beauty of expression combined with dignified poise, however tragic the subject-matter may be. Among the various groups of these ballads the following five are most important. 1. Legendary and semi-historic ballads, of which "The Building of Scadar" is a splendid example. Grimm called it "one of the most exquisite and touching ballads of any nation or any age." 2. The Kossovo songs, numerous and magnificent in form and sentiment. They treat of various episodes connected with the fateful battle on the field of Kossovo, in 1389, and, though of divers authorship and composition, they form a cycle of a certain epic unity, remotely resembling the Illiad. 3. The Marko Kralyevich group of songs describes the imaginary adventures of a historically insignificant Serbian prince of a rather dubious patriotism. He was killed in battle while fighting on the side of the Turks against the

Wallachians, in 1394. But folk fantasy usually ignores historical facts, and in ballads of all nations we meet with wilful distortion of actual truth for the sake of fictitious plausibility or because of some inexplicable popular whim. Marko Kralyevich is the most beloved hero of the Yugoslavs and Bulgars, and is endowed with superhuman prowess and with a somewhat wayward nature, capable of extreme cruelty and big-hearted generosity. He has become a national symbol and an inexhaustible source of patriotic inspiration for the southern Slavs. 4. The songs of the Hayduks and the Uskoks, that is, of the Brigands and the Fugitives—the Slavs who preferred an outlaw existence to meek subjection, and harrassed the Turks on land and on sea. A heroic halo surrounds these highwaymen and pirates, and they enjoy a popular affection akin to that of Robin Hood. 5. Finally, the liberation songs, dealing with the prolonged struggles of the southern Slavs against their Turkish oppressors.

A fragmentary exposition of the ballad on "The Building of Scutari (Skadar)" may give an idea of this old folk art of Serbia. The translator, Miss Helen Rootham, has preserved the original metre, that is, the ten syllabic line.

> Three sons of one mother built a fortress,
> Built a fortress three Mernyachevichi:
> First of them was mighty King Vukashin,
> Second was the Voyvoda Uglyesha,
> And the third was Goiko, their younger brother;
> Built the fortress Skadar on Boyana.
> During three whole years they built the fortress,
> But could not lay even the foundations,
> Much less raise the strong walls of the fortress;
> What by day was raised by master-builders
> Nightly was demolished by the Vila.

The Vila is a mountain nymph who combines the traits of a fairy and a witch, according to her whim. In this case the Vila warned King Vukashin that unless he brought a human sacrifice, the fortress could not be built. She finally suggested that when on the morrow one of the brothers' wives would bring breakfast for the builders, they should

immure her into the foundation. Vukashin consulted his two brothers, and they solemnly vowed not to tell anything to their wives, but to let fate decide which of them must fall a victim to the Vila's caprice. During the night the two elder brothers broke their oath, and warned their wives not to come to the fortress on the morrow. Only Goiko kept his word.

On the morrow when the dawn is breaking
Early rise the three Mernyachevichi,
And they seek the fortress on Boyana.
As the time comes for the builders' breakfast,
'Tis Vukashin's wife, the queen, should take it,
But she seeks Uglyesha's wife, thus speaking:
"Hear me now, O thou my well-lov'd sister,
Suddenly my head has started aching,
God preserve thee, but 'tis past enduring,
Pray thee, carry thou the builders' breakfast."
But Uglyesha's wife thus makes her answer:
"O dear sister, honor'd queen and lady,
Suddenly my hand has started aching,
God preserve thee, but 'tis past enduring,
Therefore go, and ask our youngest sister."

And the queen repeats her request to Goiko's wife.

Answered her the fair young wife of Goiko:
"Hear me, O my honor'd queen and lady,
I am surely willing to obey thee,
But my little baby is not bathed yet,
And I have not yet washed all the linen."
Answers her the honor'd queen and lady:
"Go, I tell thee, O my well-lov'd sister,
Take their breakfast to the master-builders,
I myself for thee will wash thy linen,
And our sister bathe thy little baby."
Nothing more doth venture Goiko's lov'd one,
With their breakfast goes she to the builders.

As she walks down to the clear Boyana,
Lo! she meets there her belov'd young Goiko,
And the hero's heart is filled with sorrow,
Filled with sorrow for his true belov'd,
Sorrow for his baby in the cradle,

And sad tears down his face white are running.
When the slender bride perceives his weeping,
Softly moves she till she stands beside him,
Softly moves, and softly to him whispers:
"What doth ail my lord and well-belov'd
That the sad tears down his face are running?"
Answers to his slender wife young Goiko:
"Woe is me, O thou my well belov'd,
For I had a shining golden apple,
And this day 'tis fallen in Boyana,
And I mourn it, mourn it without ceasing."
But the slender bride, uncomprehending,
To her lord then softly says in answer:
"May God give thee health and every blessing,
And present thee with a better apple. . . ."

Then the hero's sorrow grows more heavy
And he turns away his head in anguish,
He can look no more upon his lov'd one:
And here come the two Mernyachevichi,
To the young wife come from Goiko's brothers,
And they take her with them to the fortress.
There they call aloud to Master Rada,
Rada hails three hundred master-builders,
But the slender bride is laughing softly,
For she thinks that they are only jesting.
When they place her in the tower's foundations
Swiftly work three hundred master-builders,
Throwing beams and throwing stones around her
Till up to her knees she is imprison'd.
Still the slender bride is laughing softly,
Still she thinks that they are only jesting.
Swiftly work three hundred master-builders,
Throwing beams and throwing stones around her
Till she is immured up to her girdle.
When the wooden beams and stones grow heavy
Then she sees the fate that lies before her,
And her cry comes hissing like a serpent
As she supplicates her husband's brothers:
"Do not this to me where God is honor'd,
Do not bury me, so young and blooming."
Thus she pleads, but vain is all her pleading,
For the brothers do not heed or listen.

The Road to Kaiser Park
Carlsbad, the world-famous resort of Czechoslovakia

The Market-place At Uzhorod, Capital of Subcarpathian Russia, Czechoslovakia

Then she throws aside her shame and shrinking
And implores then her belov'd, her Goiko:
"Do not this to me, O my good master,
Do not wall me up within the fortress,
Rather go to find my ag'd mother,
For my mother owns both gold and treasure,
She will buy you women-slaves or men-slaves,
You can wall them in the tower's foundations."
Thus she pleads, but vain is all her pleading.

When the slender wife her doom sees clearly,
When she sees that vain is all her pleading,
She implores the overseer Rada:
"In God's name, O brother, Master Rada,
Let there be for my two breasts an opening,
Leave my white breasts free, O brother Rada,
For my little babe from out the cradle—
I would suckle him, the weakling."
Brotherly doth Rada hear her pleading
And he leaves for her two breasts an opening,
Frees them for her babe from out the cradle,
So that she may suckle him, the weakling.

Once again she calls aloud to Rada:
"In God's name, O brother, Master Rada,
For my eyes, too, let there be an opening,
That I see the white court of the castle
When they bring my babe from out the cradle,
When they carry him across the courtyard."
So was she immured there in the fortress,
And they brought her babe from out his cradle,
For a week thus at her breasts she fed him.
When the week was past the mother's voice failed,
But the food flowed always through the opening,
And for one whole year the child was suckled.

As it then was, so it stays for ever,
And the food today flows through the opening,
'Tis at once a marvel and a healing
For those wives whose milk fails at the nursing.

The tragic simplicity reminds one of the biblical story of Jephthah's daughter.

The Kossovo cycle is perhaps the highest achievement

of the Yugoslav national genius. The disastrous battle, which resulted in the extinction of the Serbian state and the subjection of the people to the Turks for nearly five centuries, became the pivot around which popular imagination wove its most magnificent dreams, sorrowful memories, passionate yearnings, and consoling hopes. Some of the songs describe the events preceding the battle, such as the banquet at Prince Lazar's, during which we learn of the jealousy between his two sons-in-law, Milosh and Brancovich, or rather between their wives. According to this version, which is doubtful historically, Brancovich betrayed his people to the Turks. At the banquet he managed to throw suspicion on the valiant Milosh, who on the next day proved his loyalty by breaking into the tent of Sultan Murad and stabbing him to death. The Yugoslav masses pay no attention to history, and accept the version of the songs as gospel truth, cursing Brancovich and all his offspring, and glorifying Milosh who gave his life in proof of his good faith. The battle itself is described with a Homeric care for detail, coupled by an Oriental love for color and design. The tone remains throughout reserved and dignified, the enemy is treated chivalrously and given due honor for valor and sportsmanship, while the heroic exploits of the Serbian warriors and their fall in battle are presented with the epic calm of Norse sagas. A number of songs is dedicated to the women of Serbia connected with the Kossovo event, such as the symbolic Maid of Kossovo, the wife of Prince Lazar, the mother of the nine sons of Yug, and other fair ladies whose hearts bled at the destruction of their near and dear, the flower of the land.

A significant difference between the Kossovo songs and the Illiad or other Pagan poetry, may be seen in the Christian motive displayed by the Serbian songs. A fragment from the song, "The Fall of the Serbian Empire," will illustrate the point (I am using Miss Rootham's, almost literal translation):

> From Jerusalem, the holy city,
> Flying came a swift grey bird, a falcon,
> And he carried in his beak a swallow.

But behold and see! 'Tis not a falcon,
'Tis the holy man of God, Elias,
And he does not bear with him a swallow,
But a letter from God's Holy Mother.

Lo, he bears the letter to Kossovo,
Drops it on the tsar's knees from the heavens,
And thus speaks the letter to the monarch:
"Tsar Lazar, thou prince of noble lineage,
What wilt thou now choose to be thy kingdom?
Say, dost thou desire a heav'nly kingdom,
Or dost thou prefer an earthly kingdom?
If thou should'st now choose an earthly kingdom,
Knights may girdle swords and saddle horses,
Tighten saddle-girths and ride to battle—
You will charge the Turks and crush their army!
But if thou prefer a heav'nly kingdom,
Build thyself a church upon Kossovo,
Let not the foundations be of marble,
Let them be of samite and of scarlet. . . .
And to all thy warriors and their leaders
Thou shalt give the sacraments and orders,
For thy army shall most surely perish,
And thou too, shalt perish with thine army."

When the tsar had read the holy letter,
Ponder'd he, and ponder'd in this manner:
"Mighty God, what now shall this my choice be!
Shall I choose to have a heav'nly kingdom?
Shall I choose to have an earthly kingdom?
If I now should choose an earthly kingdom,
Lo, an earthly kingdom is but fleeting,
But God's kingdom shall endure for ever."

And the tsar he chose a heav'nly kingdom,
And he built a church upon Kossovo—
Did not bring foundation stones of marble
But he brought pure samite there and scarlet;
Summoned there the patriarch of Serbia,
Summoned there with him the twelve archbishops.
Thus he gave the warriors and their leaders
Holy sacrament and battle orders.

But no sooner gave the prince his orders
Than the Turkish hordes swept on Kossovo.
And the Yug Bogdan leads there his army,
With his sons, the Yugovich—nine brothers,
His nine sons like nine grey keen-eyed falcons,
Each of them commands nine thousand warriors,
And the Yug Bogdan commands twelve thousand.
With the Turks they fight there and they struggle,
And they smite and slay there seven pashas.
When the eighth advances to the battle
Then doth Yug Bogdan, the old knight, perish,
With his sons the Yugovich—nine brothers,
His nine sons like nine grey keen-eyed falcons,
And with them doth perish all their army.

And so on. There is a typical balladic refrain and repetition in the description of the battle and the destruction of army after army, until Lazar himself falls, and with him all his army, "Seven and seventy thousand chosen warriors." The ballad ends in a quaint note:

All was done with honor, all was holy,
God's will was fulfilled upon Kossovo.

Such is the keynote of the Kossovo songs. Throughout the centuries of oppression the Serbs sang their songs, transmitting them from generation to generation, and saturating their consciousness with the idea of the lot of their nation being a sacrifice for the true faith. What else can explain the tenacity with which the wretched rayahs held to Christianity, defying the siren call of Islam whose acceptance would have bestowed on them all the privileges of a chosen class?

There is also the element of human sorrow and heartache in the Kossovo songs, which is portrayed with unique power and restraint. As an example the following song may be given, also in Miss Rootham's version:

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF THE JUGOVICH

When the army camps upon Kossovo,
In its ranks the Yugovich—nine brothers,

And the tenth, the Yug Bogdan, their father.
Unto God then prays the ag'd mother;
"Give me, God, the keen eyes of a falcon,
Give to me, oh God, the swan's white pinions;
I would seek the wide plain of Kossovo,
I would see the Yugovich—nine brothers,
And the tenth, the Yug Bogdan, their father."

Thus she prays to God—her prayer is granted,
God gives her the keen eyes of the falcon
And he gives to her the swan's white pinions,
And she seeks the wide plain of Kossovo.
Dead she finds the Yugovich—nine brothers
And the tenth, the Yug Bogdan, their father.
At their sides nine battle-spears are lying,
On the spears are perched nine keen-eyed falcons,
Round the spears stand nine good battle-horses,
And nine lions lie beside their masters.
And there roar their grief the nine grim lions,
And there mourn the nine good battle-horses,
And nine keen-eyed falcons scream in sorrow.
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.
And she leads away the nine good horses,
Leads away with them the nine grim lions,
Calls to follow her nine keen-eyed falcons—
Thus returns she to her fair white castle.

From afar her sons' nine wives beheld her,
As she nearer came they walked to meet her—
Cried aloud to God the nine fair widows,
And there wept with them the nine young orphans,
And there mourned the nine good battle-horses,
And there roared their grief the nine grim lions,
And nine keen-eyed falcons screamed in sorrow.
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.

When the night is at the hour of midnight
Whinnies low the battle-horse of Damian,
And the mother asks of Damian's loved one:
"Oh my daughter, thou belov'd of Damian,
Wherefore whinnies Damian's horse thus sadly?

Doth he hunger for the silver wheat-fields?
Doth he thirst for Zvechan's cooling waters?''
Slowly answers her then Damian's loved one:
''Oh my mother, mother thou of Damian,
Not for silver wheat-fields is he hungry,
Not for Zvechan's waters is he thirsty;
Long since learnt he from his master Damian
Until midnight on fine oats to feast him,
After midnight many roads to travel;
Therefore now laments he for his master
Sorrows that he left his lord behind him
There upon the wide plain of Kossovo.''
But the mother's heart is hard within her,
Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.

On the morrow as the dawn is breaking,
Lo, there fly two ravens, two black ravens;
Bloody are their wings up to the shoulders,
From their beaks the blood-flecked foam is falling.
'Tis a hero's severed hand they carry,
On the hand a golden ring is shining.

See, they drop it in the mother's bosom,
From her bosom then the mother takes it,
Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes.
Then again she calls to Damian's loved one:
''Oh my daughter, thou belov'd of Damian,
Tell me whose this hand that I am holding?''
To the mother answers Damian's loved one:
''Oh my mother, mother thou of Damian,
'Tis our Damian's hand that thou art holding,
For I know the golden ring, oh mother,
This gold ring I gave him at our marriage.''
And the mother holds the hand of Damian,
Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes;
To the hero's hand the mother whispers:
''Thou dear hand, oh thou my fair green apple,
Where didst blossom? Where has fate now plucked thee?
Woe is me! Thou blossomed on my bosom,
Thou wast plucked, alas, upon Kossovo!''
And the mother's heart swelled big with anguish,
Swelled the mother's heart, and broke with sorrow
For her dead, the Yugovich—nine brothers
And the tenth, the Yug Bogdan, their father.

Every Serb knows the Kossovo story as told in the epic ballads, and he vividly visualizes each character and scene pictured in them. Professor Janko Lavrin, the brilliant Yugoslav critic now teaching at one of the English universities, cites an episode which illustrates the hold of the folk ballads on the minds of the common people:

"During the Balkan war of 1912-1913, certain victorious Serbian units reached Kossovo, which until then was under Turkish rule. As soon as the soldiers felt under their feet the liberated plain, they fell on their knees, whispering prayers and kissing the sacred soil. And when they rose again, they instinctively marched over it softly, on tiptoe, in order not to disturb the sleep of the heroic dead who, more than five hundred years before, had there given their lives for Cross and Liberty. . . ."

In comparison with its folk poetry, especially with the epic ballads composed during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Yugoslavia's other literary efforts appear quite insignificant. During the last one hundred years the southern Slavs produced a considerable amount of poetry and prose, but hardly a single work which might rank as a world masterpiece. The Yugoslavs regard as their greatest modern poet Peter Nyegosh, the bishop-prince of Montenegro from 1830 to 1851, whose long poem, "The Mountain Wreath," describes the extermination of renegrade Montenegrins by Bishop Danilo at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The best known Bulgarian novelist is Ivan Vazov, whose novel, *Under the Yoke* (available in English), gives a valuable portrayal of Bulgaria in the year 1876, during one of its unsuccessful revolts against Turkey. Vazov has been influenced by Russian writers, notably by Gogol and Turgenev, but he also possesses a robust native talent which he uses to good advantage in describing what is to him familiar ground. From his novel we learn a great deal about the customs of the land, the sentiments of the middle class and lower masses, the young revolutionists greeted by the people as "apostles," and the Turkish officials. The Yugoslavs have produced a number of good short-story writers, Lazar Lazarovich being probably the best among them. Nearly all of them are under the influence of French

and Russian authors, but the period of imitation is natural for a young literature, and such is the literature of the southern Slavs, since it dates only from the nineteenth century (folk poetry being a matter apart). One may expect much yet from Bulgarian and Yugoslav writers. Among their dramatists the ablest today are Vojnovich and Kossor, both Dalmatians. Vojnovich is the author of a trilogy dealing with the last Mohicans of the Raguzan republic. Kossor is the author of a number of symbolic plays touching on social and philosophic problems. Their plays have been produced with success both at home and abroad.

A VISIT TO THE NEW SLAVIC STATES

DURING my recent trip through Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Yugoslavia I was able to watch statehood in the process of becoming. There is a common effort on the part of these new states to prove, to the world and to themselves, their right to independence, and if their efforts are not equally successful, there need be no doubt as to their good intentions. To be sure, there is scarcely a chance for a normal pace in peaceful reconstruction as long as the burden of militarism is weighing heavily on their slender shoulders. The precarious frontiers keep the new states in a condition of alarm, and paralyze a large portion of their energy and endeavor. This situation is bound to prevail as long as mutual distrust is the order of the day, and so long as the League of Nations is virtually hamstrung, with the major part of Europe (Russia) and the United States out of it. Ostensibly it is the Russian bear that appears to be the cause for the bristling aspect of the Baltic states, Poland, and Rumania, while the new member of the league, Germany, however clipped and fettered, continues to breed uneasiness among its neighbors, particularly the new or renovated states, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. The latter, in addition to its fear of the traditional enemies of Slavdom, namely Germany and Hungary, has been facing since the end of the war the bogey of imperialistic Italy, whose dictator's verbiage has not tended to alleviate apprehension. Add to these motives the fact that the new states are not co-operating whole-heartedly and are not exempt from mutual suspicion and jealousy, and you have an easy explanation as to why they are armed to their teeth, why the clinking of spurs and rattling of swords are the most familiar sounds in the streets and cafes of Warsaw, Belgrade, and, in a lesser degree, in Prague.

The consoling feature about militarism is that its effects are so palpably ruinous and suicidal as to provoke the reaction of common sense. Even temperamental Poland is prompted by the threat of bankruptcy to consider whether

it can afford to spend more than one-half of its budget on the upkeep of its army and police. When I spoke to the then prime-minister, Wladyslaw Grabski, on the gravity of Poland's financial and industrial crisis, he pointed to the "one encouraging sign," the growing reconciliation between his country and Russia. Before the war Poland was the chief industrial region of the Russian empire, and its present economic recovery depends largely on its peaceful reconquest of the Russian market. Recent events have been more and more encouraging for the realization of this economic pact, which will obviously affect the military budget of both sides concerned. The rehabilitation of the Russian and of the whole central and eastern European market is naturally a matter of general concern, as the essential condition for Europe's reconstruction and stability. This point of view has apparently dictated the wise and effective policy of Czechoslovakia whose statesmen have achieved a great deal in the direction of conciliation, and have acted as the leading champions of the Small Entente (the alliance of Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania), the League of Nations, and the Locarno conference. Czechoslovakia, with a territory equal to 22 per cent and a population amounting to 26 per cent of the former Austro-Hungarian empire, has inherited the lion's share of the latter's industry, in fact from 65 per cent to 95 per cent of its industrial assets. Consequently it must export its surplus products, and, as an exporting country, it is vitally interested in the maintenance of peace and amity on the continent. Yugoslavia is also forced to seek means for curbing the appetite of the Moloch of militarism, and if its leading statesman of today, Stefan Radich, can be taken seriously, peace may come out of the Balkans yet. Mr. Radich, that bad boy of southern Europe, leader of the erstwhile irreconcilable Croat peasants and frequent inmate of the Belgrade prison, but of late member of the cabinet and official spokesman, talked to me long and ardently on the possibility of a confederation of Danube states. It would include Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and their recent foes, Bulgaria, Austria and Hungary. Such a confederation is too logical and wise a solution for us to

credit its consummation within the near future, but its very postulation by a member of a Balkan government is symptomatic of the gradual passing of war fever and the delirium of hatred. The ravages of the late war, and the fierce hardships of the present armed semi-peace, seem to have almost achieved their educative purpose, as far as the common people and a handful of clear-visioned statesmen are concerned. A thorough reconstruction of Europe, material and spiritual, is unthinkable without the preliminary removal of wasteful and insatiable militarism.

Aside from the scourge of militarism, the new Slavic states suffer from a more deep-seated malady, namely, from national and religious differences. The new map of Europe has sharpened the edges of this issue, has brought it out into daylight, and has lent it a note of extreme bitterness. The problem is painful and delicate, and its adequate solution presents a severe test for the skill and tact of modern statehood. Official figures give the "national minorities" 15 per cent in Yugoslavia, 33 per cent in Czechoslovakia, and 34 per cent in Poland. The term "national minorities" is rather elastic, however, and is interpreted differently by the contending sides. Thus the irreconcilables would add about 20 per cent of Slovaks for Czechoslovakia and some 30 per cent of Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and others, for Yugoslavia. On the other hand, when I asked the leaders of the Polish Ukrainians at Lwów whether they had sent delegates to the conference of national minorities at Geneva, they indignantly retorted: "No, of course! We are not a national minority. We are a nation held in subjection by our enemy, Poland."

The three new Slavic states have inherited the national question from the three defunct empires, Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. Some of the minorities belong to the former masters and oppressors, but the majority consists of recent fellow-sufferers of the present masters. The former, Germans and Magyars, have presented to me a long list of grievances against the Slavs who beyond doubt do discriminate against them. As a matter of fact, these plaintiffs have not given the Slavs sufficient cause to trust in their loyalty to the new order, and it is only natural to

expect in our un-christian age the policy of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But it is worth recording that the treatment meted out to the Germans and Magyars by the Czechoslovaks, for example, may be regarded ideal and angelic, when compared with the manner in which the Slavs, especially the Slovaks, had been treated by their recent oppressors.

Much more complex are the relations between the Slavic majorities and minorities. Here religious differences play an important, and at times a decisive part. In language and literature the Serbs and Croats and in a lesser measure the Slovenes, are practically identical, but the Serbs are Greek-Orthodox and employ the Cyrillic alphabet, while the others are Roman-Catholic and use the Latin alphabet. The religious divergence is coupled by a certain variance in temperament, occupation, and level of civilization, due to peculiar historic traditions and to the character of the former oppressor. The chief complaint against the Serbs is over-centralization at Belgrade and discrimination in favor of the Greek-Orthodox whose number is less than one half of the population.

Somewhat similar is the situation in Czechoslovakia, where the Slovaks are devout Roman-Catholics as against the indifference or hostility toward Rome on the part of the Hussite Czechs. The Slovak grievances are also mainly against the centralizing tendencies of Prague and favoritism for Czechs. Aside from Slovakia, the Czechs have inherited from Hungary a cumbersome appendix in the shape of its easternmost projection, Subcarpathian Russia. The Subcarpathian Russians voluntarily joined the new republic (especially urged to do so by their countrymen in the United States, where their number is nearly as large as in their homeland, about half a million), on the condition of receiving autonomy in internal affairs. This has been vouched them both by the St. Germain treaty and by a specific clause in the constitution of Czechoslovakia, but thus far this province appears to all intents and purposes a mere adjunct of Prague, with its administration overwhelmingly Czech. The truth is that while Prague has been occasionally overbearing and tactless, it is justified in giv-

ing precedence to Czechs as public functionaries, for the reason that they are both better educated and more experienced than any of the former Slav subjects of Hungary.

The national minorities of Poland are most vehement in their accusations against the governing race. Nowhere in Europe, perhaps with the exception of Rumania, is the Jewish question so acute as in Poland (in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia there is no discrimination against the Jews), and nowhere is the treatment of the Germans so rough. The gravest difficulty faced by the Poles is with regard to their Slav cousins, the White Russians, Great Russians, and Little Russians or Ukrainians, all along the eastern and southeastern borders of the republic. The antagonism is extremely bitter, of the kind that one is apt to meet only among kinsmen. It goes far back into history and is based on national as well as on religious differences, the Poles being Roman Catholic, while the others profess either Greek Orthodoxy or that Jesuit concoction, the Uniat faith (Greek Orthodoxy plus the recognition of the Pope of Rome). The Poles are repeating the mistakes of their former oppressors, the imperialistic Russificators and Germanizers, in trying to Polonize their recalcitrant minorities with a crudeness which augurs to defeat their purpose grievously. One must admit that in many respects material and spiritual, Poland's national minorities are worse off today than before that "Messiah among nations" had won its independence, the achievement of which had been heralded as the advent of idealism, brotherhood, equality, and the rest of the defunct eighteenth century stock.

A glance at the parliamentary situation in the new Slavic states will bring out the complexity of the national question in Europe and its pernicious effect on normal political activity. In the last parliamentary elections in Czechoslovakia, whose orderliness despite the sharp issues I witnessed with admiration in November, 1925, the government party, the Republican Agrarians, won forty-five seats out of three hundred. The next strongest party is that of the Communists, with forty-one seats. In order to carry out any measures, the Agrarians were forced to enter into a coalition with five other parties, the Czech Socialists,

the Czech Social-Democrats, the Czech Tradesmen, and the Czech Populists (Roman Catholics), thus being able to muster a slight majority over the opposition. Practically the same parties, with identical platforms, are included in the opposition, except that their Agrarians, Socialists, and Roman-Catholic Populists are German, Magyar, or Slovak. Later the coalition broke up, the Socialist parties joined the opposition, and their places were taken by the German Agrarians and the Slovak Populists. But still all issues are definitely hued with nationalism, and party slogans and programs remain largely empty phrases outside of this hue. The enormous vote polled by the Communists (nearly one million) does not indicate the extreme political and economic tendencies of the Czechoslovak citizens. It was rather a negative gesture, a protest against official Prague by a great number of German, Magyars, Subcarpathian Russians, and Slovaks. The only Polish deputy also joined the opposition.

During my visit at Warsaw, the Polish Diet gave the government a coalition of one hundred and sixty-four deputies, a chauvinistic and bigoted block. Against these there was a Conservative Centre, of fifty-five members, and a Left opposition of two hundred and fifty-five members! The sessions of the Diet, which I attended, were exceedingly dynamic and spectacular, with bandaged heads, hysterical screams, banging on the pulpits, and similar features that seemed rather refreshing after the sedate Mother of Parliaments. But all that noise did not mean business, but rather a storm in a glass of water. The majority of its members are for the dissolution of the present Diet and election of new members, but the constitution requires a two-thirds majority for such an act of harakiri, and there are too many deputies who are reluctant to do the honorable thing. The Pilsudski revolt, in the summer of 1926, was met enthusiastically by most of the people, who expected the general to dismiss the burlesque Diet and declare new elections. But Pilsudski is a vacillating Slav, content with half measures; he has allowed the present Diet to drag on its wretched existence, forcing it to obey his instructions. The Diet is a thin veil over an obvious dic-

tatorship. It is worth observing that eighty-five members of the Left represent national minorities, namely thirty-five Jews, twenty-one Ukrainians, seventeen Germans, eleven White Russians, and one Great Russian. The Galician Ukrainians have boycotted the last elections, but they are going to vote for the next Diet, and since they form 78 per cent of the province, they will beyond doubt considerably swell the Left opposition. The eighty-five nationals are illustrative of the anomalous state of affairs in the Diet, for though they differ greatly in their social status, religious, economic, and political views, they have joined the Radical, Socialist, and Communist Left, as a protest against official chauvinism.

In Yugoslavia things are still patriarchal and primitive. The first Skupshtina (assembly) following the war included sixty Communists, but when their party was incriminated in a number of attempted and perpetrated acts of violence, they were expelled and outlawed. Thus the extreme opposition was annihilated in a simple and thorough manner. Out of three hundred and fifteen deputies the government party, the Radicals, have one hundred and forty-two, the Democratic opposition has fifty-eight, and the remaining opposition, one hundred and fifteen. The only promise for any parliamentary work to be done in the Skupshtina lies in the personal magnetism of Stefan Radich. Should his peace with the Radicals prove lasting, his fifty-seven peasant followers will give the government a majority in the Skupshtina ("we shall try this compromise for a year or two," Radich told me with a twinkle in his eyes).

It is plain from these observations that until the question of national minorities is adequately solved, political activity in the new states is bound to be thwarted and futile. Parliamentarism tends to become a farce, and the germ of mussolinitis gains more and more ground for its contagious effect. To the unbiased student of Slavic relations, there is no reason for doubting the feasibility of settling these amicably, as soon as the unholy passion of modern nationalism gives way to sobriety and common sense. The whole claptrap of self-determination, national destinies, cultural missions, and similar highfalutin' bombast,

has unduly exaggerated the differences among the component parts of the new states. In the intoxication of the newly won freedom from foreign oppression, the "cousins" of both the majorities and minorities have been equally guilty of tactlessness and lack of reserve. Today one can see more and more signs of an attempt on both sides to meet half way. The Radich change of front is one of these promising signs, and the ease with which his followers turned from bellicose obstructionism to co-operative endeavor shows clearly how flimsy are most of those alleged differences. If only Rome's representatives decide on a more tolerant and conciliatory policy, there will be a well paved road for mutual understanding among the various groups of the new Slav states.

In conclusion, I should like to state that, if my impressions are correct, Czechoslovakia is today the most hopeful, the sanest and soundest state in Europe. Situated at the very heart of the continent, vulnerable on every one of its many and precarious frontiers, menaced by internal dissensions and by hostile neighbors, the young republic has shown within the brief term of its existence remarkable tact and progress, and has become a potent moral and material factor in European politics. Czechoslovak currency has been stable for years, its cost of living astonishingly low, its industry steadily increasing in volume and productivity, and the number of its unemployed rapidly diminishing (in the fall of 1925, at the time of my visit, there were about thirty thousand unemployed, as against three hundred and sixty-two thousand in Poland, two million in Germany, one million and a half in England). The land reform, equalizing holdings throughout the country, is proceeding surely and gradually, without shocks or noticeable disruptions in the economic life.

I have been especially impressed by the educational activity of the authorities, which is stupendous both in volume and in quality. The most backward districts of former Hungary have been covered by nets of splendidly equipped schools for children and adults, where the students are instructed in their native tongues, for the first time in generations. My visits to various public institutions in

Slovakia and Subcarpathian Russia have convinced me that at least in the cultural respect the grievances of the ex-subjects of Hungary against Prague are unfounded.

The tolerance of the government is unparalleled in new Europe. Czechoslovakia is the only Slavic country (outside of Russia) where Communists are not molested, and are permitted to have their daily press. Instead of suppressing opposition by violence and driving it underground where it may thrive and wax in intensity, the Czechs permit their opponents to expend a large part of their energy in open discussion. Such a policy is surely a sign of strength and courage. The government knows that unlike insidious propaganda, overt criticism may be healthful for the state. One result of this policy of tolerance could be seen in the last parliamentary elections among the Czech Germans. The irreconcilable *Sudetendeutsche*, through their leader, Dr. Lodgmann, have never missed an opportunity in the press and on the platform for openly voicing their animosity toward the new republic and their hope for the day when they will be able to join their brothers in Germany and Austria against the Slavs. In the early days of the republic the *Sudentendeutsche* actually rose in arms against the Czechs, and on many occasions they have behaved in a manner analogous to that of Sir Roger Casement. Well, in the last elections Dr. Lodgmann lost his seat! This must be regarded as a victory for the conciliatory policy of President Masaryk and his able ministers, who recognize the importance of winning the co-operation of their German constituents. Aside from comprising one-third of the population in Bohemia, the Germans represent also its most efficient element, owing to the many-sided advantages they enjoyed under Austrian rule. In the latter part of 1926, two German members of parliament entered the cabinet, as well as the leader of the Slovak opposition, thus inaugurating a period of internal peace among the races of the republic.

The greatest personal asset of Czechoslovakia is beyond doubt its president, the most noble statesman in the world today. At the age of seventy-seven, Thomas Masaryk is vigorous and keen, bearing gracefully the vicissitudes and

privations he has suffered for his convictions. During the few days of my visit with the president I learned to know why this old fighter, statesman, historian, philosopher, sociologist, is so popular among his people, as the "Father of the Country," and why he is revered even by his opponents for his broadmindedness and integrity. His constitutional powers are almost nil, but his moral influence is enormous, and one must pray that he may live long for the exercise of this wise and ennobling force.

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Aachen (ä'kĕn)
Abagigi (ȧ bȧ zhē'zhē)
Abbaye, L' (lä bā'y')
Abbé (ȧ bā')
Abd-ur-Rahman (äb'dur rä'mȧn)
Abelard (ăb'ē lärd; Fr. pron., ȧ'bȧ'lär')
Abruzzi (ä brōōt'sē)
Abyssinia (ăb ĭ sĭn'ĭ ȧ)
Academie Francaise (ä'kȧ'dȧ'mē' frȧN'sāz')
Acre (ā'krȧ)
Acroceraunian (ăk'rō sē rô'nĭ ăn)
Adagia (ȧ dā'jȧ)
Adagio (ȧ dä'jō)
Ad majorem Dei gloriam (ăd mȧ jō'rem dē'ī glō'rĭ ȧm)
Adrastus (ȧ drăs'tŭs)
Aeschylus (ĕs'kĭ lŭs)
Aesop (ē'sop)
Agamemnon (ăg ȧ mĕm'nŏn)
Agnesi (ȧn yā'zē)
Agramante (ä grä mȧn'tā)
Aida (ä ē'dȧ)
Aix-la-Chapelle (āks'lȧ'shȧ'pĕl' or ās'lȧ'shȧ'pĕl')
Aix-les-Bains (āks or ās'lā'bĂN')
Alans (ā'lȧnz)
Alas, Leopoldo (ȧ'läs)
Albeniz (ȧl'bā nēth')
Albigenses (ăl bĭ jĕn'sēz)
Alcuin (ăl'kwĭn or ăl'kū ĭn)
Aleardi (ä'lā är'dē)
Alembert, d' (dȧ'lĂN'bâr')
Alfani (ȧl fā'nē)
Alfieri (äl fyā'rē)
Alfonso (ăl fŏn'sō)
Algiers (ăl jērz')
Alighieri (ä lē gyā'rē)
Alla Stanga (ȧl'lȧ stän'gȧ)
Allegretti (äl lā grĕt'tĭ)
Allegro (ăl lā'grō)
Al Liston (ȧl lĭs'ton)
Almanzor (ăl'mȧn zōr')
Alpujarras (Span. pron., ȧl'pōō hä'rȧs)
Amadeo (ä'mȧ dā'ō)
Amadis de Gaula (ăm ä dē' dē gô'lä')
Amalie (ȧ mä'lē ē)
Amati (ȧ mä'tē)
Amiens (Eng. ăm'ĭ ĕnz; Fr. ȧ'myĂN')
Andalusia (ăn'dȧ lōō'shĭ ȧ)
Angers (äN'zhȧ')
Anjou (ăn'jōō; Fr. pron., äN'zhōō')
Annecy (ȧn'sē')
Antaeus (ăn tē'ŭs)
Antwerp (ănt'wĕrp)
Apollo (ȧ pŏl'ō)
Appenzell (äp pĕn tsĕl')
A priori (ā prī ō'rī or ä prē ō'rē)
Aquaviva (ä'kwȧ vē'vȧ)
Aquinas (ȧ kwī'nȧs)
Arago (ăr'ȧ gō; Fr. pron., ȧ'rȧ'gō')
Aragon, Agustina de (ăr'ȧ gon ä'gōōs tē'nȧ)
Archimandrite (är'kĭ măn'drīt)
Arcipreste de Hita (ȧr thē prĕs'tā dā ē'tȧ)
Ardennes (är'dĕn')
Argenson (är'zhäN'sôN')
Argentina (är'jĕn tē'nȧ)
Arianna (ä'rē ä'nȧ)
Arias (ä'rĭ as or ā'rĭ as)
Ariosto (ä rē ŏs'tō)
Ariste (ȧ'rēst')
Aristodemus (ȧr ĭs tō dē'mŭs)
Aristotle (ăr'ĭs tŏt'l)
Armada (är mä'dȧ or är mȧ'dȧ)
Armand (är'mäN')
Arnauld (är'nō')
Arouet (ȧ'rōō'ā')
Artois, d' (där'twä')
Aschaffenburg (ȧ shäf'en bōōrg)
Asen (ä'sen)
Assignats (ăs'ĭg nȧts; Fr. pron., ȧ'sē'nyȧ')
Assisi (ȧs sē'zē)
Asti (äs'tē)
Astianatte (ȧs tē ȧ nät'tā)
Asturias (ȧs tōō'rĭ ȧs)
Atala (ȧ'tȧ'lȧ')
Athos (ăth'ŏs)
à tout jamais (ȧ tōō'zhä'mā')
Audenarde (ōd'närd')

Augsburg (ôgz'bûrg̃;
Ger. pron., owgz'bo͝org)
Augusta
(Sp. pron., ȧ o͝o gō͝os'tȧ)
Aurora (ô rō'rȧ)
Austerlitz (ôs'tĕr lits;
Ger. pron., ows'tĕr lĭts)
Autun (ô'tẽN')
Auvergne (ô'vârn'y')
Avignon (ȧ'vēn'yôN')
Avogadro (ä vō g̃ä'drō)
Ayala, de (ȧ yȧ'lä)
Azeglio (ȧd zä'lyô)

Baas Ganzedonck
(bäz gän'tsĕ dônk)
Bacchantes (băk kăn'tēz)
Bacchus (băk'ŭs)
Bach (bäk)
Balbo (bäl'bō)
Balilla (bä lēl'lȧ)
Balzac (bȧl'zȧk')
Bánát (bä'nät)
Banga e Latte (bän'gȧ ā lät'tā)
Barabino (bä rȧ bē'nō)
Barbarossa (bär bȧ rŏs'ȧ)
Barbaroux (bär'bȧ'ro͝o')
Barberini (bär bā rē'nē)
Barcascia (bȧ rȧs'chē ȧ)
Barcelona
(Span. Pron., bär'thȧ lō'nȧ)
Barcena (bär thē'nȧ)
Barnave (bär'nȧv')
Baron (Fr. pron., bä'rôN';
Ger. pron., bä rōn')
Barone (Ital. pron., bä rō'nā;
Fr. pron., bä'rōn')
Barras (bȧ'rȧs')
Barry, du (dü bȧ'rē')
Bartolini (bär'tô lē'nē)
Basel (bä'zel)
Bashi-Bazouks
(bȧsh'i bȧ zo͝oks')
Bashka (bȧsh kȧ')
Basilica di Superga
(bȧ sē'lē kȧ dē so͝o pĕr'gȧ)
Basle (bä'zĕl)
Basque (bȧsk)
Bastille (bȧs tēl')
Bavay (bȧv'a ī')
Bayard (Fr. pron., bȧ'yär')
Beauharnais (bō'är'nā')
Beaujolais (bō'zhŏ'lā')
Beaumarchais (bō'mär'shā')
Beccaria (bĕk kä'rē ȧ)
Beguinages (bĕg̃'ĭn ag̃;
Fr. pron., bā g̃ē näzh')
Belgrade (bĕl g̃rād')
Bellini (bĕl lē'nē)
Beltrami (bĕl trä'mē)
Benavente (bā'nä vĕn'tā)
Benedetti (bā'ne dĕt'tē)
Benelli (bā nĕl'lē)
Beowulf (bā'ō wo͝olf)
Berber (bûr'bĕr)
Berlioz (bĕr lē ōs')
Bernard (bĕr'nȧr')
Berne (bĕrn)
Bernini (bĕr nē'nē)
Berri (bĕr'ē')
Berthelot (bĕr't' lô')
Besancon (be'zăN'sôN')
Bezuzzis (bĕ zu zē')
Bianco, Bartolomeo
(bē äng'kō bär'tô lŏm mā'ô)
Bibbiena (bĕb byā'nä)
Bibpai (bĕb'pä ē)
Bidassoa (bē'dȧs sō'a)
Bignon (bē'nyôN')
Bilbao (bĕl bä'ô)
Bimont (bē'môN')
Bithynia (bĭ thĭn'ĭ ȧ)
Blanc, Louis (blăN)
Blasco Ibanez
(blȧs'kō ē bä'nyȧth)
Boccaccio (bō kä'chō)
Boccharis (bōk'kä'rē')
Bogdan (bȧg'dȧn)
Bogomil (bŏg'ô mīl)
Boileau (bwȧ'lō')
Bologna (bō lōn'yä)
Bolshevik (bôl shĕ vĕk')
Bonac, de (dē bō näk')
Bonaparte (bō'nȧ pärt)
Bonaventura (bō nȧ vĕn to͝o'rä)
Bondy, de (dē bôN'dē')
Bonheur (bô'nēr')
Boniface (bô'nē'fȧs')
Bonn (bōn)
Bonomi (bō nō'mē)
Bons hommes (bôN hŏm)
Bordeaux (bôr'dō')
Borelli (bō rĕl'lē)
Borghese (bōr g̃ā'zā)
Borie (bō'rē')
Borivoj (bō'rē voi)
Bornheim (bōrn'hīm)
Borussi (bō'ro͝os sē)
Bosnia (bŏz'nĭ ȧ)
Bossuet
(bô'sü'ē', almost bô'swē')
Botta (bōt'tȧ)
Botticelli (bŏt tē chĕl'lē)
Boucher (bo͝o'shȧ')
Boudry (bo͝o'drē')
Bouillon (bo͝o'yôN')
Boulanger (bo͝o'läN'zhā')
Boulogne (bo͝o'lōn')

Bourbon (bo͝or'bŭn; Fr. pron., bo͝or'bôn')
Bourdaloue (bo͝or'dȧ'lo͞o')
Bourgeois (bo͝or'zhwä')
Bourgeoisie (bo͝or'zhwä'zē')
Bourges (bo͝orzh)
Bourget (bo͝or'zhȧ')
Bourrasque (bo͝o'räsk')
Bourree (bo͝o'rā')
Boyana (bō' yä'nä)
Brabant (brä'bănt)
Bracco (bräk'kō)
Braga (brä'gȧ)
Brahm (bräm)
Brahman (brä'măn)
Brancovich (brän'kō vĭch)
Brandenburg (brän'den börg)
Brandes (brän'dĕs)
Brannibor (brän'nĭ bōr)
Breton, Le (brē'tôn')
Breughel (brē'kĕl)
Brézé, de (dē brā'zā')
Brezina (bzhĕ'zē nȧ)
Briareus (brī ā'rē ŭs or brī'ȧ rūs)
Brienne (brē'ĕn')
Brissot (brē'sō')
Brittany (brĭt'ȧ nĭ)
Bruges (bro͞o'jĕz; Fr. pron., brüzh)
Bruges la Morte (brüzh lȧ mōrt)
Brunetto (bro͞o nĕt'tō)
Brunn (brün)
Bruno, Giordano (bro͞o'nō jōr dä'nō)
Bucephalus (bū sĕf'ȧ lŭs)
Bucharest (bo͞o kȧ rĕst' or bū kȧ rĕst')
Budapest (bo͞o'dȧ pĕst; Hungarian pron., bo͞o'dō pĕsht)
Bulgar (bo͞ol'gȧr)
Buloz (bụ'lō')
Bundesrat (bo͞on'dĕs rät)
Burgundy (bûr'gŭn dĭ)
Burschenschaften (bo͞or'shĕn shäft'en)
Bussey (bü'sē')
Buveuse d'Absinthe (bụ'vüz' dȧp'săNt')
Buzot (bü'zō')
Byzantine (bĭz ăn'tĭn or bĭz'ăn tĭn or bĭz'ăn tīn)

Caballero (kä bȧ lyā'rō)
Caccia di Diana (kät'chȧ dē dē än'ȧ)
Cacciata degli angeli ribelli (kä chä'tȧ dĕg'lĭ ȧn jĕ'lē rē bĕl'lē)
Caccini (kȧt chē'nē)
Cadiz (kā'dĭz; Sp. pron., kä thēth')
Cahier (kȧ'yā')
Cairoli (kī'rō lē)
Calandra (kȧ län'drȧ)
Calistine (kȧ'lĭs tēn)
Calliope (kăl lī'ō pē)
Cambrai (kăm'brā; Fr. pron., käN'brâ')
Cambray (käN'brȧ')
Cambyses (kăm bī'sēz)
Cammaerts (käm'märt')
Campanella (käm'pȧ nĕl'lȧ)
Campin (käN'păN')
Campo-Formio (käm'pō fōr'mē ō)
Candia (kän'dĭ ȧ)
Candide (käN'dēd')
Cannizzaro (kän'nē tsä'rō)
Canonica (kȧ nŏ'nĭ kȧ)
Canova (kä nō'vä)
Canto Nuovi (kän'to no͞o ō'vē)
Canzone de Garibaldi (kȧn tsō'nā dā gä rē bäl'dē)
Čapek (chȧ'pĕk)
Capet (kȧ'pā')
Caporali (kä'pō rä'lē)
Caprara (kȧ prä'rȧ)
Capri (kä'prē)
Capriccio (kä prē'chō)
Caprichos (kȧ prē'tchōs)
Capuana (kä po͞o ä'nȧ)
Capuchin (kăp'ū chĭn or kăp ū shēn')
Caraculiambro (kär ȧ ko͞o'le äm'brō)
Caravel (kăr'ȧ vĕl)
Carbo (kär'bō)
Carbonaro (kär bō nä'rō)
Carcere duro (kär kā'rā do͞o'rō)
Carducci (kär do͞o'chē)
Carissimi (kȧ rēs'sē mē)
Carlos, Don (kär'lŏs)
Carlsbad (kärls'bät)
Carolingian (kăr ō lĭn'jĭ ăn)
Carpeaux (kȧr'pō')
Carpio, del (dĕl kär'pē ō)
Carrousel (kăr'o͞o'zel')
Cartesius (kär tē'zhŭs)
Carthage (kär'thāġ)
Casal (kȧ'säl')
Casale (kȧ sä'lā)
Casella (kȧ zĕl'lȧ)
Caserta (kȧ zĕr'tȧ)

Casimir (kȧ′zẽ′mẽr′)
Cassandra (kȧs săn′drȧ)
Cassini (kä sē′nē)
Cassola (käs sō′lȧ)
Castelar (käs′tȧ lär′)
Castel Forte (kȧs tĕl′fōr′tȧ)
Castelli (käs tĕl′lē)
Castile (kȧs tēl′)
Catalonia (kȧt′ȧ lō′nĭ ȧ)
Catherine de Medici (kȧth′ẽr ĭn dā mā′dē chē)
Catiline (kȧt′ĭ lĭn)
Cattaneo (kät tä nä′ō)
Cattaro (kät′tȧ rō)
Cattedra (kät tā′drȧ)
Caumartin (kō′mȧr′tăn′)
Cavaignac (kȧ′vĕn′yȧk′)
Cavalcanti (kä′vȧl kän′tē)
Cavaliere (kä vä lyâr′ä)
Cavalli (kä väl′lē)
Cavour (kȧ′vo͝or′)
Cazalès (kȧ′zȧ′lĕs′)
Čech (chĕk)
Celtiberian (sĕl′tĭ bē′rĭ ăn)
Cervantes (sẽr văn′tēz; Sp. pron., thẽr văn′tȧs)
Cetinje (tsĕt′ẽn yā)
Cézanne (sā′zȧn′)
Chahban (chȧ bän′)
Chambéri (shäN′bā′rē′)
Chambord (shäN′bôr′)
Chamfort (shäN′fôr′)
Champs de Mars (shäN′ dē mär′)
Changarnier (shäN′gȧr′nyā′)
Chantal (shäN′tȧl′)
Chantilly (shăn tĭl′lĭ; Fr. pron., shäN′tē′yē′)
Chaos (kā′ŏs)
Chapelain (shȧ′plăN′)
Chapi (Sp. pron., tchȧ′pē)
Charlemagne (shär′lē mān)
Chartres (shär′tr′)
Chastellain (shȧ′tlăN′)
Chateaubriand (shȧ′tō′brē′äN′)
Chateau Thierry (shȧ′tō′ tyĕ′rē′)
Châtelet (shȧ′tlā′)
Châtellerault (shȧ′tĕl′rō′)
Chaussee d'Antin (shō′sā′ däN′tăN′)
Chelcicky (kāl′tsē kē)
Chénier (shā′nyā′)
Cherbourg (shâr′bo͝or′)
Chevalier (shə′vȧ′lyā′)
Chiarelli (kyä rĕl′lē)
Chiesa della Salute (kyā′sä dĕl′lȧ sä lo͞o′tā)
Chile (shē′lā)
Chillon (shĭl′ŏn; Fr. pron., shē′yôN′)
Chimay (shē mā′)
Choiseul (shwä′zēl′)
Chopin (shō′păN′)
Christus (krĭs′tŭs)
Chronica Bohemorum (krŏn′ĭ kȧ bō hẽ mō′rŭm)
Cicero (sĭs′ẽr ō)
Cid (The) (sĭd; Sp. pron., thēth)
Cimarosa (chē mä rō′zä)
Cinarosa (chē nä rō′zä)
Cirey (sē′rā′)
Cisalpine (sĭs ăl′pĭn or sĭs ăl′pīn)
Ciseri (chē sā′rē)
Cistercian (sĭs tûr′shăn)
Citosile (sẽ tō zēl′)
Clairvaux (klâr′vō′)
Claros (klā′rōs)
Clélie (klā′lē′)
Clemenceau (klā′mäN′sō′)
Clermont (Fr. pron., klâr′môN′)
Clovis (klō′vĭs)
Code Napoleon (kōd nȧ′pō′lā′ôN′)
Cogito, ergo sum (kŏj′ĭ tō ẽr′gō sŭm)
Colbert (kōl′bâr′)
Colico (kōl′ē kō)
Collart (kōl′är′)
Collatinus (kŏl ȧ tī′nŭs)
Colletta (kōl lĕt′tȧ)
Colloquia (kŏl lō′kwĭ ȧ)
Cologne (kō lōn′; Fr. pron., kō lōn′y′)
Coloma (kō lō′mä)
Comenius (kō mā′nē o͝os or kō mē′nĭ ŭs)
Commedia dell' arte (kōm mā′dē ȧ dĕl lär′tȧ)
Comme Va le Ruisseau (kŏm vȧ lẽ rü′sō′)
Commodus (kŏm′ō dŭs)
Comte (kôNt)
Comunero (kō′mo͝o nā′rō)
Con amore (kōn ä mō′rā)
Concerto grosso (kŏn sûr′tō or kōn chĕr′tō grōs′sō)
Concettismo (kŏn chĕt′tĭs mō)
Conciergerie (kōN′syĕr′zhē′rē′)
Concini (kŏn chē′nē)
Condé (kôN′dā′)
Condottiere (kŏn′dŏt tyā′rē)
Confessione de S. Pietro (kōn fĕs syō′nā dā sän pē ā′trō)

Confignon (kôn'fē'nyôn')
Confucius (kŏn fū'shĭ ŭs)
Conscience, Henri (kôn'syäns')
Constance (kŏn'stăns; Fr. pron., kôn'stäns')
Constant (kôn'stän')
Constantinople (kŏn stăn'tĭ nō'p'l)
Contes (kônt)
Conti (kôn'tē')
Contra Nova (kŏn'trȧ nō'vȧ)
Copernicus (kō pĕr'nĭk ŭs)
Coppée (kô'pā')
Coppet (kô'pā')
Corday (kôr'dā')
Cordova (kôr'dō vȧ)
Cordusio (kôr dōō'sē ō)
Corelli (kō rĕl'ĭ)
Corinne (kô'rĕn')
Corneille (kôr'nā'y')
Corot (kô'rō')
Correze (kô'rĕz')
Corsia dei Servi (kôr'sē ȧ dā'ē sār'vē)
Corsica (kôr'sĭ kȧ)
Cortes de Cadiz (kôr'tās dā kä thēth')
Corvée (kôr'vā')
Cosmas (kŏz'mȧs)
Cossa (kŏs'sȧ)
Costa (kŏ'stȧ)
Coterie (kō'tĕr ĭ; Fr. pron., kōt'rē')
Coulanges (kōō'länzh')
Coup de main (kōō dē măn')
Coup d'etat (kōō dā'tȧ')
Coup de theatre (kōō dē tā'ä'tr')
Courart (kōōr'är')
Courbet (kōōr'bā')
Courtrai (kōōr'trā')
Courtray (kōōr'trā')
Cracow (krā'kō)
Craf (kräf)
Crécy (krā'sē')
Cremona (krā mō'nȧ)
Créqui, de (krā'kē')
Creuzé de la Touche (krü'zā' dē lȧ tōōsh')
Crimea (krīm ē'ȧ)
Crispi (krēs'pē)
Critique (krĭ tēk')
Črna Gora (chĕr'nȧ hō'rȧ)
Croatia (krō ā'shĭ ȧ)
Croats (krō'ăts)
Croce (krō'chȧ)
Crucé (krū'sā')
Cuoco (kōō ō'kŏ)
Curchod (kur'shō')
Curie (kụ'rē')
Cyprus (sī'prŭs)
Cyrenaics (sī rē'nĭ ăks)
Czech (chĕk)
Czecho-Slovakia (chĕk'ŏ slŏ văk'ĭ ȧ)

Dafne (däf'nā)
Dalimil (dä'lē mēl)
Damian (dā'mē ȧn)
Danilo (dȧn'ĭ lô)
D'Annunzio, Gabriele (dä nōōnt'sē ō gä brē ā'lā)
Dante (dăn'tē; It. pron., dän'tā)
Danton (dän'tôn')
Danube (dăn'ūb)
Danzig (dän'tsĭk)
Dardanelles (där'dȧ nĕlz')
Darmstadt (därm'stȧt)
Daubigny (dō'bē'nyē')
Daudet (dō'dā')
Dauphine (dō'fēn; Fr. pron., dō'fēn')
David (dā'vĕd')
Dechansky (dā'hän skē)
De Concubinatu (dē kŏn kū bĭ nā'tŭs)
De facto (dē făk'tō)
Deffand, du (dü dē'fän')
Degas (de gäs' or de gä')
Deiotarus (dē ī ŏ tā'rŭs)
Delacroix (de'lȧ'krwä')
Delaroche (dē'lȧ'rōsh')
Deledda (dā lĕd'dȧ)
Delle Grucce (dĕl'lā grōōt'shĕ)
Delphine (dĕl'fĭn)
Delpino (dāl pē'nō)
Democritus (dē mŏk'rĭt ŭs)
Denza (dĕnt'zȧ)
De orden de Su Excelencia (Sp. dā ōr'dĕn dā sōō ĕks thā lĕn'thē ȧ)
Der Vaterland (dĕr fät'ĕr länt)
Descartes (dā'kärt')
Des Chevaliers (dā she'vȧ'lyā')
Désirée (dā'zē'rā')
Desjardins (dā'zhär'dăn')
Des Quartes (dā kärt')
Deveria (dē vā rē ȧ')
De viris illustribus (dē vī'rŭs ĭl lŭs'trĭ bŭs)
Diana (dī ăn'ȧ or dī ā'nȧ)
Diaz (Fr. pron., dē'äz')
Diaz, Roderigo (Sp. pron., dē'ȧth)

Dichtung und Wahrheit
(dĭk'tŏŏng ŏŏnt vär'hīt)
Diderot (dēd'rō')
Die Horen (dē hōr'en)
Dijon (dē'zhôn')
Dimnet (dĭm'nā')
Dinant
(dē'nänt'; Fr. pron., dē'näN')
Diocletian (dī ō klē'shăn)
Diomedes (dī ō mē'dēz)
Directoire (dē'rĕk'twär')
Disputa di Gesù
(dēs pū'tä dē jä sōō')
Disraeli (dĭz rā'lĭ or dĭz rē'lĭ)
Divette (dē'vĕt')
Dmowski (dmôf'skē)
Dnieper (nē'pĕr)
Dobner (dōb'nĕr)
Dobrovsky (dô brŏv'skē)
Dobrudzha (dô brōōd'zhä)
Doge (dōzh)
Dolci (dōl'chē)
Dom (dōm)
Dombes, de (dôNb)
Domenichino (dô mä'nē kē'nô)
Donizetti (dō nēd zĕt'tē)
Don Quixote (dŏn kwĭks'ōt;
Sp. pron., dôn kē hō'tä)
Dosmo (dôs'mō)
Dos Passos (dŏs päs'sŏs)
Dostoyevsky (dŏs'tô yĕv'skē)
Dotheboys (dōō'the boiz)
D'Ovidio (dô vēd'yô)
Dresden (drĕz'den)
Dreyfus (drā'fus')
Drouet (drōō'ā')
Dubois (dü'bwä')
Dubrovnik (dô̆ô brôv'nĭk)
Dudevant (dụ'd' väN')
Dufay, Guillaume
(dü fē' gē yōm')
Dulcinea del Toboso
(dōōl'thē nā'ä dĕl tô bō'sô)
Dumas (dụ'mä')
Duomo
(dwō'mō; It. pron., dwô'mō)
Dupin (dụ'păN')
Dupré (dụ'prā')
Duris-Dufresne
(dụ'rē'dụ'frān')
Durissimo (dōō rēs'sē mō)
Duruy (dụ'rwē')
Düsseldorf (dus'sel dôrf)
Duteil (dụ'tēl')
Dvořak (dvôr'shäk)
Dyk (dēk)

Ecce Homo (ĕk'sē hō'mō)
Ecclesiastes (ē klē'zĭ ăs'tēz)
Echegaray (ā chā gä rī')
Ecraser l'infame
(ā'krä'zā' lăN'fäm')
E fra tanto vi bacio le mani
(ā frä tän'tō vē bä'chō lā
mä'nē)
Elbe (ĕl'bē)
El Greco (ål grå'kō)
Elias (ē lī'ăs)
Elisir d'amore
(ā lē zēr' dä mō'rā)
Elnone (ĕl'nŏn')
Elysian (ē lĭzh'ăn or ē lĭz'ĭ ăn)
Émigré (ā'mē'grā')
Emile (ā'mēl')
Ems (ĕms)
Encyclopedies
(ăN'sē'klŏ'pä'dē')
En masse (äN' mäs')
En route (äN'rōōt')
Ensemble (äN'säN'bl')
Entente (äN'täNt')
Entrées (äN'trā')
Epicurus (ĕp ĭ kū'rŭs)
Epirus (ē pī'rŭs)
Erasmus (ē răz'mŭs)
Eratus (ĕr'ä tŭs)
Ernani (ĕr nä'nē)
Eslava (å slä'vä)
Es lebe die Freiheit
(ĕs lā'bå dē frī'hīt)
Espana de pandereta
(ĕs pän'ä dā pän dĕr ā'tä)
Españolismo
(ĕs'pä nyōl'ĕs mō)
Esprit de clocher
(ĕs'prē'dē klō'shā')
Esterházy (ĕs'tĕr hä'zē)
Etrétat (ā'trā'tä')
Euboia (ū bō'ĭ ä)
Eu'd (dů)
Eulenberg (oi'lĕn bārg)
Euridice
(Ital. pron., å'ụ rē dē'chå)
Examen de ingenios para las
ciencias
(ĕks ä'mĕn dā ĭn hĕn'ĕ ōs
pä'rä läs thē en'thē ä)
Ezekiel (ē zē'kĭ ĕl or ē zēk'yĕl)

Falconet (fål'kŏ'nĕ')
Falguière (fäl'gyâr')
Faliero (fäl yĕ'rō)
Falla, de (dā fäl'lä)
Fantasia
(fän tä zē'ä or făn tä'zĭ ä)
Farnese (fär nā'sā)
Faruffini (fä rōō fē'nē)
Fascism (fäsh'ĭsm)

Fascismo (făsh ĭz′mō)
Faubourg (fō′bo͝or′)
Faucon (fō′kôn′)
Fauriel (fō′rĕ ĕl′)
Faust (fowst)
Fauvette (fō′vĕt′)
Favretto (fäv rĕt′tō)
Fénelon (fā′n′ lôn′)
Ferney (Fr. pron., fĕr′nĕ′)
Ferrara (fĕr rä′rä)
Ferrari (fĕr rä′rē)
Ferraris (fĕr rä′rēs)
Ferri (fĕr′rē)
Ferruccio (fĕr ro͞o′chō)
Fichte (fĭk′tē)
Fiesoli (fyĕs′ō lē)
Filangeri (fē′län jä′rē)
Fille de joie (fē′y′ dē zhwä′)
Filotea (fē lō tā′ä)
Flameng (flă′mŏn′)
Flaubert (flō′bâr′)
Flèche, La (lä flĕsh′)
Fleury (flû′rē′)
Flores (Sp. pron., flō′reth)
Fogazzaro (fō′gät sä′rō)
Fontainebleau (fôn′tăn′blō′)
Fontarabia (fôn′tä rä′bē ä)
Fontenelle (fôNt′nĕl′)
Fontenoy (fôNt′nwä′)
Forbin, de (fôr′băn′)
Formaliter et non materialiter (fôr măl′ĭ tĕr ĕt nŏn mă tē rĭ ăl′ĭ tĕr)
Fortuny (fôr to͞o′nē)
Foscolo (fŏs kō′lō)
Foucher (fo͞o′shā′)
Fouquet (fo͞o′kĕ′)
Fragonard (frä′gô′när′)
France, Anatole (fräNs)
Francesca da Rimini (frän chĕs′kä dä rē′mē nē)
Franck, Cesar (fräNk, sā′zär′)
Frankfort-on-Main (fränk′fo͞ort on mīn)
Franz Josef (fränts yō′zĕf)
Frauenstein (frow′ĕn shtīn)
Fredo (frā′dō)
Freud (froid)
Fribourg (frē′bo͞or′)
Friederike (frē dĕ rē′kĕ)
Froebel (frû′bĕl)
Froissart (froi′särt; Fr. pron., frwä′sär′)
Fronde (frôNd)
Fucini (fo͞o chē′nē)

Gabelle (gä′bĕl′)
Galaor (găl′ă ôr)
Galatea (găl ä tē′ä)
Galdos (gäl dōs′)
Galeotto (gä′lå ŏt′tŏ)
Galerie (gå′le rē′)
Galerius (gå lē′rĭ ŭs)
Galiani (gäl yä′nē)
Galicia (gå lĭsh′ĭ ä)
Galilei (gä lē lā′ē)
Galileo (gä lē lā′ō)
Gallait (gä′lā′)
Galonne (gä′lŏn′)
Galotti (gå lōt′tē)
Galvani (găl vä′nē)
Ganges (găn′jēz)
Ganivet (găn′ē vet)
Gardi (gär′dē)
Garidaldi (gă rē bäl′dē)
Garrone (Fr. pron., gä′rŏn′)
Gastein (gäz′tīn)
Gaudi, Antonio (gå o͞o′dē)
Gaula (gôl′ä)
Gautier (gō′tyā′)
Gemito (jā mē′tō)
Gemmadi (gĕm må dē′)
Genera chico (jĕn′ĕr ä chē′kō)
Genie du Christianisme (zhă′nē′ dü krĕs′tyä′nē′s′m)
Genoa (jĕn′ō ä)
Genovesi (jā′nō vā′sē)
Genre (zhäN′r′)
Gentile (jĕn tē′lå)
Genus homo (jē′nŭs hō′mō)
Geoffrin (zhō′frăN′)
Georgius (jôr′jĭ ŭs)
Gerbert (gĕr′bĕrt)
Germaine (jĕr′mān′)
Géronte (zhā′rôNt′)
Gex (shĕks)
Gezelle (Ital. pron., gāt sĕl′lå)
Ghenghis Khan (jĕn′gĭz kän′)
Ghent (gĕnt)
Ghezze (gāt′sā)
Ghibelline (gĭb′ĕl ĭn)
Giacosa (jä kō′sä)
Giganti (jē gän′tē)
Gioberti (jō bâr′tē)
Giordani (jōr dä′nē)
Giordano Bruno (jōr dä′nō bro͞o′nō)
Giotto (jōt′tō)
Gironde (zhē′rôNd′)
Girondist (jĭ rŏn′dĭst)
Giulio (jo͞o′lē ō)
Giusti (jo͞os′tē)
Glarus (glä′rus)
Glinka (glĭn′kä)
Gluck (glo͞ok)
Gobelin (gō′blăN′)
Goethe (gö′tĕ)
Gogol (gō′gŏl y′)

Goiko (goi'kō)
Goldoni (gōl dō'nē)
Gomez (gō'mās)
Gongorismo (gŏn gō rēs'mō)
Gonzales (gŏn thä'lāth)
Göttingen (gö'tĭng en)
Gottsched (gŏt'shĕt)
Goya (gō'yä)
Goyescas (gō yās'käs)
Gozzano (gōt sä'nō)
Gozzi (gōt'sē)
Grabski (grŏp'skē)
Grail (grāl)
Granada (grä nä'dä; Sp. pron., grä nä'thä)
Granados (grä nä'thōs)
Grand Monarque (grän mō'närk')
Grassi (gräs'ē)
Gratchantisa (grot'kän tē sä)
Gratien Phlipon (grä'tē'ăn' flē'pôn')
Graubunder (grow'bo͝on'dĕr)
Gravina (grä vē'nä)
Graziani (grät sē ä'nē)
Graziella (grä tsē ĕl'lä)
Greuze (grûz)
Grevin (grā'văn')
Grignan, de (dē grē'nyän')
Grimm (grĭm)
Grossi (grōs'sē)
Groux, de (dē gro͞o)
Guarneri (gwär nā'rē)
Gubernatis, de (dā go͞o'bĕr nä'tēs)
Gudule (gü'dül)
Guelf (gwĕlf)
Guenevere (gwĕn'ē vēr)
Guernsey (gĕrn'zĭ)
Guerrillero (gĕr'ĭ lā'rō)
Guglielmi (go͞ol yĕl'mē)
Guiana (gē ä'nä)
Guido Reni (gwē'dō rā'nē)
Guienne (gē'ĕn')
Guinea (gĭn'ĭ)
Guizot (gē'zō')
Gundulich (gun'do͞o lĕtch)
Gustavus Adolphus (gŭs tā'vŭs à dŏl'fŭs; Ger. pron., go͞os tä'vo͞os ä dōl'fo͞os)
Guyon (gī'ŏn; Fr. pron., gü'ē'ôn')

Hadrian (hā'drĭ ăn)
Hague, The (the hāg)
Hainaut (hā nō'; Fr. pron., ā'nō')
Hamburg (häm'bo͝org)
Hamelin (hä'mē lĭn)
Hamilcar (hä mĭl'kär)
Hannibal (hăn'ĭ băl)
Harach (hä räk')
Hara-kiri (hä'rä kē'rē)
Harcourt, d' (där'ko͝or')
Harlequin (här'lē kwĭn or här'lē kĭn)
Hasdrubal (häs'dro͞o băl)
Hassan Aga (häs'ăn ä gä')
Hasse (häs'ē)
Hauptmann (howpt'män)
Hauteruve (ō't'ruv')
Haute-Savoie (ōt'sä'vwä')
Hayduk (hī'do͞ok)
Hayez (ī'ăts)
Haynau (hī'now)
Hegel (hā'gĕl)
Heidelberg (hī'dĕl bĕrg)
Heine (hī'nē)
Heloise (ā'lō'ēz')
Heraclitus (hĕr ä klī'tŭs)
Hercules (hĕr'kŭ lēz)
Herder (hĕr'dĕr)
Herlen König (hĕr'lĕn kö'nĭg)
Hermann und Dorothea (hĕr'män o͝ont dōr'ō tā'ä)
Hernani (ĕr nä'nē)
Hertz (hĕrts)
Hervé-Noel le Breton (ĕr'vā' nō'ĕl' lē brē'tôn')
Herzegovina (hĕrt sē gō vē'nä)
Hesiod (hē'sĭ ŏd or hē'shĭ ŏd)
Hesperia (hĕs pĕr'ĭ ä)
Heusenstamm (hoi'zĕn stäm)
Heymans (hī'mänz)
Hidalgos (ē däl'gōs)
Hildegarde (hĭl'de gärd)
Hispalis (hĭs pă'lĭs)
Hispanic (hĭs păn'ĭk)
Hohenstaufen (hō ĕn shtow'fĕn)
Hohenzollern (hō ĕn tsōl'ĕrn)
Homo Sapiens (hō'mō sā'pĭ ĕns)
Hortensius (hôr tĕn'shĭ ŭs or hôr tĕn'shŭs)
Hospodar (hŏs'pō där)
Hôtel de Rambouillet (ō tĕl' dē răn'bo͞o'yĕ')
Hôtel des Invalides (ō'tĕl' dā zăn'vä'lēd')
Hôtel de Ville (ō'tĕl' dē vē'ē')
Houdetot, d' (do͞o'dä'tō')
Houdon (o͞o'dôn')
Huarte (wär'tä)
Huguenots (ü'gē'nō')
Hus (hŭs; Ger. pron., ho͞os)
Husinec (o͞o'sē nĕk)
Huy (ụ'ē')

Ibben (ĭb'bĕn)
Iberian (ī bē'rĭ ăn)
Iconium (ī kō'nĭ ŭm)
Idomeneus (ĭ dŏm'ē nŭs)
Il Canaletto (ēl kä'nä lĕt'tō)
Iliad (ĭl'ĭ ăd)
Ill Ballo delle Ingrate
(ēl bäl'lō dĕl'lĕ ēn grä'tā)
Iller (ēl'ler)
Illyrian (ĭ lĭr'ĭ ăn)
Il Pettegolezzi
(ēl pĕt'tā gō lĕt'sē)
Il Primato degli Italiani (ēl
prē mä'tō dĕg'lē ē täl ē än'ē)
Il Rapimento di Cefalo (ēl
rä pē mĕn'tō dē chā fä lō')
Il Rinnovamento Civile degli
Italiani (ēl rē nō vä mĕn'tō
chē'vē lā dĕg'lē ē täl ē än'ē)
Il Ritorno d'Ulisse
(ēl rē tōr'nō dōō lē'sā)
Immunitas (ĭ mūn'ĭ tàs)
Improvisatore
(ēm prō vē zä tō'rā)
Indre (ăn'dr')
Infanta (ĭn fán'tà)
Inghirami (ēn'gē rä'mē)
Ingres (ăn'gr')
Innsbruck
(ĭns'brŏŏk or ĭns'prŏŏk)
Intermezzo de Rime
(ĭn tĕr mĕd'zō dā rē'mā)
Inurria (ĭn ŏŏr'ĭ à)
Ipek (ē pĕk')
Iphigenia (ĭf ĭ jē nī'à)
Iphigenie auf Tauris
(ĭf'ē gā'nĭ ouf tow'rĭs)
I Promessi Sposi
(ē prŏ mĕ'sē spō'zē)
Irene (Fr. pron., ē'rän')
Irun (ē'rōōn')
Irydion (ī rĭd'ĭ ŏn)
Iseult (ĭs ōōlt')
Italicus (ĭ tăl'ĭ kŭs)
Ithaca (ĭth'à kà)

Jacobin (jăk'ō bĭn; Fr. pron.,
zhä'kō'băn')
Jacopo Peri (yä'kō pō pē'rĭ)
Jadwiga (yät'vē gà)
Jagello (yä gĕl'ō; Pol. pron.,
yä gyĕl'lō)
Jaime (Sp. pron., hä ē'mā)
Jamaica (jà mā'kà)
Janissaries (jăn'ĭ zā rēz)
Janow (jä'nŏv)
Jansenius (jăn sē'nĭ ŭs)
Jardin des Plantes
(zhàr'dăn' dā plănt)
Jean de Bel (zhăn dē bĕl)
Jean Lemaire de Belgas
(zhăn lē'mâr' dē bĕl'gàs')
Jeanne-la-Folle (zhän'là'fŏl')
Jena (yā'nä)
Jesuit (jĕz'ū ĭt)
Jirasek (yĕ'rä shĕk)
Joannes (jŏ ăn'nēz)
Jocelyn (zhō'sā'lăn')
Jomelli (yō mĕl'lē)
Jomsburger (yŏmz'bŏŏrg er)
Jordaens (yôr'däns)
Josquin des Prés
(zhŏs'kăn'dā prā)
Joughe, de (dē zhōōg)
Jouy, de (dē zhōō'ē')
Joyselle (zhwä'zĕl')
Juan (hwän)
Juana of Castille
(hwän'à of kăs tēl')
Julie ou la nouvelle Heloise
(zhü'lē' ōō là nōō'vel'
ā'lō'ēz')
Jungmann (yŏŏng'män)
Junta
(jŭn'tà; Sp. pron., hōōn'tä)
Junta para Ampliacion de
Estudios (hōōn'tä pä'rà
àm plē à thē ōn' dā
ĕs tōō'dĕ ōs)
Juvara (yōō vä'rà)

Kaiserin (kī'zĕr ĭn)
Kaloian (kä'lō ĭ án)
Kama (kä'mà)
Kant (känt)
Karadzich (kà rä'jĭch)
Karageorgevich
(kä'rà gà ôr'gà vĭch)
Kärntnerrina (kärnt nà rē'nà)
Katherinenpforte
(kä ter ēn'en pfōr'tē)
Keyser, de (kī'zĕr, dē)
Kiev (kē'yĕf)
Klopstock (klŏp'stŏk)
Knef (knĕf)
Knez (k'nyĕz)
Knopff (nŏpf)
Kochanowski (kō hà nŏf'skē)
Kollár (kôl'lär)
Komensky (kō mĕn'skē)
Konia (kō'nē à)
Königsberg (kö'nĭgz bĕrg)
Kordjan (kôrd'yän)
Kosciuszko (kŏs ĭ ŭs'kō)
Kossor (kŏs'sōr)
Kossovo (kôs'ŏ vŏ)
Králice (krä'lĕt sà)
Kralyevich (kräl'yĕ vĭch)

Krasinski (krȧ shĕn'y' skē)
Kraszewski (krȧ shĕf'skē)
Kraus (krowz)
Kremlin (krĕm'lĭn)
Krum (krōōm)
Kunda (kōōn'dȧ)
Kustendil (ku'stĕn dēl)
Kuyff, de (dē kwēf)

La Brede, de (lȧ brād)
La Bruyère, de (lȧ brü'yâr')
La Chatre (lȧ shȧ'tr')
La Cierva (lä thē ār'vä)
La Critica (lȧ krē'tē'kȧ')
Lacryma Christi (lăk'rĭ mȧ krĭs'tĭ)
La Fayette (lä'fȧ yĕt')
La Fontaine, de (dē lȧ fôn'tĕn')
La Garde (lȧ gärd)
La Gazzaladra (lȧ gät sä lä'drä)
La Henriade (lȧ ăn'rē'äd')
La Jeune Belgique (lȧ zhün bĕl'zhēk')
Lalaing (lȧ lăn')
Lamartine (lȧ'mȧr'tēn')
La Martiniere (lȧ mär'tē'nyâr')
Lambeaux (lăn'bō')
Lambert, de (lăn'bâr')
Lambro (läm'brō)
La Mer de Glacé (lȧ mâr dē glȧ'sā')
Lameth (lȧ'ma')
La Mort de Cesar (lȧ mōr dē sā'zär')
La Motte (lȧ mŏt')
Lancisi (lȧn chē'sē)
Landgrave (lănd'grāv)
Langlar (läng'glär')
La Nouvelle Heloïse (lȧ nōō'vĕl' ā'lō'ēz')
Laokoön (lā ŏk'ō ŏn)
Largilliere (lär'zhē'lyâr'
La Rochefoucauld (lȧ rōsh'fōō'kō')
La Rochelle (lȧ rō'shĕl')
La Scala (lȧ skä'lä)
Latouche, de (lȧ'tōōsh')
La Tour (lȧ'tōōr')
Laurenti (lō'rän'tē')
Lauzun, de (lō'zŭn')
La Vallière, de (lȧ vȧ'lyâr')
La Visite (lȧ vē'zē'tā')
Lavisse (lȧ'vēs')
Lavocat (lȧ'vō'kȧ')
Lavrin (lȧv'rin)
Lavriola (läv ryō'lä)

Lazar (lȧ zär')
Lazaretto (lăz'ȧ rĕt'ō)
Lazarovich (lä zä'rō vĭch)
Le Brun (lē brŭn')
Lebrun, Vigee (lē brŭn')
Lecco (lĕk'kō)
Leczinska (lyĕsh chen'y' skē)
Leeuw van Vlaanderen (lā vän vlän'dĕr en)
Légende des Siècles (lā'zhänd' dā syĕ'kl')
Legionis (lē jĭ ō'nĭs)
Legnano (lā nyä'nō)
Le grand Cyrus (lē grän sē'rüs')
Le grand siècle (lē grän syĕ'kl')
Legrenzi (lā grĕn'tsē)
Leibnitz (līb'nĭts)
Le Instituzioni Analitiche (lā ĕn stē tōōt shō'nē ä nä lē'tē kā)
Leipzig (līp'tsĭg)
Le Lac (lē' lȧk')
Lemarche (lā'märsh')
Lemberg (lĕm'bĕrg)
Lemonnier (lē'mō'nyā')
Le Mort (lē mōr)
Lemoyne lē'mwän')
Leon (lē'ŏn; Sp. pron., lā ōn')
Leoncavallo (lā ōn kȧ väl'lō)
Leone (lā ō'nā)
Leontinus (lē ŏn tī'nŭs)
Leopardi (lā'ō pär'dē)
Leopoldine (lā'ō'pōl'dēn')
Lepanto (lē pän'tō)
Le Pornic (lē pōr'nĕk')
Les Charniers (lā shär'nyā')
Les Martyrs (lā mär'tēr')
Les Miserables (lā mē'zā'rä'bl')
Les Natchez (lā nȧ'chā')
Lespinasse (lĕs'pē'nȧs')
Le Sueur (lē sụ'ēr')
Lethe (lē'thē)
Lettres de cachet (lē'tr' dē kȧ'shā')
Lettres Persanes (lē'tr' pĕr'sȧn')
Lettres philosophiques (lē'tr' fē'lō'zō'fēk')
Leucate (lū'kȧt)
Leventina (lā vĕn tē'nä)
Lever (Fr. pron., lē'vā')
Liberum veto (lī'bē rŭm vē'tō)
Libuša (lē'bōō shȧ)
Liege (lē'ĕzh')
Liga (lē'gȧ)
Ligne, de (lē'ny')

Ligurian (lĭ gū′rĭ ăn)
Limbourg (lĭm′bûrg)
Limousin (lē′mo͞o′zăn′)
Lincei (lĕn chā′ē)
L'Incoronazione di Poppea (lēn kō rō nät chō′nä de pō pä′ä)
Lingua Franca (lĭn′gwȧ frȧn′kȧ)
L'Intrus (lăn′trü′)
Lipari, Angelo (lĭp′ȧ rĭ or lē′pȧ rē)
Lire (lē′rȧ)
L'Isle Adam (lēl ȧ′dän′)
Lithuania (lĭth′ū ā′nĭ ȧ)
Livre (lē′vr′)
Lobeira (lo͞o bē′ē rä)
Locarno (lō kär′nō)
Lodi (lō′dē)
Lodz (lôdz; Pol. pron., lo͞oj)
Loire (lwär)
Lokman (lō̇k̇ män′)
Lombroso, Cesare (lōm brō′zō chā′zä rā)
Longhena (lôn gā′nȧ)
Lorelei (lō′re lī)
Lorenzo (*Sp.* pron., lō rĕn′tsō)
Loria (lō′rē ȧ)
Lorrain (lō′răn′)
Lorraine (lōr′ān′)
Lothair (lō thâr′)
Lotharingia (lō′thȧ rĭn′gĭ ȧ)
Loti, Pierre (lō′tē′)
Loubet (lo͞o′bā′)
Louis d'or (lo͞o′ĭ dôr′)
Louis Philippe (lo͞o′ē′fē′lēp′)
L'Ouragan (lo͞o′rȧ′gän′)
Louvain (lo͞o′văn′)
Louvais (lo͞o′vā′)
Louvet (lo͞o′vā′)
Loyola (lō yō′lȧ)
Luc, Comte de (kôNt dē lük′)
Lucan (lo͞o′kan)
Lucas Augusti (lū′kȧs ô gŭs′tī)
Lucca (lu̇k′kȧ)
Lucerne (lo͞o sĕrn′; Fr. pron., lu′sârn′)
Lucia di Lammermoor (lo͞o chē′ȧ dē lăm′mĕr mo͞or)
Luçon (lü′sôN′)
Lucullus (lū kŭl′ŭs)
Ludre, de (lü′dr′)
Lugo (lo͞o′gō)
Lumir (lo͞o′mēr)
Lusatian (lŭ sā′shăn)
Lutold (Ger. pron., lo͞o′tôlt; Fr. pron., lu′tōl′)
Luxembourg (lu̇ks′ăn′bo͞or′)
Lwów (lvo͞of)
Lyons (lē′ôN′)
Lys, Henry (lēs)

Maas (mäs)
Mach, Karel (mäk)
Machar (mȧ kär′)
Machiavelli (mä′kyȧ vĕl′lē)
Macho (mä′shō)
Madou (mȧ′do͞o′)
Madrid (mȧ drēd′)
Madrileña (mä drē lē′nyȧ)
Maeterlinck (mĕt′ĕr lĭngk; Dutch pron., mä′tĕr lĭngk; Fr. pron., mä′tĕr′lăn′)
Magalooti (mä gȧ lo͞o′tē)
Magenta (mȧ jĕn′tȧ)
Magento (mȧ jĕn′tō)
Magi (mā′jī)
Magyar (mŏ′dyŏr)
Maharram (mȧ hȧ räm′)
Mahomet (mȧ hŏm′ĕt)
Maine (Fr. pron., măn)
Maintenon, de (dē măN′t′ nôN′)
Mainz (mīnts)
Maitre d'hotel (mā′tr′ dō′tĕl′)
Majorca (mȧ jôr′kȧ)
Makropulos (mä krŏ′pŭ lŏs)
Malaga (mä′lȧ gȧ)
Malatesta (mä′lȧ tĕs′tȧ)
Malayan (mȧ lā′ăn)
Malebranche (mȧl′brăNsh′)
Malherbe (mȧl′lârb′)
Malindrania (mä lĕn drä′nē ȧ)
Mallarmé (mȧl′är′mā′)
Malleville, de (dē mäl′vē′ē′)
Malouet (mä′lo͞o′ā′)
Malpighi (mȧl pē′gē)
Malta (mȧl′tȧ)
Mameli (mȧ mā′lē)
Mancha (män′chä)
Manchegan (män tchā′gȧn)
Manet (mȧ′nā′)
Manfred (măn′frĕd)
Manfredi (män frā′dē)
Manichaean (măn ĭk ē′ăn)
Mantua (măn′tū ȧ)
Manu (măn′o͞o)
Manzoni (män dzō′nē)
Manzori (män dzō′rē)
Marat (mȧ′rȧ′)
Marconi (mär kō′nē)
Marcus Aurelius (mär′kŭs ô rē′lĭ ŭs)
Marengo (mȧ rĕng′gō; Fr. pron., mä′răN′gō′)
Margall (mȧr gäl′)
Maria Theresa (mȧ rē′ȧ tĕr ā′sȧ)

Marie Antoinette
(mȧ′rē′ ăn′twȧ′nĕt′)
Marignane, de
(dē mȧ′rē′nyän′)
Marinetti (mär′ē nĕt′tē)
Marinismo (mȧ rē nēs′mō)
Marino (mä rē′nō)
Marius (mâ′rĭ ŭs;
Fr. pron., mȧ′rē′üs′)
Marivaux (mȧ′rē′vō′)
Maroncelli (mȧ′rŏn chĕl′lē)
Marquina (mär kē′nȧ)
Marsala (mär sä′lä)
Marseillaise (mär′sĕ lāz′;
Fr. pron., mȧr′sĕ′yâz′)
Marseilles (mär′sālz′)
Marsillac, de (dē mär′sēl′lȧk′)
Martel (mȧr′tĕl′)
Martial (mär′shĭ ăl)
Martiis, de (dē mär′tē′ē)
Masaniello (mä′zä nyĕl′lō)
Masaryk (mä′sȧ rĕk)
Mascagni (mäs kän′yē)
Massillon (mȧ′sē′yôn′)
Massis (mäs′sēs)
Maupassant, de (mō′pȧ′sän′)
Maury (mō′rē′)
Maximilian (măks ĭ mĭl′yăn)
Mayence (mȧ′yäns′)
Mazarin (mȧ′zȧ′răn′)
Mazzoni (mät sō′nē)
Mecca (mĕk′ȧ)
Mechlin (mĕk′lĭn)
Medici (mĕd′ē chē)
Meissonier (mē′sŏ′nyā′)
Meldola (mĕl′dō lȧ)
Meller (mȧl′lĕr)
Melloni (mĕl lō′nē)
Melpomene (mĕl pŏm′ē nē)
Memling (mĕm′lĭng)
Memoir
(mĕm′wŏr or mĕm′wär)
Memoires d'utre
(mȧ′mwär′ dü′tr′)
Menaechmi (mē nĕk′mē)
Mengoni (mĕn gō′nē)
Mephisto (mē fĭs′tō)
Mephistopheles
(mĕf ĭs tŏf′ē lēz)
Mercator
(mēr kā′tēr or mĕr kā′tōr)
Mergellina (mȧr ge lē′nȧ)
Mérimeé (mā′rē′mā′)
Mernyachevichi
(mārn′yȧ kȧ vĭch ĕ)
Messias (mĕs′sĭ ȧs)
Messina (mĕs ē′nȧ)
Messonier (mĕs′sō′nyâr′)
Meta (mā′tȧ)
Metastasio (mā täs täz′yō)
Metrodorus (mē trō dō′rŭs)
Metsijs (mĕt′sīs)
Metternich (mĕt′ĕr nĭk)
Metz (mĕts)
Meunier (mē′nē′ā′)
Michael Angelo
(mī′kā ĕl ăn′jē lō)
Michaelmas (mĭk′ĕl mȧs)
Michette (mē kĕt′tȧ)
Mickiewicz (mĭts kyā′vĭch)
Mignard (mēn′yär′)
Milan (mĭl′ăn or mĭl ăn′)
Millais (mĭl′ā′)
Millet (mē′lē;
Fr. pron., mē yā′)
Minerva (mĭ nûr′vȧ)
Minna von Barnhelm
(mĕn′ä fŏn bärn′helm)
Minne (mĭn′ē)
Mirabeau (mē′rȧ′bō′)
Mithra (mĭth′rȧ)
Modena (mō′dȧ nä)
Mohacs (mō′hăch)
Mohican (mō hē′kăn)
Moliere (mōl′yâr′)
Moltke, von (fŏn mōlt′kē)
Mommsen (mŏm′zĕn)
Monet (mō′nē′)
Monna Vanna
(mōn′nä vän′nä)
Monsieur l'Abbe
(mē′syû′ lȧb′bā′)
Montaigne (mōn tān′;
Fr. pron., môn′tȧn′y′)
Montalban (mōn′tȧl bän′)
Mont Blanc (môn blän′)
Monte Carlo (mōn′tā kär′lō)
Monte, ecureuil
(môNt ā′kụ′rü′ĕl′)
Montemartini
(mōn′tā mär tē′nē)
Montenegrin (mŏn tē nē′grĭn or
mŏn tē nĕg′rĭn)
Montespan (môn′tĕs′pän′)
Montesquieu (mŏn′tĕs kū′;
Fr. pron., môn′tĕs′kē′û′)
Monteverdi (mōn tĕ vȧr′dē)
Montfaucon (môn′fō′kôn′)
Montferrat (môn′fē′rȧ′)
Monti (mŏn′tē)
Montiel (Sp. pron., mōn tē ĕl′)
Montmartre (môn′mȧr′tr′)
Montpensier, de
(môn′päN′syā′)
Montreux (môn′trü′)
Moravia (mŏ rā′vĭ ȧ)
Moréas (mō′rā′ȧ′)

Morelli (mō rĕl'lē)
Morgagni (môr gän'yē)
Morgante (mōr gän'tā)
Moriscos (mō rē'skŏs)
Moslem (măz'lĕm or mŏs'lĕm)
Mot (mō)
Moulins (mōō'lăN')
Murad (mōō räd')
Murat (mü'rà')
Museo del Prado
(mōō zā'ō dĕl prä'dō)
Muskovite (mŭs'kō vīt)
Musset, de (dē mü'sĕ')
Mussolini (mōō sō lē'nē)
Muzioli (mōōt syō'lē)

Namur (nā'mōōr; Fr. pron., nä'mür')
Nancy (năn'sĭ; Fr. pron., näN'sē')
Nantes (nănts; Fr. pron., näNt)
Narbonne (när'bŏn')
Nathan der Weise
(nä'tän dĕr vī'zē)
Navarre (nà'vär')
Navona (nà vō'nà)
Negri (nā'grē)
Nemania (nā mā'nĭ à)
Němcová (nyĕm'tsō vä)
Neptune (nĕp'tūn)
Neruda (nyĕ'rōō dä)
Neufchâtel (nö'shà'tĕl')
Nevers (nē'vâr')
Nevil (nĕ'vēl')
Ney (nā)
Nibelungenlied
(nē'bĕ lōōng ĕn lēt)
Niccodemi (nēk kō dā'mē)
Niccolini (nēk'kō lē'nē)
Nice (nēs)
Nidwalden (nēd väl'dĕn)
Niebuhr (nē'bōōr)
Niederle (nē'dĕr lē)
Niemen (nē'mĕn; Polish pron., nyĕm'ĕn)
Nietzsche (nē'chē)
Nievo (nē ā'vō)
Ninon de L'Enclos
(nē'nôN' dē läN'klō')
Nitti (nēt'ē)
Nivelles (nē'vĕl')
Nivernois (nē'vĕr'nwä')
Nobili (nō'bē lē)
Noblesse (nō blĕs')
Nodier (nō'dyā')
Nohant (nō'äN')
Nom de plume (nôN dē plüm')
Notre Dame (nō'tr' dàm')
Notre pere sur un arbre perche
(nō'tr' pâr sür ăN är'br' pâr'shâ')
Nouvelles Meditations
(nōō'vĕl' mĕ'dĕ'tä'sē'yôN')
Nouvelles Odes (nōō'vĕl' ōd)
Novy Bazar (nō'vē bä zär')
Nuremburg (nū'rĕm bûrg)
Nyon (nē'ôN')

Oberammergau
(ō'bĕr äm'mĕr gow)
Obradovich (ô brä'dô vĭch)
Obrenovich (ô brĕ'nô vĭch)
Ochrida (ōk'rē dä)
Ockeghem (ō'ke gĕm)
Oder (ō'dĕr)
Odi Barbare (ō'dē bär'bä rå)
Odi Navali (ō'dē nä vä'lē)
Odium figulinum
(ō'dĭ ŭm fĭg ū lī'nŭm)
Odyssey (ŏd'ĭs ĭ)
Oedipe (ĕd'i pē)
Olimpiade (ō lĭm'pĭ ăd)
Omia patria si bella e perduta
(ō'mē à pä'trē à sē bĕl'lä ā per dōō'tà)
Opera buffa (ô'pā rä bōōf'fä)
Orfeo (ôr fā'ô)
Oriani (ō rē än'ē)
Orlando Furioso
(ōr län'dō fōō rē ō'zō)
Orléans (Fr. pron., ôr'lā'äN')
Oroboni (ō rō bō'nē)
O Signore dal tetto natio
(ō sē nyō'rā dàl tĕt'tō nä tē'ō)
Osiris (ō sī'rĭs)
Osti (ōs'tē)
Ostrogoth (ŏs'trō gŏth)
Othello (ô thĕl'ō)

Pacinotti (pä'chē nŏt'tē)
Paderewski
(pà dē rĕf'skē or pà dē rĕs'kē)
Padua (păd'ū à)
Paganini (pä gä nē'nē)
Pagano (pä gä'nō)
Pailly (pī'ē')
Paisiello (pä'ē zyĕl'lô)
Palacios Otamendi
(pä lä'thē ōs ō tä mĕn'dē)
Palacky (pà'lats kē)
Palais National
(pà'lā' nà'syô'nàl')
Palatinate (pà lăt'ĭn āt)
Palazzo dell' Universitá
(pà lät'zō dĕl ōō nē vĕr'sē tà)
Palazzo Mattei
(pä lät'sō mät tā'ē)

Palestrina (pä lĕs trē′nä)
Palizzi (pä lēt′sē)
Palnatoki (päl nä tō′kē)
Palos (pä′lōs)
Pan Tadeusz (pän tä′doiz)
Pantaleoni (pän′tä lā ō′nē)
Pantelone (pän tä lō′nā)
Panthéon (päN′tā′ôN′)
Panzini (pänt sē′nē)
Paola (pä′ō lä)
Papini (pä pē′nē)
Pappenheim (päp′ĕn hīm)
Paquin (pä′kăN′)
Parcival (pär′sē făl)
Pardo Bazan (pär′dōō bäth än′)
Pareto (pä rē′tō)
Par excellence (pär ĕk′sĕ′läNs′)
Parini (pä rē′nē)
Parlement (pärl′mäN′)
Parler (pär′lā′)
Parnassian (pär năs′ĭ ăn)
Pascal (păs′kăl; Fr. pron., pȧs′kȧl′)
Pascoli (päs kō′lē)
Pasini (pä sē′nē)
Pasteur (pȧs′tûr′)
Pastoret (pȧs′tō′rā′)
Paulician (pô lĭsh′ăn)
Paulowich (pa͟u′lō vĭch)
Pauson (pô′son)
Pedro (pā′drō)
Pelayo (pā lä′yō)
Pelléas et Mélisande (pĕl′ā′äs′ ā mā′lē′säN′dē′)
Pellico (pĕl′lē kō)
Pellisson (pĕl′ē sôN′)
Pensées (päN′sā′)
Pepys (pēps, pĕp′ĭs, or pĕps)
Père (pâr)
Pereda (pā rā′dȧ)
Pereyaslavl (pā′rā yȧs′lȧvl)
Pergolesi (pâr gō lā′zē)
Peri, Jacobo (pē′rĭ, yä′kō pō)
Pericles (pĕr′ĭ klēz)
Périgord (pā′rē′gôr′)
Pestalozzi (pĕs′tȧ lôt′sē)
Pétion (pā′tyôN′)
Petrarca (pā trär′kȧ)
Petrarch (pē′trärk)
Petrarchan (pē trärk′ăn)
Pezzo concertato (pĕt′sō kŏn′chĕr tä′tō)
Phaeacian (fē ā′shăn)
Phaedrus (fē′drŭs)
Phanar (făn′ar)
Phanariote (fȧ năr′ĭ ŏt)
Philippe de Commines (fē′lēp′ dē kŏ′mēn′)
Philippine (fĭl′ĭp ĭn or fĭl′ĭp ēn)
Philoktetes (fĭl ŏk tē′tēz)
Philomela (fĭl ō mē′lȧ)
Phocis (fō′kĭs)
Phoebus (fē′bŭs)
Phoenician (fē nĭsh′ăn)
Piante leone (pē än′tā lā ōn′ā)
Piazza Navona (pē ät′sȧ nȧ vō′nȧ)
Piazza S. Pietro (pē ät′sȧ sän pyā′trō)
Piazzi (pyät′sē)
Picard (pē′kär′)
Picaresca (pēk ȧ rĕs′kȧ)
Picasso (pē käs′sō)
Picavea (pē kȧ vā′ȧ)
Piccinni (pēt chē′nē)
Picquart (pē′kȧr′)
Pigalle (pē′găl′)
Pilsudski (pĭl′sŭd skē)
Pindar (pĭn′dȧr)
Pio Barojo (pē′ō bȧ rō′hō)
Piombi (pyôm′bē)
Pirandello (pē rän dĕl′lō)
Pisistratus (pĭs ĭs′trȧ tŭs)
Pitti (pĭt′tē)
Pius (pī′ŭs)
Pizzicato (pēt sĭ kä′tō)
Plato (plā′tō)
Platz (plätz)
Plaza del Torro (plä′thä dĕl tōr′rō)
Pléiade, La (lȧ plē′yȧd′)
Plessis-Praslin, du (dü plē′sē′präz′lăN′)
Plotho, von (fôn plō′tō)
Podĕbrad (pŏd′yĕ brȧd)
Podenas, de (dē pō′dā′nȧ′)
Poincaré (pwăN′kā′rā′)
Poissin (pwä′săN′)
Poisson (pwȧ′sôN′)
Poitiers (pwȧ′tyā′)
Poitou (pwȧ′tōō′)
Pomak (pō′mȧk)
Pombal (pôm′bäl′)
Pompadour, de (pôN′pȧ′dōōr′)
Pompeii (pŏm pā′yē)
Pompey (pŏm′pĭ)
Pomponne, de (pôN′pŏn′)
Ponce de Leon (pōn′thā dā lā ōn′)
Ponchielli (pôn′kē ĕl′lē)
Poncy (pôN′sē′)
Poniatowski (pō′nyȧ tôf′skē)
Ponte Vecchio (pōn′tā vĕk′ē ō)
Ponthieu (pôN′tyü′)
Popolo (pō′pō lō)
Porpora (pôr′pō rä)

Portici (pōr'tē chē)
Posen (pō'zĕn)
Posnan
(Pol. pron., pôz'nän y')
Póstilla (pōs tēl'yä)
Potsdam (pōts'däm)
Poussin (pōō'săN')
Prado (prä'dō)
Praestantia (prĕ stăn'shĭ ȧ)
Praga (prä'gä)
Prague (Ger. pron., präg)
Prati (prä'tē)
Préciosite (prā'sē'ō'sē'tȧ')
Přemysl (pĕ'rĕ mĭsl)
Pressburg (prĕs'bŏŏrg)
Primo de Rivera
(prē'mō dā rē'vȧ rȧ)
Primo Vere (prē'mō vā'rȧ)
Printemps (prăN'tăN')
Probitas (prŏb'ĭ tăs)
Pronunciamiento
(prō nŭn shĭ ȧ mĕn'tō)
Proudhon (prōō'dôN')
Provence (prô'văNs')
Prudhomme (prü'dôm')
Prudhon (prü'dôN')
Prussi (prōōs'sē)
Psyche (sī'kē)
Puccini (pōō chē'nē)
Pucelles (pū'sĕl')
Puget (pü'zhĕ')
Pulaski (pŭ lăs'kĭ)
Pupin (pŭ pēn')
Pushkin (pōōsh'kĭn)
Puvis de Chavannes
(pü'vē' dē shȧ'vȧn')
Pylades (pĭl'ȧ dēz)
Pyrennes (pĭr'ē nēz;
Fr. pron., pē'rā'nā')
Pyricus (pĭr'ĭ kŭs)
Pythagorus (pĭth ăg'ō răs)

Quai des Orfevres
(kā dā zôr fā'vr')
Quesada (kā sä'thä)
Quintilian (kwĭn tĭl'ĭ ăn)
Quirino Majorana
(kwē rē'nō mä jô rä'nô)
Qui tantum pellis et ossa fuit
(kē tăn'tŭm pĕl'lĭs ĕt ōs'sȧ fū'ĭt)
Quixada (kē shä'dä)
Quod sapio satis est mihi, non ego curo, esse quod Arcesilaus aerumnosique Solones
(kwōd sä'pĭ ō sä'tĭs ĕst mĭ'hĭ, nŏn ē'gō kū'rō ĕs'sĕ kwōd ȧr sēs ĭ lā'ŭs ē rŭm'nōsk sō lōn'ēz)

Rabelais (rȧ'b'lĕ')
Racamier, de (rä'kȧ'myā')
Racan (rȧ'käN')
Racine (rȧ'sēn')
Rada (rä'dä)
Radetzky (rä dĕts'kē)
Radich (rä'dĭch)
Raguza (rä gōō'zä)
Raguzan (rȧ gōō'zȧn)
Raison d'etre (rā'zôN' dā'tr')
Raman del Valle Inclan
(rä'män dĕl vȧl'lyā ĭn'klän)
Rambaldo di Collato
(räm bäl'dō dē kō lä'tō)
Ramon y Cajal
(rä mōn' ē kä häl')
Raphael (răf'ā ĕl or rä'fā ĕl)
Rapisardi (rä pē sär'dē)
Rashka (räsh'kȧ)
Rataj (rä'tȧ)
Rayah (rä'yȧ or rī'ȧ)
Recitativo (rĕs'ĭ tȧ tē'vō)
Redi (rā'dē)
Reichstag (rīk'stäg)
Renaissance
(rĕn ĕ säNs'; rē nā'săns;
Fr. pron., rē'nē'säNs')
Renan (rē'näN')
Rene (rē'nā')
Renzo (rĕnt'sō)
Restauration
(rĕs'tô'rȧ'sē'yôN')
Restivo (rĕs tē'vō)
Résumé (rā'zü'mā')
Rethel (rē tĕl')
Revere (rȧ'vā rā)
Revue des Deux Mondes
(rē'vü' dā dö môNd')
Rey (rā)
Reymont (rā'mont)
Rhamazan (rä mȧ zän')
Rhedi (rā dē')
Rheims
(rēmz; Fr. pron., răNs)
Rhenish (rĕn'ĭsh)
Rhine (rīn)
Rhodope (rŏ dō'pē)
Rhyparographer
(rĭp a rŏg'rȧ fer)
Ribera (rē bā'rä)
Rica (rē kä')
Ricasoli (rē kä'sō lē)
Richelieu
(Fr. pron., rēsh'lē'ö')
Richter (rĭk'tĕr)
Rienne manque a sa gloire, il manquait a la notre
(rē'ĕn' mäNk ȧ sȧ glwär' ĕl mäN'kā' ȧ lȧ nō'tr')

Rigaud (rē′gō′)
Righi (rē′gē)
Rigoletto (rē gō lĕt′tō)
Rijmsnoer (rāmz′nör)
Rinaldo (rē näl′dō)
Rinarund (rē′nà rōōnt)
Rinascimento
(rē nä′shē mĕn′tō)
Rios, de los (dā lōs rē′ōs)
Riquetti, de (dē rē kĕt′tē)
Risone (rē sō′nā)
Risorgimento
(rē zôr′jē mĕn′tō)
Rival, M. (rē′vàl′)
Rive Gauche (rēv gōsh)
Riviera (rē vyâ′rà)
Robespierre (rō′bĕs′pyâr′)
Rochambeau (rō′shăn′bō′)
Rochefoucauld, La
(rôsh′fōō′kō′)
Rococo (rō kō′kō)
Rocos hombres
(rō′kōs ôm′brās)
Rodenbach (rō′den bāk)
Rodet (rō′dā′)
Rodin (rō′dăn′)
Roess (rēs)
Roguin (rō′găn′)
Rohan, de (rō′ăn′)
Roland de la Platiere
(rō′lăn′ dē là plä′tyār′)
Romansch
(rō măntsh′ or rō mänsh′)
Römer (rû′mĕr)
Romerberg (rû′mĕr bĕrg)
Romilly (rō′mē′yē′)
Roncesvalles
(rōn′thēs väl′yās)
Ronceval (rōn′thēs vàl′)
Ronsard (rôn′sàr′)
Roon, von (fôn rōōn)
Rops (rō)
Rosales (rō sä′lās)
Rosinante (rōz ĭ năn′tē)
Rosmini (rōs mē′nē)
Rossetti (rōs sĕt′ē)
Rossini (rōs sē′nē)
Rossmarkt (rōs′märkt)
Rouen (rōō′ăn′)
Roumania (rū mā′nĭ à)
Rousseau (rōō′sō′)
Royer Collard
(rwä′yā′ kō′lâr′)
Rubens (rōō′bĕnz)
Rude (rüd)
Rudolf (rōō′dŏlf)
Rue du Po (rü dü pō)
Ruffini (rōōf fē′nē)
Ruiz (rōō ēth′)
Rum (rōōm)
Ruthenian (rōō thē′nĭ ăn)
Ruydiaz (rōō′ē dē′äth)
Ruysbroeck, Van (rois′brŭk)

Saalhof (zäl′hŏf)
Saavedra (sä′à vā′drà)
Sabran (sà′brăn′)
Sacchini (sàk kē′nē)
Sacconi (säk kō′nē)
Sachsenhausen
(zäk′zĕn hows′ĕn)
Sadoleto (sà dō lĕ′tō)
Šafarik (shäf′ăr zhĕk)
S. Andrea al Quirinale
(sän ăn drā′à àl kwē rē nä′lā)
St. Basil (sānt băz′ĭl)
St. Denis (săn dē′nē′)
Sainte-Beuve (sănt′ bûv′)
Saint Fargeau (săn fär′gō′)
St. Gallen
(Ger. pron., sänkt gäl′lĕn)
Saint Genevieve
(Fr. pron., săn zhā′nā′vē′āv′)
St. Germain (săn zhĕr′măn′)
St. Gotthard
(Fr. pron., săn gō′tär′)
St. Gudule (săn gü′dül′)
St. Helena (sānt hĕl ē′nà)
St. Jacques (săn shäk)
St. Louis
(Fr. pron., săn lōō′ē′)
St. Maur (săn mōr′)
Saint Pierre (săn′ pyâr′
St. Rombaut (săn răn′bō′)
St. Salvadore (sānt săl′và dōr;
Sp. pron., sän säl vä thōr′)
St. Sauveur (săn sō′vûr′)
St. Sebastian (sānt se bās′tyăn;
Sp. pron., sän sā bäs tē än′)
St. Simon
(Fr. pron., săn sē′môn′)
Saint Teresa (sānt tē rē′sà)
Saint Trond (săn trôn′)
St. Vitus (sānt vī′tŭs)
Salamanca (săl′à măn′kà)
Salamanca (sä′lä män′kä)
Salentum (sà lĕn′tŭm)
Salerna (sà lĕr′nà)
Salmeron (säl′mà rôn)
Salon des Glaces
(sà′lôn′ dē glàs′)
Salonieres (sä′lôn′yâr′)
Saloniki (sä lō nē′kē)
Salve (säl′vē)
Salverte (säl vâr′tà)
Salvi (säl′vē)
Samo (sä′mō)

Sancho Panzo
(sän'chō pän'thä)
Sanctis, de (dā sänk'tēs)
Sand, George (sänd, zhôrzh)
Sandeau (sän'dō')
San Fernando (sän fĕr nän'dō)
San Juan de la Cruz
(sän hwän' dā lä krōōs')
San Lorenzo (sän lō răn'thō)
San Marino (sän mä rē'nō)
Sans Souci (sän sōō'sē')
Sansculotte (sănz kū lŏt';
Fr. pron., sän'kü'lôt')
San Stefano (sän stā'fä nō)
Santa Croce (sän'tä krō'chā)
Santa Maria della Stella
(sän'tä mä rē'ä dĕl'ä stĕl'ä)
Saphar (sā fär')
Sardanapalus
(sär dä nä pā'lŭs)
Sardica (sär'dĭ kä)
Sargasso (sär găs'ō)
Sava (sä'vä)
Savon (sä'vōn)
Savonarola (săv'ō nä rō'lä)
Savoy (sə voi')
Saxe-Cobourg (săks kō'bĕrg)
Sbirri (sbĕr'rē)
Scadar (skä'där)
Scarlatti (skär lät'tē)
Scarron (skä'rôn')
Sceaux (sō)
Scheldt (skĕlt)
Schelling (shĕl'ĭng)
Schiaparelli (skē'ä pä rĕl'lē)
Schiller (shĭl'ĕr)
Schlegel (shlā'gel)
Schlenther (shlĕn'tĕr)
Schleswig-Holstein
(shlās'vĭk-hōl'stīn)
Schöffen (shûf'ĕn)
Schönborn (shûn'bōrn)
Schopenhauer
(shō'pĕn how'ĕr)
Schwyz (shvĕts)
Scipio (sĭp'ē ō)
Scudéry (skü'dā'rē')
Scutari (skōō'tä rē)
Séance (sā'äns;
Fr. pron., sā'äns')
Secchi (sĕk'kē)
Secentismo (sā chĕn'tēs mō)
Secondat, de (sā'kôn'dä')
Sedan (sē dăn';
Fr. pron., sē'dän')
Sedulius (sē dū'lĭ ŭs)
Segantini (sā'gän tē'nē)
Seigneur (sā'nyûr')
Seignobos (sĕn'yō'bō')
Seine (sân)
Sejm (sām)
Seljuk (sĕl jōōk')
Seneca (sĕn'ē kä)
Serajevo (sĕr'ä yā vō)
Serao (sä rä'ō)
Serbo-Croat (sûr'bō krō'ăt)
Serrano (sĕr rä'nō)
Servia (sûr'vĭ ä)
Sévigné (sā'vēn'yā')
Sevilla (sā vēl'yä)
Sèvres (sâ'vr')
Shiites (shē'īts)
Shishman (shĭsh'män)
Sicherheitseides
(zĭk'er hīt'zī dēz)
Siècle de Louis XIV
(syĕ'kl' dē lōō'ē')
Sienkiewicz (shĕn kyā'vĭch)
Sierra (sē ĕr'ä)
Sigismund (sĭj'ĭs mŭnd)
Signore (sē nyō'rē)
Si j'etais la feuille
(sē zhā'tā' lä fû'y')
Silesia sĭ lē'shĭ ä or sī lē'shä)
Simeon (sĭm'ē ŏn)
Sismondi
(Fr. pron., sēs'môn'dē')
Sisyphus (sĭs'ĭf ŭs)
Skarga (skär'gä)
Skoplje (skôp'lyĕ)
Skupshtina (skupsh tē'nä)
Sladek (slä'dĕk)
Slav (släv)
Slava (släv'ä)
Slavophil
(slăv'ō fĭl or slăv'ō fīl)
Slovak (slō văk' or slō'văk)
Slovene (slō vēn')
Smetana (smä'tä nä)
Smyrna (smûr'nä)
Sobieski (sō byĕs'kē)
Sofia (sō'fē yä)
Solalinde (sō'lä'lănd')
Solange (sō'länzh')
Soldi (sôl'dē)
Soleure (sō'lûr')
Soleyman (sŏl'ĭ măn)
Solferino (sōl fe rē'nō)
Solothurn (zō'lō turn)
Somis (sō'mē')
Somme (sôm)
Sonderbund (zŏn'dĕr bunt)
Son esprit est partout et son
coeur est ici
(sôn ās'prē'tā pär'tōō' ā sôn
kûr ā tē'sē')
Sonnica (sōn'nē kä)
Sophocles (sŏf'ō klēz)

Sorbonne (sōr'bŏn')
Sorolla (sō rōl'yȧ)
Sova (sō'fȧ)
Spallanzani (späl'län tsä'nē)
Spaventa (spä vän'tȧ)
Specchi (spĕk'kē)
Spielberg (spēl'bĕrg)
Spinoza (spē nō'zȧ)
Srem (srĕm)
Stabat Mater (stā'bȧt mā'tẽr or stä'bät mä'tẽr)
Stael-Holstein (stä'ĕl hōl'stīn; Fr. pron., stäl ŏl'stăN')
Stanislaus (stăn'ĭs lȧs)
Stappen, Van der (vȧn dẽr stäp'pen)
Stegemann (stā'gē mȧn)
Stein, von (fŏn stīn)
Stitny (stĕt'nē)
Stolarski (stŏ lär'skē)
Stradivario (strä dē vä'rē ō)
Strasbourg (Fr. pron., sträz'bo͝or')
Strassburg (strȧs'bûrg; Ger. pron., shträs'bo͝org)
Street dei Fustagnai (dā'ē fo͝os tän'yȧ ē)
Sturm und Drang (shto͝orm o͝ont dräng')
Stuttgart (stŭt'gärt; Ger. pron., shto͝ot'gärt)
Subcarpathian (sŭb kär pā'thĭ ăn)
Subrisus audientium (sŭb rī'sŭs ô dĭ ĕn'tĭ ŭm)
Sub utraque (sŭb ū'trȧk)
Sudetenddeutsche (zo͝o'dē tĕnd doich'ē)
Suebi (so͝o ā'bē)
Sulla (sŭl'ȧ)
Sully (Fr. pron., sü'lē')
Sunnites (so͝on'īts)
Supino (so͝o pē'nō)
Svyatoslav (svyä tŏs'lȧf)
Swabia (swā'bĭ ȧ)

Tacitus (tăs'ĭ tŭs)
Taille (tāl; Fr. pron., tä'y')
Taine (tān)
Tallyrand (tȧ'lĕr'ăN')
Tangorra (tän gōr'rȧ)
Taras Bulba (tȧ räs' bo͝ol'bä)
Tarente, de (dē tȧ'răNt')
Tarshish (tär'shĭsh)
Tartar (tär'tȧr)
Tartessus (tȧr tē'sŭs)
Tartini (tär tē'nē)
Tasso (tăs'ō; It. pron., täs'sō)
Teatro Communale (tā ä'trō kō mo͝o nä'lā)
Teatro Eslava (tā ȧ'trō ȧ slä'vȧ)
Te deum (tē dē'ŭm)
Telemachus (tē lĕm'ȧ kŭs)
Télémaque (tā'lā'mäk')
Telesio (tē lā'zyō)
Temps de Chien (tăN dē shĕ'ăN')
Tencin, de (tăN'săN')
Teniers (tĕn'yẽrz; Fr. pron., tē'nyā; Flemish pron., tĕn ērs')
Terpsichore (tẽrp sĭk'ō rē)
Terzo suono (tĕr'tsō so͝o ō'nō)
Tesla (tĕs'lä)
Teuton (tū'tŏn)
Thalia (thā lī'ȧ)
Theocritus (thē ŏk'rĭt ŭs)
Theodoric (thē ŏd'ō rĭk)
Thianges, de (dē tē'ăNzh')
Thiers (tyâr)
Thomasius (tŏm ā'sĭ ŭs)
Thorwaldson (tôr'vȧl sĕn)
Ticino (tĕ chē'nŏ)
Tiepolo (tē ā'pō lō)
Tilsit (tĭl'zĭt)
Timanthes (tĭ măn'thēz)
Tirnovo (tĭr'nŏ vŏ)
Titian (tĭsh'ăn)
Tito (tē'tō)
Tittoni (tĕt tō'nē)
Toboso (tō bō'sō)
Toledo (Sp. pron., tō lā'thō)
Tolstoy (tōl stoi')
Tommaseo (tŏm'mȧ zā'ŏ)
Tommasi (tŏm mä'zē)
Tongres (tôN'gr')
Torraca (tō rä'kȧ)
Torricelli (tôr'rē chĕl'lē)
Toul (to͞ol)
Toulon (to͞o'lŏn; Fr. pron., to͞o'lôN')
Touraine (to͞o'rān')
Tournay (to͞or'nā')
Tours (to͞or)
Tout ensemble (to͞o tăN'săN'bl')
Traetta (trä ĕt'tȧ)
Trafalgar (trȧ făl'gȧr)
Trajan (trā'jȧn)
Traslazione della Santa Casa di Loreto (träs lät shō'nā dĕl'lȧ sän'tȧ kä'sȧ dē lō rā'tō)
Traviata (trä vē ä'tä)
Trebizonde (trĕb'ĭ zŏnd)

Tremolo (trĕm′o lō; It. pron., trā′mō lō)
Treves (trēvz)
Tripoli (trĭp′ō lĭ)
Tristram (trĭs′trăm)
Triton (trī′tŏn)
Tritone (trē tō′nā)
Trouchet (trōō′shā′)
Trovatore (trō vä tō′rā)
Tubingen (tü′bĭng ĕn)
Tu es omnis spes et fortuna nostri nominis (tū ĕs ōm′nĭs spĕs ĕt fôr tū′nà nōs′trĭ nŏm′ĭ nĭs)
Tuileries (twē′lĕr ĭz; Fr. pron., twēl′rē′)
Tunis (tū′nĭs)
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